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POETICAL DECAMERON

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

POLITICAL DECAMERON

AND

THE POLITICAL POETS AND POETRY

OF THE

BY J. H. COLLIER

POLITICAL DECAMERON

OF THE

COL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON,

OR

TEN CONVERSATIONS

ON

ENGLISH POETS AND POETRY,

PARTICULARLY OF THE

Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER,
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

“ So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate.”
Spenser F. Q. B. II. c. 10.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

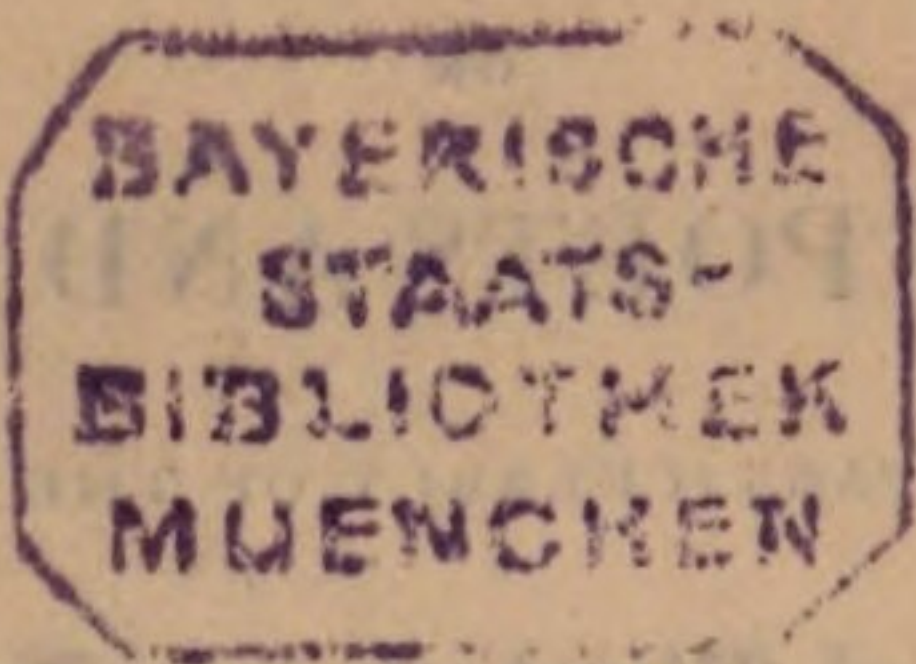
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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON

AND
THE CONFESSIONS



POETICAL DECAMERON
BY J. JAYNE, ESQ.
OF THE INNER TEMPLE

THE FIFTH CONFESSION
OF THE INNER TEMPLE

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

PRINTED BY J. JAYNE, ESQ.
OF THE INNER TEMPLE

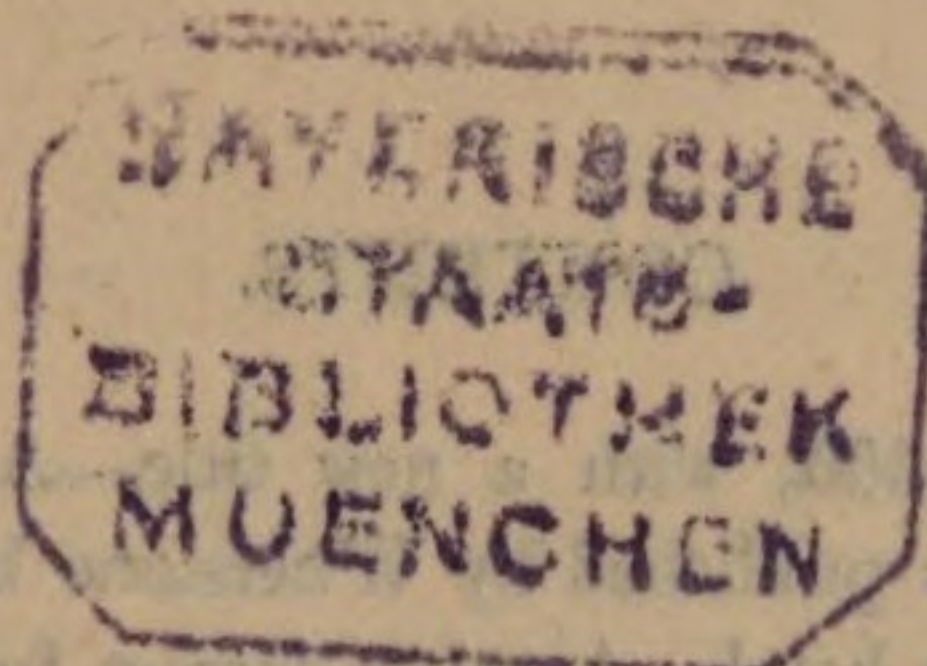
LONDON: 1850

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SIXTH CONVERSATION.

POLITICAL DECAMERON.

THE SIXTH CONVERSATION.



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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SIXTH CONVERSATION.

BOURNE. The last work which occupied us yesterday was a tract by Nicholas Breton. The pamphlet I now present contains a poem by him not found elsewhere, and not noticed by bibliographers.

ELLIOT. I shall be glad to see it, because I have since taken the opportunity of reading some pastoral pieces by him in the reprint of "England's Helicon," and they give me a favourable opinion of his poetical talents. What title has the work in which the poem you refer to is inserted?

BOURNE. It is a novel, or rather one of those early romances which are seldom met with, and are never to be purchased but at a very high price: this is of peculiar rarity: it is called "*Eliosto Libidinoso*: Described in two Bookes," &c. "Written by Iohn Hynd. At London, Printed by Valentine Simmes," &c. 1606. If I tell you what a copy sold for at the Roxburgh sale, it will give you a notion of its value.

ELLIOT. Of its price it may, but not of its value.

MORTON. Your distinctions are very hair-breadth, but among the collectors of old books the words are synonymous. What did it sell for?

BOURNE. Only nine guineas, and if it were put up to auction now I dare say it would produce not far short of double that amount. I doubt whether the poem it contains by Breton will increase your respect for his talents.

ELLIOT. Then perhaps it would be as well to omit it.

MORTON. I beg that we may hear it. Whatever you may wish, I would rather form a correct than too favourable an opinion of an author.

ELLIOT. But would it enable us to form a correct opinion? We might, perhaps, if we could see all he wrote.

BOURNE. How often have I heard you quote that line of Boileau, *Notre siecle est fertile en sots admirateurs*, yet now you wish to enlist yourself in the number.

ELLIOT. To reply in another line of the same satirist, I do not wish to be *Plus enclin à blâmer que savant à bien faire*. At least, as I have before remarked, there is no more reason for reviving the bad productions of dead authors than for raking up the bad actions of dead men.

MORTON. Your motto is *Si malus est nequeo laudare et poscere*; but if we cannot arrive at a per-

fectly just conclusion as to a writer's merits and defects, let us do the best we can to form a correct notion.

BOURNE. Mere impartiality requires that we should not pass the poem over without notice. This is indeed turning the tables upon us.

ELLIOT. Well, I am content; let us hear it: the reading will be the least evil of the two: *malum quod minimum est, id minimum est malum*. A short bad poem is better than a long bad argument.

BOURNE. After all it may not be the work of Breton: Hind introduces it as "a fancie which that learned author N. B. hath dignified with respect." Now in the first place, the initials may be those of some other writer than Nicholas Breton, and in the next, it is not said that he was the author of it, but that he "dignified it with respect."

MORTON. But can the letters N. B. apply to any other author than Breton?

BOURNE. No, not that I know of; but still there remains the second doubt.

ELLIOT. It is not of much consequence whether it be or be not Breton's, for the best poets have written badly: indeed it would be difficult to find any poet, however good, who has at all times written well.

BOURNE. A great deal more has been already said about the poem than it is worth, as you will find when it is finished.

“ Among the groues the woods & thicks
The bushes, brambles, and the briers,
The shrubbes, the stubbes, the thornes & prickes,
The ditches, plashes lakes and miers :

Where fish nor fowle, nor bird nor beast
Nor liuing thing may take delight ;
Nor reasons rage may looke for rest
Till heart be dead of hateful spight :

Within the caue of cares vnknowne,
Where hope of comfort all decayes,
Let me with sorrow sit alone,
In dolefull thoughts to end my dayes.

And when I heare the stormes arise,
That troubled Ghosts doe leaue the graue,
With hellish sounds of horrors cries,
Let me goe looke out of my caue.

And when I see what paines they bide
That doe the greatest torments proue,
Then let not me the sorrow hide,
That I haue sufferd by my loue.

Where losses, crosses, care and griefe,
With ruthfull, spitefull, hatefull hate,
Without all hope of haps reliefe
Doe tugge and teare the heart to naught :

But sigh and say and sing and sweare
It is too much for one to beare.”

And so it ends, with a sufficient accumulation of words, and more than a sufficient paucity of ideas.

MORTON. "It is too much for one to bear," indeed: when you came to the fourth stanza, beginning "And when I hear the storms arise," I was in hopes it was improving.

BOURNE. You cannot expect a despairing but doating lady to be much more than passionate in her poetry.

MORTON. And her sex may have induced the poet, for the sake of consistency of character, to heap together such a mass of reduplicated words without much meaning.

ELLIOT. I thought your originality would have been above such a reduplicated and threadbare observation, even putting gallantry out of the question. As to the merits of the poem, I think the internal much outweighs the external evidence, consisting, as it does, only of two initial letters: the name is as likely to have been Nathan Benjamin, or any other N. B. as Nicholas Breton.

BOURNE. I am sure I have no interest in attributing the trifle to the poet for whom you have taken such a strong partiality.

ELLIOT. But you ought to have an interest the other way, and that is what I feel. I am anxious that what is wholly unworthy of him should not needlessly be charged against him.

BOURNE. In that view of it the poem from which

I will now show you a brief extract would bear your examination. It was never printed, and is among the royal MSS. having been dedicated to King James: it is rather of a pious and didactic turn, but parts of it are eloquent.

ELLIOT. If it do the writer credit I shall be happy to look at it: what is it called?

BOURNE. It consists of eight parts: it is the praise of Virtue, Wisdom, Love, Constancy, Patience, Humility and the goodness of God, with a conclusion entitled *Gloria in excelsis Deo*.

MORTON. One part, and one only, is mentioned by Ritson: you say you have a specimen of this curiosity; let us hear it.

BOURNE. A disconnected quotation will not give you a fair notion of the whole. In describing Virtue he says she is

“The soyle wherin all sweetnes ever groweth,
the Fountaine whence all Wisedome ever springeth,
the winde that never but all blessing bloweth,
the Aier that all comfort ever bringeth;
the fire that ever life and love inflameth,
the Figure that all true perfection frameth.”

And “Vpon the praise of Wisedome” he has the following stanza:

“Shee feeds no fancy with an idle fashion,
yitt fashions all things in a comely frame;

shee never knew Repentance wofull Passion,
nor ever fear'd the blot of wicked blame;
but even and true what ever she intended
wrought all so well, that none could be amended."

ELLIOT. As you say, two stanzas can give us no correct idea of a long poem: the verse runs very smoothly, with the exception of the line in the first quotation, where you were obliged to read *Air* as two syllables.

BOURNE. That is a trifling defect, and warranted by the practice of the time. I am sorry I made no further extracts when the MS. poem was before me. But leaving Breton now, and his "fancy" in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, if you take that novel into your hand you will find on the next page another poem; read that, and tell me whom you think that worthy of.

ELLIOT. I do not see even initials inserted here, so that the guess is still wider. You mean the piece entitled "*Eliostoes Roundelay*."

BOURNE. I do, and which, it is stated, is borrowed from "a worthy writer." Who was that worthy writer?

ELLIOT. According to your account nearly all the poets of Elizabeth's reign were *worthy writers*, so that I shall be as wide of the mark as ever.

MORTON. Perhaps there is something said in the poem to let us into the secret.

BOURNE. No, but it is by a man of the highest

eminence and notoriety of that time—no less than Robert Greene, of whom we have heard so much, and who was unquestionably a first-rate poet. Read the Roundelay, and I will give you very satisfactory proof afterwards why I say it is his.

ELLIOT. It is somewhat of the longest, but if it indeed be Greene's I dare say I shall not regret it.

“ Eliostoes Roundelay.

“ Sitting and sighing in my secret muse ;
As once *Apollo* did, surpris'd with Loue,
Noting the slipperie waies young yeares doe vse,
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue :
With bitter teares despairing I doe crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

When wanton age, the blossome of my time,
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
That Beautie pompous in her highest prime
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight :

Then with despairing teares my thoughts doe crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.”

This is very different sort of stuff to that which you wished to palm just now on Breton : at least, here we have beautiful versification. It proceeds,

“ When I suruaid the riches of her lookes,
Where-out flew flames of neuer quencht desire,
Wherein lay baites that *Venus* snares with hookes,
Or where prowd *Cupid* sate, all arm'd with fire ;

Then toucht with Loue my inward soule did crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

The milke-white *Galaxia* of her browe,
Where Loue doth daunce *Lauoltaes* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true Louers vow
To follow what shall please their mistresse will:

Noting her Iuorie front, now doe I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

Her face like siluer *Luna* in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermillian straines,
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choicest wine,
Powdred and inter-seam'd with azur'd vaines ;
Delighting in their pride now may I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

The golden wyers that checker in the day
Inferiour to the tresses of her haire ;
Her Amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That when I lookt, I durst not ouer-dare :

Prowd of her pride, now I am forc't to crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

These fading Beauties drew me on to sin
Natures great riches fram'd my bitter ruth ;
These were the traps that Loue did snare me in ;
Oh these and none but these haue wrackt my youth !

Mis-led by them, I may despairing crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eie.

By those I slipt from Vertues holy tracke,
That leads into the highest chrystall spheare

By these I fell to vanitie and wracke ;
And as a man forlorne with sinne and feare,
Despaire and sorrow doth constraine me crie,
Woe worth the faults & follies of mine eie !”

MORTON. Though there is some tautology in it, the Roundelay is obviously the work of no mean hand.

ELLIOT. There is a great deal of passion and feeling in the stanzas, and even the repetitions, such for instance as the last few lines, are very natural to a man under strong excitement, dwelling on what is most deeply impressed upon his mind.

MORTON. The recurrence of the same two lines at the end of every stanza is, I think, too artificial for very strong feeling, and but for this I should agree entirely with you. But how does it appear that Greene was the author of it ?

BOURNE. Simply by being found in one of his acknowledged productions, of which there must have been several earlier editions, though that in my hand is dated only in 1621. It is called “Greene’s never too late,” and elsewhere Greene’s *Nunquam sera est* ; a pamphlet, in which, conscience-struck, he laments, under a feigned name, “the faults and follies” of his own ungoverned youth.

MORTON. Perhaps Hind, the author of *Eliosto Libidinoso*, was a friend of Greene.

BOURNE. Possibly, though there is no proof of the fact : there is proof that he was an admirer and an

imitator of Greene in this very pamphlet, for the whole is an exaggeration of his worst style and most obvious faults. Even the title-page is an imitation of Greene, or more properly, a copy from him. The full title to Greene's "Carde of Fancie" runs thus, "Wherein the follie of those carpet Knights is deciphered, which guiding their course by the compass of Cupid, either dash their ship against most dangerous Rockes, or else attaine the hauen with paine and perill." Now read Hind's title.

MORTON. The resemblance is exact: "Wherein their imminent dangers are declared, who guiding the course of their life by the compasse of Affection, either dash their ship against most dangerous shelues, or else attaine the Hauen with extreme preiudice."

ELLIOT. But I should like a specimen from Hind's share of the performance; I do not care much about the resemblance of the titles.

BOURNE. I can have no objection, as we shall have time enough to-day to finish the English satirists: you shall hear both Hind's prose and poetry, for he was a versifier also: the prose is introductory of what is called "*Dinohin's Sonnet*," which *Dinohin* is, in fact, no other than *John Hind*, the same letters being used in both names.

MORTON. In the same way as "Dolarny's Primrose" is, in fact, *Raynold's Primrose*, though the writer in the *British Bibliographer* (I. 153), and Dr. Drake, in his "Shakespeare and his Times," were unable to "unriddle the conceit."

BOURNE. That conceit being merely the transposition of the letters. Dr. Drake, in the very imperfect and injudicious catalogue he has furnished of the poets contemporary with Shakespeare, has ventured to rank Raynold *above* mediocrity, and George Peele *below* it: yet the former was one of the most puling writers that ever put pen to paper, and the latter one of the most manly and vigorous. Observe too the following plagiarism from Hamlet in "Dolarny's Primrose," (1606): a Hermit is moralising upon a skull:

"Why might not this haue beene some lawiers pate,
The which sometimes brib'd, brawl'd, and tooke a
fee,

And law exacted to the highest rate?

Why might not this be such a one as he?

Your quirks and quilllets now, Sir, where be they?

Now he is mute and not a word can say."

ELLIOT. The writer had Hamlet in his memory, no doubt, and plagiarism is not too hard a word.

BOURNE. I only mentioned it incidentally, because it has not been previously noticed. I am sure the originality of such a milk-sop poet as Raynolds is not worth vindicating or disputing. Yet in order to enable you to decide upon the rank he ought really to take, and to ascertain whether there is a pretence for placing him before Peele, of whom you already know something, I cannot resist availing myself of

this opportunity of quoting two stanzas from "Dolarny's Primrose:" he is describing a fair May day.

"In garments green the meadowes fayre did ranck it
The vallies lowe of garments greene were glad;
In garments greene the pastures proud did pranck it,
The daly grounds in garments greene were clad:

Each hill and dale, each bush and brier were seene
'Then for to florish in their garments greene.

"Thus as the medowes, forests and the fields
In sumptuous tires had deckt their daynty slades,
The flourishing trees wanton pleasure yeelds,
Keeping the sunne from out their shadie shades:

On whose greene leaues vpon each calmie day
The gentle wind with dallying breath did play."

ELLIOT. It is very poor certainly, but the lines are not altogether deficient in harmony.

BOURNE. Perhaps not, with the assistance of "garments green" five times affectedly repeated, and such combinations as "*daly* grounds," "*shady* shades," and "*calmy* days," besides "*grovy* shades," no less than thrice employed in the course of six stanzas.

MORTON. Let us leave him for *Dinohin*, alias *John Hind*. By the by, *Golde*, in the "Fig for Momus" of Lodge, in the same way may be meant for the author.

BOURNE. No doubt that is the true explanation, which never occurred to me before. *Dinohin* is an important personage in the second book of this

pamphlet, and the author, without doubt, meant to shadow himself under the name—this makes it the more curious. The extract I am about to read is from p. 77 of *Eliosto Libidinoso*.

“When *Titan*, hasting to plunge his fierie chariot in *Thetis* lappe, had gladded *Oceanus* with his returne.”

ELLIOT. A man who could put together such a sentence as that, could not have an atom of taste, or any notion of propriety—“plunging his fiery chariot in *Thetis*’s lap,” is a most extravagant absurdity.

MORTON. Let us defer our criticisms until the end.

BOURNE. Yet the observation is perfectly well founded. “When *Titan* hasting to plunge his fierie chariot in *Thetis* lappe, had gladded *Oceanus* with his returne, the tormented Louer taking a Lute in his hand, went to the place which so late he found, and there did in sad melodie sound foorth his sorrowes.—*Gatesinea* wondring to heare musicke at her windowe looked out and discerned her beloued *Dinohin*, whose affections when shee sawe like her owne, shee was rauished with incredible ioyes, and had presently vttered some signe of her content, had not maidenly modestie, and the presence of her nurce staid her: who perswaded her, that hauing *Dinohin* at the aduantage, shee should not so easily offer her loue, lest hee might little esteeme it, hauing so lightly got it. The perplexed Louer repairing oft to his accustomed place with more pleasure to *Gate-*

sinea than content to himselfe, resolued in the ende to make a full triall of his good or badde fortune, and no more to vse such dumbe demonstrations. Comming therefore late, as he was wont, to the window, he tarried till he perceiued by some signes, that his mistresse was come into her chamber, accompanied only with her nurce: then fingring his Lute, and framing his voice, he vttered this passionate Dittie, making euery rest a deepe-fetched sigh.

Dinohins Sonnet.

“ I rashly vow’d (fond wretch why did I so?)
When I was free that Loue should not inthrall me;
Ah foolish boast, the cause of all my woe,
And this misfortune that doth now befall me.

Loues God incens’d did sweare that I should smart,
That done, he shot and strooke me to the heart!

“ Sweet was the wound, but bitter was the paine;
Sweet is the bondage to so faire a creature,
If coie thoughts do not Beuties brightnesse staine,
Nor crueltie wrong so diuine a feature.

Loue pittie mee, and let it quite my cost,
By Loue to finde what I by Loue haue lost!

“ Heau’ns pride, Earths wonder, Natures peerelesse
choice

Faire harbour of my soules decaying gladnesse!
Yield him some ease, whose faint and trembling voice
Doth sue for pittie ouerwhelm’d with sadnesse.

In thee it rests, faire Saint, to saue or spill
His life, whose loue is ledde by Reasons will!"

ELLIOT. There is not much to be said against the prose, excepting where the author attempts to set out with a flourish about Titan and Thetis.

BOURNE. And the poetry is so good, that I am not at all sure that it is Hind's own composition: the two last lines I cannot help fancying that I have read somewhere else.

MORTON. I do not see why you should strip every feather from the wings of Hind's Pegasus; where he has availed himself of the labours of other men, he seems to have acknowledged the obligation.

BOURNE. In one respect he was very original, for to use a phrase of Shakespeare's, he was "a man of fire-new words," though a great imitator of the then discredited *Eupheuistic* style. Having seen all that is necessary of his production, I suppose there is no objection to our completing what we left unfinished at our last meeting.

ELLIOT. I do not imagine that much remains for us to notice in the class of writers who have produced satirical poetry.

BOURNE. If I were to go through those who wrote after 1600, as minutely as I have done those who wrote before that date, we should not only have a long, but a tedious task yet to execute.

MORTON. We want to be amused and informed, not to be wearied and stupefied.

BOURNE. You need be under no alarm; I should be quite as reluctant to enter upon that task as yourself; but in quoting a few specimens from two very celebrated authors, I apprehend we shall be rendering our subject sufficiently complete, be employing our time profitably, and obtaining as much amusement as the nature of the inquiry will allow.

ELLIOT. I leave it to your discretion, putting in my protest by the way against any thing tedious. In this respect you are quite free to be *dives tibi, pauper amicis*: you may keep your knowledge of those numerous authors you hint at to yourself: to the select few I have no objection.

BOURNE. I have no wish to revive forgotten and neglected trash. Specimens from two writers will conclude our inquiry respecting the origin and progress of satire in English.

ELLIOT. And who is the first author, or rather the first satirist, you are about to notice to-day?

BOURNE. George Wither.

ELLIOT. A name I have often heard, though I have never had an opportunity of seeing more than a few extracts from some of his productions.

BOURNE. The ridicule of Butler, Pope, and Swift, has contributed to keep him in the back ground longer than many other authors of far less merit: in fact he has been improperly and unfairly estimated, both by his friends and enemies; the latter heaping

upon him undeserved censure, and the former undeserved praise. He was unquestionably a very eminent and notorious, as well as a very caustic satirist.

MORTON. Of course you refer to his "Abuses stript and whipt." An immense number of pages of the British Bibliographer, or *Restituta*, I forget which, are occupied by a list of his productions.

BOURNE. They were excessively numerous: in 1660, at the end of his *Fides Anglicana*, a prose tract, he himself furnishes a catalogue of no less than eighty-two pieces in prose and verse that had flowed from his pen; the list you speak of far exceeds that number. He states that his catalogue is incomplete, as his memory could not retain all the titles: besides, he published several other tracts after that date, as he continued to scribble on down nearly to the day of his death in 1667. According to Wood he was then seventy-nine years old, having been born in the memorable year of the Spanish Armada.

MORTON. For his satires he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and afterwards, as is stated, liberated in consequence of publishing another satire to the king, justifying his first production.

BOURNE. So it is said, but I never could learn on what authority the assertion rested. I believe it is a fact, that the satire to the king was written while he was in confinement, and that he was released soon afterwards.

ELLIOT. Most likely, then, it depends merely upon inference.

BOURNE. You may judge from the following lines in that satire to the king, that the author was not very humble or contrite for his past offences.

“ But know I me he that entred once the list
Gainst all the world to play the *Satyr*ist:
Twas I that made my measures rough and rude,
Dance arm'd with whips amidst the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Scrowles*
Teaz'd angry *Monsters* in their lurking holes.
I've plaid with *Wasps* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till they grew mad and swarmd about my eares.
I've done it, and me thinkes tis such braue sport,
I may be stung, but nere be sorry for't;
For all my grief is, that I was so sparing
And had no more in't worth the name of daring.”

ELLIOT. Those lines are very fearless and spirited, but I do not think King James, notwithstanding Mr. D'Israeli's vindication of him, was quite the man to liberate the poet who justified instead of apologizing for his crime.

BOURNE. Some lines rather of a petitioning character are inserted; but still even there the author maintains that he was in the right. He says,
“ But why should I thy fauour here distrust
That haue a *cause* so knowne, and knowne so just?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles
But all suppose me wrong'd that heare my troubles.

Nay, though my fault were Reall, I beleive
 Thou art so Royall, that thou wouldst forgiue;
 For well I know thy sacred *Maiesty*
 Hath euer been admir'd for Clemencie,
 And at thy gentlenesse the world hath wondred,
 For making sunshine where thou mightst haue
 thundred."

MORTON. That savours a little of flattery, does it not?

BOURNE. Were it written by any man but Wither, I should think so too, perhaps; but being from his free pen, I take it as a testimony of some value in behalf of the character of James I.

MORTON. Wither was imprisoned more than once: according to the sketch of his life in the *British Bibliographer*, he was sent to the Tower.

BOURNE. Yes, many years afterwards: he was confined there for three years, and was forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper. Regarding one of his political tracts, called "the Perpetual Parliament," I found the following story in the "Tales and Jests of Mr. Hugh Peters," 1660, which I have not any where seen extracted, and which serves to show, among many other testimonies, that poor Wither, from his political principles more than from any other cause, was not very highly esteemed by his contemporaries.

"How Mr. Peters jeered the Poet Withers."

"George Withers hauing wrote a poem in which

he predicted the continuance of a free state, called it the *Perpetual Parliament*; a little after the Parliament was dissolved, and Mr. Peters meeting the said Mr. Withers told him he was a pitifull Prophet and a pitifull Poet, otherwise he had not wrote such predictions for a pitifull Parliament."

MORTON. Which story, I feel little doubt, is a mere malignant fabrication; for Peters would not have dared to say, nor Withers endured to hear what is there stated.

BOURNE. I am of your opinion. I forgot to mention, that among the eighty-two pieces Withers enumerates as his in 1660, are many in MS. which are stated to have been lost: one of them must have been very curious, "The pursuit of Happiness, being a character of the extravagancy of the Authors Affections and Passions in his youth." He was a very bold man in politics, and did not scruple to put into Oliver Cromwell's own hands four addresses or remonstrances on his "duties and failings."

MORTON. His excellence as a poet, and especially as a pastoral poet, is now, I believe, admitted.

BOURNE. By all who know any thing about him; but there is still a great number who, when his name is mentioned, cover their ignorance of his merit under the cloak with which the authors of *Hudibras*, the *Dunciad*, and the *Battle of the Books*, have furnished them.

ELLIOT. He seems to be a man about whom, and

whose writings, a strong and peculiar interest may be felt.

BOURNE. As a poet, using the word in its latitude, he wants fancy and imagination, though his versification is usually uncommonly easy, and his thoughts just and natural: his chief talent was for satire and moral instruction, and of this you will be able to judge by a few short specimens from his "*Abuses stript and whipt*," the first edition of which, dated in 1613, is here.

ELLIOT. I hope you do not intend to abridge your extracts too much.

BOURNE. You shall regulate their length yourself: Wither's Pastorals, his "*Mistress of Philarete*" and many other pieces, have been often criticised, but the satires before us have been comparatively little quoted, though, in my opinion, deserving quite as much, if not more, attention. The first thing to be remarked is the curious dedication of the book (perhaps in imitation of Marston), to himself, "*whom (he says) next God, my Prince and Country I am most engaged vnto.*"

MORTON. Not being able, I suppose, to gain a patron for his severity.

BOURNE. That is one of the reasons he assigns: among some epigrams that precede the satires, is one "*to the Satyromastix*," which shows the fearlessness with which he undertook and completed his labours. It contains the following lines:

“What? you would faine haue all the *great ones* freed?

They must not for their vices be controld:
Beware!—that were a saucinesse indeed;
But if the *great ones* to offend be bold
I see no reason but they should be told.”

MORTON. The Frenchman made an empty boast of his courage when he said,

*Je ne puis rien nommer si ce n'est pas son nom,
J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rolet un fripon,*
but he took special care to name nobody whose anger could do him injury in the quarter which he most aimed to please.

BOURNE. Wither says elsewhere, that he only names the vices, not those who flourished in them, and he makes no vain pretensions to individual designation: yet the result showed the truth of what Lod. Barry excellently says in his *Ram Alley*, in Dodsley's Collection,

“All great mens sins must still be humoured,
And poor mens vices largely punished:
The privilege that great men have in evil
Is this—they go unpunish'd to the Devil.”

ELLIOT. Exceedingly well; but I am longing to see something more by the satirist in your hand.

BOURNE. The following quotation is from the first satire of the first book “Of the passion of Love.”

“ *Counsels* in vaine, cause when the fit doth take
them

Reason and *vnderstanding* doth forsake them ;
It makes them som-time *merry*, som-time *sad*,
Vntam'd men mild, and many a *mild* man mad. * *

That one to gold compares his *Mistris* haire
When tis like *fox-fur* ; and doth thinke shees faire,
Though she in beauty be not far before
The *Swart West Indian*, or the tawny *Moore*.

Oh those faire star-like eyes of thine, one sayes,
When to my thinking she hath lookt nine waies :
And that sweet breath, when I thinke (out vpon't)
Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't. * * *

Then there is one who hauing found a peere,
In all things worthy to be counted deere,
Wanting both *Art* and *heart* his mind to breake,
Sets sighing (*woe is me*) and will not speake ;
All company he hates is oft alone,
Growes Melancholy, weepes, respecteth none,
And in dispaire seekes out a way to dye,
When he might liue and find a remedy.—

But how now ? Wast not you, saies one, that late
So humbly beg'd a *boone* at *beauties* gate ?

Was it not you that to a female Saint
Indited your *Aretophils* complaint ? * * *

To him I answere that indeed en'e I
Was lately subiect to this malady ;
Like't what I now dislike, employ'd good times
In the composing of such idle Rimes

As are objected : From my heart I sent
Full many a heauy sigh and oft-times spent
Vnmanly teares : I haue I must confesse. * * *
In many a foolish humor I haue beene,
As well as others ; looke, where I haue seene
Her (*whom I lou'd*) to walke, when she was gone
Thither I often haue repair'd alone ;
As if I thought the places did containe
Something to ease me (*oh exceeding vaine !*)
Yet what if I haue beene thus idly bent,
Shall I be now asham'd for to repent ?
Moreouer, I was in my *child-hood* than
And am scarce yet reputed for a *Man* ;
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
Nor cloi'd with any foule disease am I :
Tis no such cause that made me change my minde ;
But my affection that before was blind,
Rash and vnruely, now begins to find,
That it hath run a large and fruitlesse race
And thereupon hath giuen *Reason* place. * *
Yet for all this, looke, where I lou'd of late
I haue not turn'd it in a spleene to hate :
No, for 'twas first her *Vertue* and her *Wit*,
Taught me to see how much I wanted it ;
Then as for *Loue*, I doe allow it still
I neuer did dislik't, nor neuer will,
So it be *vertuous*, and contain'd within
The bounds of *Reason* ; but when t'will begin
To run at randome and her limits breake,
I must, because I cannot chuse but speake.

ELLIOT. There is not only uncommon ease in the running of the lines, but frequently great force in the very familiarity of the expressions. We have no right to complain that he is not very original on such a theme.

BOURNE. The number and variety of his works prove, that he must have composed with very great rapidity. These satires were written in 1611, when the author was only 23 years old, and for that age they show great acuteness and extent of observation.

MORTON. In the beginning of the extract Wither seems to allude to some work of his own, under the title of "Aretophils Complaint." Is that extant?

BOURNE. It is not, though some have confounded it with his poem of "the Mistress of Philarete."—"Aretophils Complaint" (which he afterwards called "*Philaretus Complaint*") is mentioned by Wither as one of his earliest pieces in the catalogue I before spoke of, and he there states that it was lost in manuscript. It was most likely addressed to the lady he alludes to in what I just read, and who rejected him. We will proceed to the fourth Satire on Envy, where the passion is thus happily described:

"But what is this, that men are so inclin'd
And subiect to it? How may't be defin'd?
Sure, if the same be rightly vnderstood,
It is a griefe that springs from others good,
And vexes them if they doe but heare tell
That other mens endeauors prosper well:

It makes them grieue when any man is friended,
 Or in their hearing praised or commended.
 Contrariwise againe, such is their spight,
 In other mens misfortunes they delight;
 Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
 Vnto their profit, nor their benefit.
 Others prosperitie doth make them leane;
 Yea it deuoureth and consumes them cleane:
 But if they see them in much griefe, why that
 Doth onely make them iocund, full & fat.
 Of Kingdomes ruine they best loue to heare
 And tragicall reports doth onely cheere
 Their hellish thoughts; and then their bleared eies
 Can looke on nothing but blacke infamies,
 Reproachfull actions, and the fowlest deeds
 Of shame that mans corrupted nature breeds:
 For they must wink when *Vertue* shineth bright
 For feare *her* lustre mar their weakned sight."

In the last line *her* is misprinted *their*: it is an obvious error, which I corrected.

MORTON. And makes nonsense of the conclusion of a fine passage.

ELLIOT. It is a fine passage upon the whole, though there are weak lines in it. The qualities of Envy have seldom been better described by any of the thousand writers that have touched it. The finest character that Churchill ever wrote, I mean that in the beginning of his *Rosciad*, is not much better than part of what you have just read.

MORTON. I remember reading in old Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, where he introduces the well known fable of Æsop, the following lines regarding Envy, which remind one of Wither.

“ Where I my selfe may not auaile
To sene another mans trauaile,
I am right glad if he be lette,
And though I fare not the bet,
His sorrow is to myn herte a gaine.”

BOURNE. And in another place he describes the envious as “ sicke of another mans hele,” which is just the same as Wither's line “ It is a grief that springs from other's good.”

ELLIOT. That of course has been its chief characteristic from the earliest times, without it it is not Envy; *tristitia de bonis alienis*. Churchill, whom I before mentioned, carries it one degree further;

“ With that malignant envy which turns pale
And sickens *even if a friend* prevail;”
which is a fine addition, and constitutes his superiority.

BOURNE. Whetstone, who is not generally a favourite with me, in his “ English Myrror,” 1586, has rather a good saying on the subject of Envy: if a man “ be enuious, (says he) he dare not recyte so much as the name of enuie; the reason is, this passion is so fowle and infamous, as it stinketh in the opinion of him that is infected therewith.”

MORTON. Is not that "English Myrror" one of the books you promised to show us, but have not yet performed your promise?

BOURNE. Not that I remember, but here it is if you wish to see it.

ELLIOT. Does it contain any thing worth seeing?

BOURNE. Many things, but principally in a historical point of view, as it refers to various events in the reign of Elizabeth previous to its date (1586), and more especially to the conspiracies against the Queen. It is called, "The English Myrror. A Regard, wherein all estates may behold the Conquests of Enuy." This is the subject of the first book; the second is called "Enuy conquered by Vertue," meaning the virtue of the Queen, and the third, "A fortesse against Enuy."

MORTON. Is any poetry interspersed in the volume?

BOURNE. Yes; but not much, and that bad, as you can judge from the subsequent specimen, which you may take my word for it is the best: he has been referring to Dionysius and Damocles in Book II.

"There is no fort that seemeth safe or strong,
There is no foode, that yeeldes a sauery tast;
The sweetest Lute and best composed song,
The chirping byrds that in the woods are plast
Sound no delight, but as a man forlorne,
The silent night doth seeme an vgly hell,

The softest bedde a thycket full of thorne,
Vnto the heart where tyranny doth dwell:
Whose mind presents, through horror and through
dread,
A naked sword still falling on his head."

ELLIOT. Those lines certainly justify the opinion you have given.

BOURNE. He was but an indifferent poet, though he wrote much, and particularly elegiac or funeral poems, one of which, on Sir P. Sidney, I formerly noticed; he refers to some of these in the dedication to the third book of his English Myrror, where he says that several "worthy personages, which in my time are deceased, haue had the second life of their vertues bruted by my Muse."

MORTON. Can you refer us to any particular part worth reading?

BOURNE. The whole is well worth reading as a work of much study and learning, now and then diversified with a humorous tale or anecdote; as the following of a Vicar of Croydon before the reformation, who kept a "daughter of the game" in his vicarage, being of course forbidden to marry. "As (says Whetstone) hee thought to take away all suspicion of his misbehauour, made a vehement Sermon against Lecherie, and agravated the vengeaunces of that sinne, with all the authorities which he could recite in the Scripture; earnestlie exhorting

his Parishioners, to cleanse the towne of that damnable & filthie iniquitie: whereuppon one of the Church-wardens (that knew the Viccar had violated his vowe) cryed out, Master Viccar if you will giue vs example, by purging the Church-yarde, wee will bee careful to cleanse the rest of the Parish. The Viccar smelling the meaning of the Church-warden, pleasantlie to huddle vp the matter, replied that the Church-warden spake without reason; for, quoth he, the Church-yarde is the appointed place to receiue the most filthie Carrion of the worlde; and withall wished the people not to mistake him, for he onely spake of the sinne, but meddled not with the sinner."

ELLIOT. That is fair enough.

BOURNE. And the author's application of the jest is better: I could point out other amusing extracts, but it is scarcely worth while now to go out of our way for them. Speaking of Physicians in the first book he states that "a gentleman of *Vennis*," (for Whetstone had travelled in Italy, as he mentions elsewhere) "one a time supping with a Phisition in *Padua*, marueiled that the Phisitions, who in short space finde a remedie for the most violent newe disease that raigneth, can not cure as well as giue ease to the Gowt, an auncient maladie. Which doubt, the Doctor thus pleasauntly resolved. O Sir, (quoth hee) the Gowte is the proper disease of the riche, and wee liue not by the poore; it may suffice

that they finde ease; but to prescribe a cure, to beggar our facultye, were a great follye."

MORTON. And to the present day they have kept up the artifice; only with this difference, that now they seem to find it their interest not even to give the sufferer any ease under his torments from "arthritic tyranny," as Dr. Johnson calls it in one of his minor poems.

ELLIOT. Massinger, in his "Emperor of the East," has a passage somewhat similar, where Paulinus is discovered with the gout, attended by a surgeon, who for a time has lessened the acuteness of his pain; Paulinus says that he would give the moiety of his fortune to ensure a continuance of his respite, and the surgeon answers,

———— "If I could cure
The gout, my Lord, without the Philosopher's stone
I should soon purchase; it being a disease
In poor men very rare, and in the rich
The cure impossible."

BOURNE. He means impossible from the habitual luxuriousness of their habits: Whetstone's Physician said a cure was impossible from a very different and politic cause.

MORTON. It would not have done for the surgeon to have actually told Paulinus, suffering under the disease, that it was against the interest of the faculty to discover and introduce a cure.

BOURNE. We will now close Whetstone's "English Myrror," and before we leave him just look at his "Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties," 1584, which is a rarer work, and is directed against the practices at Dicing Houses, Taverns, Ordinaries, Stews, &c. in the city. The latter part of this pamphlet, called "An Addition: or Touchstone for the Time," is the most curious, though perhaps not so much so, as the title would lead one to expect. He inveighs with great zeal against the corruptions of his day, but in terms rather too general, and he had reason to abuse them, for at the end he states that he had been a great sufferer. "No man (he observes) was euer assaulted with a more daungerous strategeme of cosonage than my selfe with which my life and liuing was hardly beset. No man hath more cause to thanke God for a free deliuary than my selfe, nor anie man euer sawe more suddaine vengeance inflicted vpon his aduersaries, than I my selfe of mine."

MORTON. He gives no particulars, does he, of his narrow escape and signal revenge?

BOURNE. None, but he refers to his "Rocke of Regarde." I will not go through his violent abuse of gaming houses, ordinaries, &c. but merely (as we shall have occasion to look at the tract again) read the following singular anecdote, told of one of the judges of his time. "Olde Judge *Chomley* euermore aunswered naughtie liuers that sued for mercie desiring him to regard the frailtie of young

men by the bolde and unlawful actions of his owne youth, and by the testimonie of his grace, good fortune, and present authoritie, to conceiue hope of their amendment: O my friendes, quoth the Judge, I tel you plainly that of twentie that in those dayes were my companions, I onely escaped hanging; and it is very like that some one of your fellowship is by Gods goodnesse reserued to be an honest man; but you are found offenders by the Lawe, and truely iustice (whose sentence I am sworne to pronounce) commaundeth me to commend your soules to Almighty God, and your bodies to the Gallowse."

ELLIOT. He was determined, at all events, that none of those before him should have a chance of reforming, and becoming an honest man.

BOURNE. Although Whetstone was rather a voluminous author, there are circumstances to show that he was not popular, and among them the fact that as his printer, Richard Jones, could not sell his "Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties" under that title (though sufficiently taking one would have imagined, recollecting the great popularity of a work well known, and with nearly a similar name) he republished it in 1586 under the new title of "The Enemie of Vnthyftinesse, &c. discovering the vn-sufferable Abuses raiging in our happie English comon wealth:" the title-page is the only difference, as all the body of the work is the identical impression of 1584, a number of copies remaining

on hand, notwithstanding a sort of advertisement by the author at the end of his "English Myrror."

MORTON. Then it contains no alterations or additions of any kind.

BOURNE. I was in error when I said that the title only was new, because at the back of it there is another novelty of some interest—I mean a list of the works which Whetstone had published up to 1586: they are arranged as follows, but not chronologically, as you will see in a moment.

- " 1 The Enemie of Vnthyftnesse
 2 The Rocke of Regarde
 3 The honourable Reputation and Morall Vertues of a Souldier
 4 The Heptameron of Cyuill Discourses
 5 The Tragicall Comedie of Promos & Cassandra
 6 The lyfe and death of M. G. Gascoyne
 7 The lyfe and death of the graue & honorable Maiestrat Sir Nicholas Bacon, late L. keeper
 8 The lyfe and death of the good L. Dyer
 9 The lyfe and death of the noble Earle of Sussex
 10 A Mirrour of true Honor shewing the lyfe, death and Vertues of Frauncis Earle of Bedforde."

To these are added, "*Bookes ready to be printed.*"

- " 11 A Panoplie of deuises
 12 The English Mirour
 13 The Image of Christian Iustice."

This list, not hitherto mentioned, I apprehend will settle some doubtful points, as to the works of Whetstone.

ELLIOT. But are they worth settling?

BOURNE. Perhaps not, or not worth much labour in settling. In the last page but one of his "Touchstone for the Time" the author speaks of a forthcoming work called "The Blessings of Peace," but I fancy that this was included in the "English Myrror," as much of the third book is devoted to that subject.

ELLIOT. I think you have now had scope enough for your antiquarian *mania*, which has been attended, that I can perceive, with no material advantage, unless it be one to divert us from the course we were pursuing. How we travelled backwards from Wither to Whetstone I know not.

MORTON. And I very little care, as long as we gain the object we have in view.

BOURNE. Well, I have done. We will now return to Wither's "Abuses stript & whipt." I must say, however, that you have had your share of entertainment out of the jokes I read, both of the Vicar of Croydon, and of the Physician and the Gout.

MORTON. He is only in the ordinary case; affecting a little to despise what he does not understand. But let us go on with Wither.

BOURNE. What I am now going to read is in the same satire as our last extract: he is touching upon the manner in which envy affected even him:

————— “ So I haue found
The blast of *enuy* flies as low's the ground,
And though it hath already brought a man
Euen vnto the meanest state it can
Yet tis not satisfi'd, but still diuising
Which way it also may disturbe his rising :
This I know true, or else it could not be
That any man should hate or enuy me,
Being a creature (one would thinke) that's plast
Too low for to be toucht with *enuies* blast :
And yet I am ; I see men haue espi'd
Some-thing in me too that may be enui'd ;
But I haue found it now, and know the matter ;
By reason they are rich, and Ile not flatter :
Yes ; and because they see that I doe scorne
To be their slaue whose equall I am borne.”

ELLIOT. That is closed in a fearless spirit of independence : the whole extract is eloquent.

MORTON. It is a touch of the levelling republican which Wither afterwards turned out to be.

BOURNE. I think you mistake ; he is there speaking only of his equality with the rich in being the work of God, with the same faculties and understanding. There is no more republicanism there than some of the most loyal, not to say the most flattering, poets have at times expressed. Skelton, who cannot be charged with too much independence of mind, even in the reign of Henry VIII., speaks

quite as freely in his interlude of "Magnificence," printed by Rastell.

"Or how can you proue that there is felycyte
And you haue not your owne fre lyberte;
To sporte at your pleasure to ryn and to ryde?
Where lyberte is absent set welthe aside."

MORTON. He is alluding, I fancy, to mere personal freedom from restraint, which is quite a different thing. He might state that without any chance of giving offence.

BOURNE. What you say is true: I allow too, that throughout *Wither* speaks with the utmost plainness, and gives more than glimpses of the part he was afterwards to take as a supporter of a republican government: for instance, the following lines upon the follies and vices of Kings are very strikingly in point, and rendered more emphatic by Italics.

"Princes haue these—they uery basely can
Suffer themselues that haue the rule of man,
To be oreborne by Villaines; so in steed
Of kings they stand, when they are slaues indeed.
By bloud & wrong a heauenly Crowne thei'l danger,
'Tassure their state heere (Often to a stranger.)
They quickly yeeld vnto the Batteries
Of sly insinuating flatteries:
Most bountifull to fooles—to full of feare,
And far to credulous of that they heare:

So giuen to pleasure, as if in that thing
Consisted all the Office of a King !”

(Book II. Sat. I.)

MORTON. Yet we have seen that he thought well
of King James.

BOURNE. And spoke well of him too, as he does
only a few lines afterwards: he says that he cannot
“ but speak well” of him, and that no sovereign had
ever less *vanity*—about the last weakness, in our
sense of the word, from which we should have been
inclined to exempt him: however, the poet applies it
in a much more extended way.

ELLIOT. As empty ostentation, vanity, or pride in
equipages, apparel, and so on.

BOURNE. Exactly. As we have seen how he treats
Princes, we will now read a very spirited passage
about nobles, from the second satire of the second
book, entitled *Inconstancy*.

————— “ *Nobility*

That comes by birth hath most antiquity,
Some thinke ; and tother (if at all
They yeeld as noble) they an vpstart call :
But I say rather no—his *Noblenesse*
Thats rais'd by Vertue hath most *worthinesse*,
And is most ancient, for it is the same
By which all Great men first obtaind their *Fame*.
So then I hope 'twill not offend the *Court*,
That I count some there with the *Vulgar sort*,

And outset others : yet some thinke me bold,
 Because there's few that these opinions hold ;
 But shall I care what others thinke or say ?
 There is a path besides the beaten way !”

ELLIOT. Admirable ! I know of nothing finer in its way, either ancient or modern.

MORTON. I was afraid when we came to the lines—

“ But I say rather no—his nobleness
 That's rais'd by virtue hath most worthiness,”
 that he was going to end the sentence as he had begun it ; but what a striking and noble close is formed by the couplet—

“ And is most ancient—for it is the same
 By which all great men first obtain'd their fame.”

ELLIOT. It goes far beyond the common-place of antiquity—*Animus facit nobilem, cui ex quacunque conditione, &c.*

BOURNE. It is a very noble thought, and produces the better effect from its being, as they say, *præter expectatum*. The last two lines of the quotation do not fall short of the rest.

ELLIOT. In Ascham's "Schoolmaster" I remember a very eloquent censure of mere nobility transmitted with the blood, ending with these words, "Nobility without virtue and wisdom is blood indeed, but blood truly without bones & sinews."

BOURNE. Anthony Stafford, a writer I have often quoted, is not behindhand when he says, in his *Niobe dissolu'd into a Nilus* (1611), "I can brooke better a fellow that hath bought his new-found nobility with nobles, than another of an high birth and of a low stooping spirit, who can iustly brag of nothing of his owne, but liues upon the supererogative deeds of his ancestors."

MORTON. I dare say one might collect as many excellent sayings upon this stale theme, as upon any that has been dwelt upon either in the old time or in the new.

ELLIOT. That Stafford seems to have been an eloquent fellow: I should like to be better acquainted with him. I remember you, in a manner, proved that Milton was well acquainted with his writings.

BOURNE. He seems to have been a strange wild enthusiast, upon religious topics especially: as a puritan he was very much like what Robert Southwell was as a jesuit.

ELLIOT. What is the object of his book?

BOURNE. It is in two divisions, one called "*Niobe*," and the other "*Niobe dissolu'd into a Nilus*;" and it is a general but vigorous declamation against the vices and profaneness of the age.—In his "*Niobe*" (p. 112), he has the subsequent passage on the subject to which we have been referring, which will give you some notion of his style. "O! but Gentry now degenerates! Nobilitie is now come to be *nuda re-*

latio, a meere bare relation and nothing else. How manie Players haue I seene vpon a stage, fit indeede to be Noblemen! how many that be Noblemen, fit onely to represent them.—Why, this can Fortune do, who makes some companions of her Chariot, who for desert should be lackies to her Ladiship. Let me want pittie if I dissolue not into pittie when I see such poore stuffe vnder rich stuffe; that is a bodie richlie clad, whose mind is capable of nothing but a hunting match, a racket-court, or a cock-pit, or at most the story of Susanna in an ale-house. Rise, Sidney, rise! thou Englands eternall honour! Reuiue and lead the reuolting spirits of thy countrey-men, against the basest foe, Ignorance. But what talke I of thee? Heauen hath not left earth thy equall: neither do I thinke that *ab orbe condito*, since Nature first was, any man hath beene in whom *Genus* and *Genius* met so right. Thou Atlas to all vertues! Thou Hercules to the Muses! Thou patron to the poor! Thou deservst a Quire of ancient *Bardi* to sing thy praises, who with their musickes melody might expresse thy soules harmonie. Were the transmigration of soules certaine—I would thy soule had flitted into my bodie or wold thou wert aliue again, that we might lead an indiuiduall life together! Thou wast not more admired at home then famous abroad; thy penne and thy sword being the Heraldes of thy Heroicke deedes.” And in this strain he proceeds for several pages more.

MORTON. The style is very peculiar, and though pedantic and affected, there is much force about it.

BOURNE. He is full of rhapsodies, but they are eloquent; and he was evidently both a very pious and a very learned man. There were two editions of his work, which is now rarely to be met with; and it seems that after the first was published (to which the "Niobe Dissolu'd into a Nilus" was not added), he was not a little ridiculed for the passage I have just read, where he appears to put himself in comparison with Sir Philip Sidney. This angered him not a little, and accordingly to the second edition he prefixed an address "to the long-ear'd Reader," in which he repels the charge, maintaining, at the same time, that Sir P. Sidney had actually shown himself to him in a vision.

ELLIOT. This was only rendering it still more laughable.

BOURNE. Certainly, but he relates it with the most simple seriousness, and adds, that the "miracle of nature" addressed him in these terms: "Generous Gentleman, whose neuer-glozing spirit this fawning age will neuer reward, my soule bowes herselfe to thee, and breathes her loue vpon thee, for making her immortall to all mortalitie: a benefit for the which Ingratitude herselfe would yeeld thanks."

ELLIOT. He was very likely a man of strong feelings, but he must have had a weak judgment to suppose that he would be believed in this strange story, even at that credulous day.

BOURNE. He expressly says that it will be attributed to his wild and fervid imagination, but he nevertheless insists upon the perfect truth of what he relates.

MORTON. In turning over Wither, I have stumbled upon a passage that refers to Sir Philip Sidney.

BOURNE. It is one which I had intended to show you, as it mentions not only Sidney but Drayton, Ben Jonson, and several other poets. Read it.

MORTON. It is in the third satire of the second book. He has been speaking of King James's works, and of the general value of poetry; that though the inspiration is only partially given to some few in this life, "All shall have't perfect in the World to come," and then he proceeds.

"This in defence of *Poesie* to say
 I am compel'd, because that at this day
Weakenesse and *Ignorance* hath wrong'd it sore:
 But what neede any man therein speake more
 Then *Diuine Sidney* hath already done?
 From whom (though he deceas'd e're I begun)
 I haue oft sighed, and bewail'd my *Fate*
 That brought me foorth so many yeeres too late
 To view that *worthy*: And now, thinke not you,
 Oh *Daniel, Draiton, Ionson, Chapman*, how
 I long to see you with your fellow *Peeres*;
Diuine Siluester, glory of these yeeres!
 I hitherto haue onely heard your fames
 And know you yet but by your workes and names.

The little time I on the earth have spent,
Would not allow me any more content :
I long to know you better that's the truth ;
I am in hope you'll not disdain my *Youth*."

ELLIOT. A very amiable, diffident young man, and a very laudable wish.

BOURNE. I do not think that in any thing I have read by Wither, he can be fairly accused of arrogance, though he takes upon himself to lash the vices of his age: he knew that he loved honesty and ingenuousness, and hated fraud and artifice, and as he could not be mistaken in them, he speaks plainly and fearlessly. His political tracts, in which he attempts to produce certain changes and reforms in the state, were written at a much more advanced period of his life. But we have now seen as much of his satires as perhaps is necessary: before, however, we leave Sir P. Sidney, introduced by Wither, let me show you a very great literary curiosity.

MORTON. By all means: what is it?

BOURNE. I wish it were a work of more intrinsic merit; but, I assure you, it is of the rarest occurrence.

ELLIOT. It generally happens that the greatest rarities are of least actual value, or why, as a living critic has asked, have they become such rarities?

BOURNE. That rule will by no means apply in all cases.

MORTON. Do not argue the point, but produce the book: my curiosity of one kind is as great as the book's of another.

BOURNE. You remember the funeral poem I brought before you by Whetstone on the death of Sir P. Sidney; this, in my hand, is a production of the same kind on the same subject.

MORTON. By whom?

BOURNE. John Phillip or Phillips. Ritson introduces him into his catalogue as the author of Cleomenes and Sophonisba, 1577; but the bibliographer had never seen nor heard of this tract, nor of another on the death of the Countess of Lenox, which is almost of equal rarity.

MORTON. Read the title, if you please.

BOURNE. I will, at length, for you may never hear it again. It is this: "The Life and Death of Sir Phillip Sidney, late Lord Gouvernour of Flushing: His funerals Solemnized in Paules Church where he lyeth interred; with the whole order of the mournfull shewe as they marched thorowe the citie of London on Thursday the 16 of February, 1587. At London. Printed by Robert Waldegraue," &c. 1587.

MORTON. And now allow me to take your relic into my own hands.

BOURNE. The dedication, you will see, is to the Earl of Essex, and signed by the author, but it is not worth reading.

ELLIOT. Tell us what part of it is worth reading, if you please, and if you can.

BOURNE. The poem is in the fashionable style of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Sir P. Sidney's ghost very awkwardly relating his own story. I say awkwardly, because he is made, not like the ghosts in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, to warn their hearers by the story of their failings, vices, and consequent misfortunes, but to recount his own deeds, and to belaud his own virtues most liberally.

MORTON. That is very absurd and injudicious. It opens, I observe, rather singularly;

“ You noble *Brutes* bedeckt with rich renowne.”

ELLIOT. Upon my word, Phillips did not care much to conciliate his hearers, when he calls them *brutes*: however they are “ noble *brutes*,” and “ be-deck'd with rich renown.”

MORTON. That makes some amends. Phillips ought to have been the author of the tract you showed us on “ the Nobleness of the Ass.”

BOURNE. Of course he means by *Brutes* Britons, the descendants of *Brute*, only two syllables did not suit his line.

MORTON. I perceive that we shall stop, or be stopped, very soon in our reading of this production.

“ You noble *Brutes* bedeckt with rich renowne,

That in this world haue worldly wealth at will,
Muse not at me, though death haue cut me downe,

For from my graue I speake vnto you still.
 Whilst life I had I neuer meant you ill;
 Then thinke on me that close am coucht in clay
 And know I liue though death wrought my decay.

“ I neede not I record my bloud ne birth,
 For why? to you my parentage is knowne;
 My mould was clay, my substance was but earth
 And now the earth enioyes againe her owne:
 My race is runne, my daies are ouerthrowne.
 Yet Lordings list, your patience here I craue,
 Heare Sidneis plea discussed from the graue.”

ELLIOT. So that the “ noble *brutes*,” after all, are
Lordings. Upon my word it is wretched stuff.

BOURNE. “ *Quanto io posso dar tutto vi dono.*” I
 suppose he could write nothing better.

ELLIOT. Then first, why write at all; and secondly,
 if he wrote, why should we read?

MORTON. It was worth thus much time, if only
 for the amusement Mr. John Phillips has afforded us.

BOURNE. You must hear two more stanzas, and
 I have done: it is from one of the most ridiculous
 parts of the piece, where Sidney “ rings out a pane-
 gyric on himself,” after applauding Queen Elizabeth
 to the seventh heavens.

“ In martiall feates I settled my delight;

The stately steede I did bestride with ioy:
 At tilt and turney oft I tride my might,

In these exployts I neuer felt annoy.
 My worthie friends in armes did oft imploy

Themselves with me to breake the shiuring speare;
But now my want they wail with many a teare.

“ My spoused wife, my Lady and my loue
whilst life I had did know my tender hart,
But God that rules the rowling skies aboue
Did thincke it meete we should againe depart.
His will is done, death is my dew desart!

She wants her make, I fro my deare am gon;
She liues behind her loue true to morne.”

MORTON. That is not quite such extravagant eulogy as I expected.

BOURNE. It is only the fag-end of it, if I may so say: Sidney is very warm in his admiration of himself in some places.

ELLIOT. Or rather his spirit is very warm in its admiration of his body: recollect they are now distinct and separate, and one may praise the other without any charge of egotism.

BOURNE. But perhaps the greatest absurdity of all is the minute detail the spirit gives of the whole solemnity and procession at the funeral of the body. At length the line, “ Thus from my grave I bid you all adieu,” winds up the poem.

ELLIOT. Was it worth while to interrupt our course through the satirists for such a production?

BOURNE. “ Since it is past, all argument is vain.” Now then for Richard Brathwayte, a name with which you are not unacquainted, but whose volume

of satires and other poems, I fancy, you have never seen, for they are much more scarce than any of his prose pieces. It will not be necessary, however, to read more than one or two extracts, as he was an imitator of George Wither, and by no means equal to his prototype. His title is this: "Times Curtaine drawne or the Anatomie of Vanitie with other choice Poems, entituled Health from Helicon; by Richard Brathwayte Oxonian," 1621.

MORTON. I have seen the title before, but in what way do you trace the imitation of Wither?

BOURNE. In the general style of the satires, and in the manner in which the work is disposed. Wither's "Abuses stript and whipt," had attracted much notice, and Brathwayte, early in his production, professes great admiration for him. In one place he says, in allusion to the punishment Wither had met with, "Tutch not *Abuses* but with modest lipp
For some I know were whipt that thought to whip," adding in the margin this note, "One whom I admire, being no lesse happie for his natie inuention than excellent for his proper and elegant dimension." The latter part of the compliment refers to Wither's finely proportioned figure.

ELLIOT. Does Brathwayte take warning by the sufferings of Wither, and "touch abuses but with modest lip?"

BOURNE. I think not; but Wither had been libe-

rated, as some suppose, almost on a repetition of his offence—his satire to the king; and this, if true, perhaps made his follower more bold: he is even coarser than Wither in some places. In his first satire on Riches, he says of the wealthy, for instance,

“ For who are wise but Rich-men, or who can
Find the golden meane but the golden man?
He is Earth’s darling, and in time will be
Hell’s darling too; for who’s so fit as he?”

MORTON. He takes care, I dare say, to make his satire general?

ELLIOT. Yet Pope observes,
“ The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, while Harpax is a score.”

BOURNE. Or in the words of that satirical song in
“ the Beggar’s Opera,”

“ Each cries, that was levell’d at me.”

The subsequent extract on the subject of dress, will show that Brathwayte was a writer of some power.

“ For who (remēbring the cause why cloths were
made)

Even then when Adam fled vnto the shade

For couert of his *Nakednesse*, will not blame

Himself to glorie in his Parents *shame*?

Weepe, weepe, (*Phantasticke Minion*) for to thee

My griued passion turnes: O may I be

Cause of conuersion to thy selfe, that art

Compos’d of man, and therefore I beare part

In thy distracted habit: ougly peece
 (For so I tearme thee) *Woman-monster* cease;
 Cease to corrupt the excellence of minde,
 By soiling it with such an odious rinde,
 Or shamelesse Couer! Waining wauering *Moone*,
 That spends the morne in decking thee till *noone*!
 Hast thou no other ornaments to weare
 But *such* wherein thy lightest thoughts appeare?
 Hast thou no other honour, other Fame,
 Saue roabes which make thee glory in thy shame?"

ELLIOT. That is strenuous enough, and the allusion to Adam, with its application, happy.

MORTON. He seems rougher than Wither: if he do not jerk so keenly, he appears to lay on his scourge more heavily.

BOURNE. One more specimen from his satires shall suffice for the present, at least. It is from the second, where he is adverting to the usual concomitant of poetry—poverty.

ELLIOT. There is no class of men who complain so bitterly of poverty as poets, who are always, at the same time, boasting that they are above the sordid love of money; yet they are always making themselves the objects of ridicule by their murmurs.

BOURNE. They complain most because, probably, they feel most; and their complaints are oftenest remembered because they perpetuate them by putting them in black and white: but hear Brathwayte on this point.

"Take comfort then, for thou shalt see on earth
 Most of thy coate to be of greatest worth;
 Though not in state, for who ere saw but merit
 Was rather borne to begge than to inherit?
 Yet in the gifts of nature we shall finde
 A ragged coate oft haue a Royall minde:
 For to descend to each distinct degree
 By due experience we the same shall see.
 If to *Parnassus* where the *Muses* are,
 There shall we finde their Dyet very bare;
 Their houses ruind and their well-springs dry,
 Admir'd for nought so much as Pouertie.
 Here shall we see poore *Æschylus* maintaine
 His nighterne studies with his daily paine,
 Pulling up Buckets but twas neuer knowne
 That filling others he could fill his owne.
 Here many more discerne we may of these,
 As *Lamachus*, and poore *Antisthenes*,
 Both which the sweetes of Poesie did sipp
 Yet were rewarded with a staff and scripp;
 For I nere knew nor (much I feare) shall know it,
 Any die rich that liu'd to die a Poet."

MORTON. It would have been more curious if he had made some allusions to those of his own time who were sufferers.

BOURNE. It would, but he does not hint at any of them. He writes always in a bold and often in an energetic strain: the following six lines commence a poem, in the second division of "*Times Curtaine drawne*," called "*The Great-mans Alphabet*."

“Come hither Great-man, that triumphs to see
 So many men of lower ranke to thee;
 That swells with honours, and erects thy state
 As high as if thou wer't Earths Potentate!
 Thou whose aspiring buildings raise thy name,
 As if thou wer't the sonne and heyre of fame.”

This, you will admit, is very spirited; and most of the piece is not inferior, though of a grave, moral cast. This is all I think necessary to read from Brathwayte.

MORTON. If I do not mistake, the title-page mentions “other choice poems, entitled Health from Helicon,”—what are they?

BOURNE. Chiefly miscellaneous subjects, and not very good.

MORTON. Nor curious?

BOURNE. Unless we except the following passage from one of the pieces, called “*Ebrius Experiens*,” in which the author attempts to vindicate his easily besetting sin, drunkenness.

ELLIOT. Let us hear that, for as the first Spectator says, we are always deeply interested about the personal appearance, peculiarities, and habits of authors: Montaigne too remarks, though with a different application, *Je ne vois jamais Auteur que je ne recherche curieusement quelque il a été.*

BOURNE. The lines, then, are these,

“Some say I drinke too much to write good lines;
 Indeed, I drinke more to obserue the Times,

And for the loue I bear vnto my friend,
To hold him chat than any other end.
Yea, my *obseruance* tells me I haue got
More by discoursing sometimes o're the pot,
Than if I had good fellowship forsooke,
And spent that houre in poring on a booke."

ELLIOT. There seems nothing very new in his arguments, at least in what you have read.

BOURNE. Nor in any of them. It is only doing exactly what Sir T. Wyatt censures in some lines quoted on a former day, viz. giving to every vice the name of the nearest virtue, "as drunkenness good fellowship to call."

ELLIOT. Brathwayte then concludes the series of the English satirists you intend to bring before us?

BOURNE. He does; but it cannot, with any propriety, be called a series, for some omissions have been made by design, and a few because the books were of such extreme rarity that I could not procure the use of them.

MORTON. You have purposely refrained from touching upon translations from the classic satirists, yet, with a view to this subject, I borrowed a very small tract, which my friend assured me was seldom to be met with, though only a translation: it is by an author I have frequently heard you praise—Chapman.

BOURNE. Satires translated by Chapman? I have never seen any.

MORTON. Here is the tract, and the following is its title, "A Iustification of a strange action of Nero; in burying with a Solemne Fvnerall one of the cast Hayres of his Mistresse Poppæia. Also a iust re-proofoe of a Romane smell-Feast, being the fifth Satire of Ivvenall. Translated by George Chapman," 1629.

BOURNE. I remember it now, but I have never seen the tract, and Ritson mentions it as two works, when in truth it is only one, which proves that he was in the same condition. It is a very curious piece indeed.

ELLIOT. From that author we have surely a right to expect something more than curious.

MORTON. I skimmed it over hastily last night, and I am sorry to say that I saw but little in it to admire.

BOURNE. Perhaps not: we are to recollect that at the time it was printed the author was not less than 72 years old, and that during the whole of his long life he had been a laborious writer, living probably entirely by his pen.

MORTON. Yet at the very time when he published it, he tells us, in the dedication to *Richard Hubert Esq.*, that he has "some worthier work" in hand: the whole passage is a singular one with reference to himself and his labours. He first complains, that "greate workes get little regard," adding, "as it is now the fashion to iustifie Strange Actions, I (vtterly

against mine owne fashion) followed the vulgar, & assaid what might be said for iustification of a Strange Action of Nero:" he observes next, in terms, that he throws out this piece as a tub to the whale, " hauing yet once more some worthier worke then this Oration, & following Translation, to passe the sea of the land, exposed to the land and vulgar Leuiathan."———" The rather because the Translation containing in two or three instances, a preparation to the iustification of my ensuing intended Translations, lest some should account them, as they haue my former conuersions, in some places licences, bold ones, and vtterly redundant."

BOURNE. His " ensuing intended Translation," I conjecture, must have been of the whole of the satires of Juvenal and Persius, of which this was a foretaste, and which he did not live to complete.

ELLIOT. This tract before us then, was his last production. When did he die, do you recollect?

BOURNE. Ritson says, in 1634, but he refers to no authority. Chapman always, as he has done above, expressed a great disgust at, and contempt for, the applause of the vulgar: particularly in the prefatory matter to his " Memorable Masque" of the Middle Temple and Lincolns Inn (1613), where he is speaking of true poets and true poetry. " Euery vulgarly-esteemed vpstart dares breake the dreadfull dignity of antient and authentickall Poesie, and presume Luciferously to proclame in place thereof, repugnant

precepts of their owne spaune. Truth & Worth haue no faces to enamour the Lycentious, but vaine-glory and humor: the same body, the same beauty, a thousand men seeing, onely the man whose bloud is fitted, hath that which he calls his soule enamoured."

ELLIOT. Yet I dare say he had not half as much reason for his anger as Ben Jonson, when in the "apologetical dialogue" subjoined to his "Poet-aster," in a rage almost sublime, he exclaims,

"Oh, this would make a learn'd & liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire!"

But I did not intend to interrupt you in what you were reading from the pamphlet you brought with you.

MORTON. In the address "to the Reader," Chapman vindicates what he supposes some will consider liberties taken with, and enlargements of, his original, observing that it is "a most asinine error" to suppose that translations to be good must be "in as few words and in like order" as the original author employed, and upon one passage in particular he remarks with some apparent arrogance, "but the sense I might wish my betters could render no worse."

BOURNE. Arrogance! surely self-confidence would have been a much more applicable word.

ELLIOT. Either, I think, would there be inapplicable, for Chapman is not talking of his own capa-

bility as a poet, but merely of “the sense,” as a faithful renderer of the work on which he was engaged: he claims to himself no more merit than we might give to a schoolboy.

MORTON. On reading it again I find I did him injustice. The “Funerall Oration” is in fact a prose satire, or burlesque, upon treating trifles as matters of serious importance, and it contains, in my opinion, nothing very well worth reading: the translation from Juvenal, I fear, is not much better.

BOURNE. We must have a quotation from that, although it is merely a translation, and not precisely within our limits, and although it may not be a first rate performance of the kind.

MORTON. I think the following lines some of the best.

“First take it for a Rule, that if my Lord
Shall once be pleas'd to grace thee with his bord,
The whole reuenues that thy hopes inherit,
Rising from seruices of ancient merit,
In this requital amply paid will prooue.
O'tis the fruit of a transcendent loue
To giue one victuals! That thy Table-King
Layes in thy dish, though nere so thinne a thing,
Yet that reproch still in thine eares shall ring.
If therefore after two moneths due neglect
He deignes his poore dependent to respect,
And lest the third bench faile to fill the ranck
He shall take the vp to supply the blanck:

Lets sit together *Trebius* (saies my Lord)
 See all thy wishes sum'd vp in a word!
 What canst thou aske at Ioues hand after this?
 This grace to *Trebius* enough ample is,
 To make him start from sleepe before the Larke
 Poasting abroad vntrus'd, & in the darke,
 Perplext with feare, lest all the seruile-rout
 Of his saluters haue the round run out
 Before he come, whiles yet the fixed Starre
 Shewes his ambiguous head, & heauens cold Car
 The slow Bootes wheelles about the Beare.
 And yet, for all this, what may be the cheare?
 To such vile wine thy throat is made the sinck
 As greasie woll would not endure to drink;
 And we must shortly looke to see our guest
 Transform'd into a Berecynthian Priest."

ELLIOT. The principal fault of that translation is,
 that it seems to be, if any thing, too literal: the
 writer cramps himself miserably in some of the lines
 on this account.

BOURNE. Yet a few of them flow with sufficient
 ease, and the quotation just read opens very well.

MORTON. The whole is pointed, and more vigor-
 ous in some of the expressions than might be ex-
 pected from the age of the author.

BOURNE. Then here we close for to-day. To-
 morrow we will enter upon an examination of a
 variety of pieces of a miscellaneous kind.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

ELLIOT. Having gone through all the English satirists, as far as you thought necessary, what is our bill of fare to-day?

BOURNE. If you were that which you are not, an absolute *helluo librorum*, your phrase from the *table d'hôte* might be perfectly in character: to follow it up, as I am to be caterer, I have provided a variety of dishes.

MORTON. Rare and highly seasoned, I hope.

ELLIOT. We need not fear that, they will be savoury enough. The fault of these musty, greasy, worm-eaten relics generally is, that they are a little too high.

MORTON. Yet you seem to have learnt to relish them much better than when first we began our conversations.

BOURNE. To drop the figure, here is a small pile of books of a miscellaneous character that I have looked out for our amusement, which contains no-

thing but literary curiosities:—I mean that their extreme rarity is even more distinguishing than the positive and intrinsic value of several of them.

ELLIOT. Then in what order are we to take them, or are we to proceed for the present without system?

BOURNE. I apprehend that you will find in our progress something of the “order in confusion” of the poet, for most of the tracts are connected in one way or another.

MORTON. If they were not, it would not much signify; therefore let us enter upon the examination of this small pile of books, as you call it, without loss of time. Who is the first author? “Tho. Churchyard, Gent.”

BOURNE. Stay: if I am to be at the head of the table, you must allow me to carve, or, at least, to direct the order of the feast. You must be content to take them as the several dishes are placed before you, and not according to your own fancy.

MORTON. I presume that you will be the last to abandon ancient usages in this respect, and that all your operations will be governed by Wynkyn de Worde’s “Boke of keruynges.”

BOURNE. Of course, and I shall follow his sage recommendation under the head “service,” that before you begin to carve, you should “Take your knyfe in your hāde.”

ELLIOT. In the very spirit of the celebrated Mrs. Glasse, “Take an old hare that is good for nothing else,” or Swift’s

“ Take a knuckle of veal,
You may buy it or steal.”

BOURNE. With Wynkyn de Worde's directions on carving, and the instruction of “ *Epulario* or the Italian Banquet,” (1589) as to the preparation and arrangement of my banquet, I shall now order the covers to be removed.

MORTON. First letting us a little more into the secret about that book you call *Epulario*.

BOURNE. Here it is, at your service, and you will find it nothing more than an old cookery book, affording a little amusement on account of the strangeness of some of the dishes: for instance the following, “ To make Pies so that the Birds may be aliue in them and flie out when it is cut vp.”

ELLIOT. That is certainly of the utmost value, being, no doubt, the origin of that famous old ballad, the delight alike of babies and bibliographers;

“ Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was open'd the birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?”

Read it by all means.

BOURNE. I will, a part of it; not to gratify your love of ridicule, but because it affords a happy note of illustration to Shakespeare's expression, “ a custard coffin,” in his “ Taming of the Shrew.” “ Make (says the translator of *Epulario*, for it is from the Italian),

the coffin of a great Pie or pasty, in the bottome whereof make a hole as big as your fist, or bigger if you will; let the sides of the coffin be somewhat higher then ordinary Pies, which done put it full of flower and bake it, and being baked open the hole in the bottome and take out the flower."

MORTON. And put the living birds in its place, that, I take it, is the great secret.

BOURNE. You have guessed it exactly, and we need read no more of it.

MORTON. While on the "antiquities of nursery literature" (a subject rendered important by the Quarterly Reviewers), let me ask, if you know with what veneration you ought to look upon some noted lines in "Mother Goose's Melodies."

ELLIOT. What edition? A most interesting inquiry! What lines do you allude to in that splendid and delightful work—splendid from its Dutch-gold binding, and delightful from its classical subjects. What are they?

MORTON. Those pathetic elegiac verses,

"Three children sliding on the ice

All on a summer's day,

It so fell out, they all fell in,

The rest they ran away," &c.

They are nearly 200 years old, and are to be found, with some variations, at the end of a travestie of the story of Hero and Leander which I met with the

other day. It was published between 1640 and 1650, but I forget the precise date.

BOURNE. If it be no older than that, it is not of much consequence, though the various readings perhaps might still be worth noting.—As I suppose we have now done with these interesting matters, we may proceed to the order of the day.

MORTON. Your “order in confusion”—the feast you have provided for us; only I hope it will not be like the “Roman smell-feast,” of which we read in Chapman’s translation from Juvenal. Do not tantalize us with the mere odour of your cates, without allowing us to taste them.

BOURNE. You need be under no apprehensions of that kind. As you took up Thos. Churchyard’s tract first, we may begin with him.

ELLIOT. And begin with him by telling us who he was. His name is not at all familiar to my ears.

BOURNE. Perhaps not, for though he was a very voluminous author, he has been very much neglected until of late, when Mr. G. Chalmers took him under his patronage, and reprinted most of his pieces relating to Scotland.

MORTON. And prefixed his life, as far as the particulars could be ascertained, did he not?

BOURNE. Yes, collecting them with much industry and accuracy.—Churchyard began writing in the reign of Edward VI., but 1559 is the earliest date of any extant and known performance by him, and he did not cease to publish until after the death of

Elizabeth. Here is Mr. Chalmers's production, and at the end of the biographical sketch you will find a long list of Churchyard's pieces, which, generally speaking, is accurate, with however one very important omission.

MORTON. That is singular, for I suppose there are few men of more knowledge or research upon these subjects than Mr. Chalmers.

BOURNE. Unquestionably: the omission was of the more consequence to him, because the work of Churchyard he has not included, and had of course not seen (but which is now before us) contains a tolerably long poem on the "Troubles of Scotland," which Mr. Chalmers would not have failed to quote in his book had he been aware of its existence. It is also omitted by Warton and Ritson, and after them by all writers on our old poets.

ELLIOT. That sufficiently proves its great rarity. What do you call it?

BOURNE. "The Miserie of Flavnders, Calamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of Portugall, Vnquietnes of Irelande, Troubles of Scotlande: And the blessed State of Englande. Written by Tho. Churchyarde, Gent. 1579." Imprinted at London for Andrewe Maunsell. The size, you see, is the old small quarto, and it consists of only 20 leaves.

MORTON. If all those subjects are treated it must be very compendious, or contain a great deal in a little compass.

BOURNE. They are treated separately but summa-

rily. The dedication is "To the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, Thomas Churchyard wisheth all heauenly blessednesse, worldly felicitie and vnremouable good Fortune." The first sentence is worth reading, as it refers to the object of the writer's unwearied literary labours: "Hauing" (says he) "a duetifull desire, moste redoubted soueraigne, to be daily exercised in some seruisable deuce and action (that maie please my Prince and countrey) I neither spare paines nor season to purchase through practise of pen, and studie of heade my desired hope," and in the end he states this tract to be one of several new years' gifts of the same kind he had made to Elizabeth.

ELLIOT. The topics adverted to in the title-page seem interesting: are they well handled?

BOURNE. Some of them are, making allowances for the early date of the performance: Churchyard, generally, has had injustice done to him, because his readers compared his works with those of Daniel or Drayton, when in fact he began to write nearly half a century before them, and had formed his style upon older and less improved models.

MORTON. He himself claims the authorship of some of the poems by "uncertain authors," in Tottel's Miscellany of 1557.

BOURNE. He does, though they cannot now be separated: he was for some time in the service of Lord Surrey. He should be estimated, therefore,

by a comparison with writers about that date, and not with later poets, because it was his misfortune not to die until 1604.—You must not fail to bear this in mind while I read the following quotation from that part of the tract before us that relates to the “ Calamitie of Fraunce.”

“ Thei lost in feeld two hundreth thousande men,
Yet still their mindes on murther ran so faste
Thei went about nothyng but bloodshed then
To fight it out, as long as life might laste;
Revenge did woorke & weaue an endlesse webbe
Desire of will, a wofull threede did spinne,
The floode of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A swellyng Sea of strife brought gushing in.
The rooted wrathe had spred such braunches out,
That leaues of loue were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spitfull twiggs began so faste to sprout
That from the harte the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly sappe did comforte any spraie,
Both barke & stocke and bodye did decaie:
So that it seemde the soile infected was
With malice moods that smells of mischief greate.
Their golden lande, was tournde to rustic Bras,
And eche thyng wrought, as God had curst the seate:
The groūd thought scorne to bryng forth frute in
time,
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne,
Like Winter foule became the Sommers Prime,
The pleasant plotts brought forth wilde brier & thorn

With Raine & storme the lande was vexed still :
 The ire of God the people could not shunne,
 Great grewe the greef that came by headstrong will,
 And all these plagues by proude conceit begonne,
 That thought to rule perhapps past reasons lore ;
 Threate that who please, my muse not framde there-
 fore."

ELLIOT. It begins better than it concludes :

" The flood of hate that never thinks of ebb,
 A swellyng Sea of strife brought gushing in,"

is very good, as well as the introductory lines ; but Churchyard afterwards runs his figure of the tree off its legs.

MORTON. He carries it out injudiciously into the *minutiæ* ; neither does it seem very clear why because " spiteful twigs began so fast to sprout " it should follow, that " from the heart the tree was rotten through."

BOURNE. It certainly looks like a *non sequitur*, unless we reflect that we often see shoots and twigs more flourishing upon a tree whose heart is rotten, than on another that is sound ; and for this reason, that the " kindly sap " ascending up the bark has only to nourish those shoots and twigs and not the main trunk, which is decayed.

ELLIOT. At any rate you have made an ingenious reconcilment of the matter.

BOURNE. The following additional extract, from

the same division of the poem, is remarkable for its applicability to transactions within our own memory during the French Revolution.

“ O Fraunce, who lookes vpon thy bloodie waies,
And notes but halfe the pageant thou hast plaied,
Will be therefore the wiser all their daies,
Or at the least, will howrely bee afraied
To plaie suche pranks as thou poore Fraunce hast
doon :

Thou hadst a tyme and wretched race to run
For others weale, that can good warnyng take ;
Thy neighbours have had laisure to regarde
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make
Of thy greate doole and dulfull destinie hard.
Can greater plagues bee seen in any soile
Then reuell rage and hauocke euery waie ?
A ciuille warre, with wicked waiste & spoile ;
A deadlie botche that striks stoute harte by daie
And kills by night the harmles in his bedde :
O ciuill warre, thou hast a Hidras hedde ;
A Vipers kinde, a Serpentes nature throwe,
A Spider's shape, a forme of vglie Tode,
A Deulishe face, a shamelesse blotted browe,
A bloodie hande at home & eke abrode.”

ELLIOT. The greater portion of that extract is singularly applicable to events almost of our own day ; for the poetry much cannot be said ; there is little choice or originality in the epithets.

MORTON. The description of civil war is a curious compound: it begins with a horse's head and ends in a fish's tail with a vengeance.

BOURNE. But *risum teneatis* principally for the reason I have already stated: many of the lines are by no means deficient in spirit; indeed what relates to France is the best part of the whole pamphlet. In some degree to show in what way, and how far old Churchyard has had injustice done him, I will refer you to the work of an actual contemporary, which will illustrate the point, and is, at the same time, a most singular curiosity: a production of greater rarity cannot easily be mentioned, and it recently sold for a sum very little short of the price obtained for *Micro-cynicon*, the unique volume of satires I showed you the other day.

ELLIOT. I hope it was better worth the money—I mean intrinsically, for I allow the value of *Micro-cynicon* as one link in the chain of satirists.

BOURNE. I would not have you expect too much from the tract in my hand, although the story to which it refers has been excellently told by *Boccacio* (Gior. X. Nov. 8.) You remember it, I dare say: it is that of Titus and Gisippus. Warton (H. E. P. III. 468.) asserts that this author translated from *Boccacio*, but this is not the fact, as I will convince you presently.

ELLIOT. But who is the author of your English version of the tale? he showed some judgment in selecting an interesting fable.

BOURNE. His name is Edward Lewicke, and I am afraid that what you have mentioned is the principal merit that critical charity can allow him. The title of his book is the following: "The most wonderful and pleasaunt History of Titus and Gisippus, whereby is fully declared the figure of perfect frendshyp: drawen into English metre By Edwarde Lewicke. Anno 1562."

MORTON. He seems very modest—he only pretends to have "drawn it into English metre," he sets up no claim on the score of poetry. According to Ritson, I perceive, a considerably elder poet, of the name of William Walter, had translated the story into verse.

BOURNE. And some specimens may be found in Dibdin's Ames, (II. 338.) Notwithstanding the better models that Lewicke possessed, and the advance poetry had made under the authors of Tottel's Miscellany, his translation is not much better than the version by Walter. Lewicke's opening stanza is this:

"There was in the city of Rome
A noble man hight Fuluius;
A Senatour of great wisdome
One of the chiefest, the truth is thus.
He had a sonne named Titus,
An apter child could not be found
(As witty men did there discus)
For learning going on the ground."

MORTON. The form of the stanza seems by no means happily chosen, requiring four similar rhymes, especially when we recollect that our language was not at that time so pliable as to be easily wrought into strange shapes.

ELLIOT. However, let us hear a little more of it: one stanza will not enable us to form a judgment even of the versification.

MORTON. I have but an indistinct recollection of the story. Titus and Gisippus were, I know, two friends, the first a Roman and the last a Greek, who studied under the same master at Athens, and became enamoured of the same lady.

BOURNE. Yes; and Gisippus was about to be married when Titus fell in love with his intended bride, and Gisippus, who seems to have preferred his friend to his wife, resigned his claim. Titus returns to Italy, leaving Gisippus in Athens, who soon afterwards becomes a poor wanderer and reaches Rome: there he sees Titus, who is living in great splendor, and imagines that he will not condescend to recognize him, or in the modern phrase, that Titus *cut* him. Gisippus first resolves to destroy himself, but abandoning that purpose, falls into a sort of trance in a barn. At night a robber, who had committed a murder, takes the knife of the sleeping Gisippus, and dipping it in the blood, returns the instrument to the hand of the owner, who is soon afterwards charged with the crime. On his trial, Titus, for the first time,

recollects Gisippus, and to save his friend accuses himself as the guilty man: the real murderer, who was in the crowd, conscience-struck, avows his offence; he is pardoned, and of course the two friends end their days in the utmost happiness. This is the outline of the story, which has been very similarly worked up by different authors. Goldsmith has told it very elegantly under different names in his *Bee*.

ELLIOT. It is by no means one of the best even of the serious tales of *Boccacio*, and he introduces a tremendously long harangue into the middle of it.

BOURNE. So does your name-sake, Sir Thomas Elliot, from whose prose narrative *Lewicke* almost copied, as I will prove after you have heard the following stanzas from one of the most interesting parts: what I have said of the story will make them intelligible.

“ There in a sorie simple state,
Gisippus thence away did trudge,
Cursing his chance infortunate.
Oh lord, thought he, what man wold iudge
Titus to haue bene such a snudge,
From whom I suffer all this smart?
Gisippus thus at him did grudge
Thinking for euer to depart,”

MORTON. The wretched rhyme of *snudge* shows to what shifts the author was driven by his stanza. What is the meaning of that word?

BOURNE. Lewicke might have supplied Mr. Todd with an authority for it, who truly explains it to be a "sneaking fellow," but he furnishes no quotation: you interposed in the middle of a sentence; the tale proceeds, Gisippus being determined "for ever to depart,"

"From Rome and wander the desert
As a beast with madnes possest:
But yet he was well faine to start
(Being with werines opprest)
Into an old barne to take rest,
Where he falling flat on the ground
Drew out his knife, & thought it best
To geue himself a deadly wounde.
But wisdom did his wil so drounde
That from that act it did him kepe,
Until he fell into a sounde
Or (as god would as he did slepe)
Into a sad and slumbring slepe:
His knife, wherwith he would haue slaine
himself, downe by his side did stepe.
In the meanetime a thefe certaine,
Which was a commen ruffian playne,
And had both robbed and slaine a man,
Thought in that barne for to remaine,
To hide him selfe that night; but whan
He sawe a wretch, bewept and wan,
On slep and a knife by his side,

He toke the knife and quietly than
 Towardes the dead man he did glide.
 Into his wound both depe and wide
 (Which at that time did freshlye blede)
 He put the knife, thinkinge to hide
 His owne vile acte and mischeuous dede;
 And brought it all blodie with spede
 To poore Gysippus where he laye
 Aslepe and put it (without drede)
 Into his hand and went his way."

ELLIOT. That is mere narration: it is perspicuous, and it aims at nothing more.

BOURNE. For that perspicuity, and even for some of his very words and phrases, Lewicke was indebted, not to *Boccacio* (we cannot allow him that credit), but merely to Sir T. Elliot's "Governor," which was first published, I believe, in 1534, and between that date and 1580 went through 8 or 10 editions. A few sentences will enable you to make a sufficient comparison. "And therewith drew his knife, purposing to haue slain him selfe. But euer wisdom (whiche he by the study of Philosophy had attāied) withdrew him frome that desperate acte. And in this contencion &c. or as god wolde haue it, he fell into a depe slepe. His knife (wherwith he woulde haue slaine him self) falling down by him. In the meane time a commune and notable rufiā or these whiche had robbed

and slaine a man, was entred into the barne, where Gisippus laie; the entente to soiorne there all that nyghte. And seeing Gisippus bewept, and his visage replenished with sorrowe, and also the naked knife by him, perceiued well, that he was a man desperate, & surprised with heauinesse of herte was werye of his life: which the saied rufyan takyng for a good occasion to escape, toke the knife of Gisippus and putting it in the wound of him that was slain, put it all bloody in the hand of Gisippus, beyng faste a slepe, and so departed."

ELLIOT. There is not only a strong resemblance throughout, but a perfect identity in some passages. Warton was certainly in an error.

BOURNE. It is not worth while to read any more from Lewicke's production; what we have seen will fully answer the purpose for which I brought it forward. At the end is the following colophon: "Imprinted at London by Thomas Hacket, and are to be solde at hys shop in Lumbarde Streete." Mr. Dibdin (Ames IV. 581.) had never seen the book, and calls it a 4to., when, in fact, it is only an 8vo. We may now return to Churchyard: the following lines are from that part of his tract which treats of the "Troubles of Scotlande," and are part of what Mr. Chalmers would have inserted in his reprint had he known of the existence of such a poem.

" Shall man that hath the reason to forbear
Be worse then beast? O God that fault forbid!

Shall malice find a place and succour there,
 Where Gods greate gifts ought lie like treasure hid?
 Shall harts of men (the temple of the Lorde)
 Lodge murther vile, & nourish foule discorde?
 Shall those that knowes what lawe & peace is worth
 Breake Lawe & Peace, and breede dessention still?
 The tree is bad that bryngs suche braunches forth,
 The hedds are vaine, that showes no deeper skill;
 The ground is nought that breeds such scratting
 brers,
 And soile not good where murther still appers."

ELLIOT. That is not exactly *quasi divino quodam spiritu inflatum*.

BOURNE. I do not pretend that it is; Churchyard is there grave and didactic, and you must not expect him at any time to write in the florid and ambitious style of the "towering falcon," Fitzgeffrey: he was a poet of quite another class, as well as of a different age.

ELLIOT. What does he say of the "blessed state of England?" That will of course be interesting.

BOURNE. I am afraid that it will not exactly suit your taste.

"Here haue we scope to skippe or walke,
 to ronne & plaie at base;
 Still voide of feare, and free of minde,
 in euery pointe and cace.
 Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
 the Prince & Lawe obaied;

And neether strange nor home borne childe,
of Fortune stands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,
and heads haue quiet sleeps;
And wisdom gouerns so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildnesse raigns
and peace greate plentie bryngs;
And solace in his sweetest voice
the Christmas carrowle syngs.
Here freends maie feast, and triumphe too,
in suertie voide of ill;
And one the other welcome make
with mirth and warme good will.
The ground it bryngs suche blessing forth,
that glad are forraigns all,
Amid their want and hard extreems
in favour here to faull:
Here wounded staets doe heale their harms
and straungers still repaire;
When mischief makes them marche abroad,
and driue them in dispaire.
Here thousands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heauie cace,
And friendly folke with open armes
doeth sillie soules embrace.
Here thyngs are cheape, and easly had,
no soile the like can showe;
No state nor Kyngdome at this daie
doeth in such plentie flowe.

The trau'lar that hath paste the worlde,
and gone through many a lande :
When he comes home, and noets these thyngs
to heauen holds vp hande ;
And museth how this little plotte
can yeeld suche pleasures greate :
It argues where suche graces growe,
that God hath blest the seate."

ELLIOT. I like that better than you seem to do ;
there is a great air of cheerfulness and contentment
about it : the quotation affords a very lively and plea-
sant picture of the condition of the kingdom under
Queen Elizabeth.

BOURNE. I am inclined to think that this pro-
duction, on the whole, is one of the best that has
proceeded from Churchyard's pen. However, we
have now gone through all that it is worth our
while to read from it.

MORTON. It appears from his " True Discourse
historical of the succeeding Governors in the Nether-
lands" of 1602, that he was most importantly con-
cerned in the wars of the Low Countries : does he
say nothing material regarding them in that part of
the tract before you, referring to " the Misery of
Flanders ?"

BOURNE. Nothing worth reading, I assure you :
in another work by him, printed in 1578, and called
" a Lamentable and pitifull Description of the wofull
warres in Flanders," he enters into more details than
in 1602, and in the dedication of it to Sir F. Wal-

singham, he mentions his design to publish the tract on which we are now engaged. It shows that some of the most learned men who write about books never read them, or Mr. Chalmers from hence would have been put upon the scent for "the Miserie of Flavnders," &c.

ELLIOT. That is not a matter of great consequence. Was Churchyard in much repute with his contemporaries?

BOURNE. That point is treated in Chalmers's Life, and you will find that while Gabriel Harvey abuses him, Thomas Nash greatly applauds his "Tragedy of Shores Wife." There is, however, one poet of the highest rank, I mean Spenser, who bestows a few compassionate lines upon him in his "Colin Clouts come home again:" this is not mentioned by Chalmers.

MORTON. Lord Buckhurst, Drayton, Alabaster, Daniel, and others, are there alluded to, but I do not recollect Churchyard.

BOURNE. The following four lines refer to him:

"And there is old Palemon free from spight
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew;
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
Who sung so long *until quite hoarse he grew.*"

ELLIOT. As Churchyard is not named, how do you prove that the allusion is to him—by inference?

BOURNE. The description is almost sufficient, though it does not seem to have occurred to Mr.

Todd when he published his edition of Spenser. But it is put beyond a doubt by the following stanza in Churchyard's "Pleasaunt Discourse of Court & Wars," 1596, which I found on looking over a variety of his productions. He is speaking of the Court, which he says is

"The platform where all Poets thriue,
Saue one whose voice is hoarse they say;
 The stage where time away we driue,
 As children in a pageant play;
 To please the lookers on sometime
 With words, with bookes, in prose or rime."

ELLIOT. That fixes the description upon him very satisfactorily. "Colin Clouts come home again," was published in 1595.

BOURNE. In his "Challenge," 1593, Churchyard had praised Spenser "in a new kind of Sonnet," the novelty of which consists in all the lines but the two last (twenty-two in number) rhyming to the words *war* and *show*. He drearily laments, at the same time, his own incompetence, and the folly of his young overweening ambition. It is scarcely worth the trouble of reading, but you may find it in *Cens. Lit.* II. p. 309.

ELLIOT. You mentioned just now "the *Tragedy* of Shore's Wife" by Churchyard. Did it come upon the stage, or has Rowe availed himself of it in his "Jane Shore?"

BOURNE. You mistake; the word *tragedy* there

does not mean a dramatic composition: it refers to his Legend of Jane Shore, in the Mirror for Magistrates; many poems of a tragical nature, but not at all in the form of plays, were at that time called Tragedies: Dante (*Inf.* XX. 113), in the same way, makes Virgil speak of his Æneid as,

L'alta mia Tragedia in alcun loco, &c.

and he further explains the application of the word in his work *Della volgare Eloquenza*—*Per tragædiam superiorem stilum induimus, per comædiam inferiorem, per elegiam stilum intelligimus meserorum.*

MORTON. Jervis Markham's *Tragedy* of Sir R. Grenville is precisely in point; and some account of the contents of that poem (which, indeed, you promised us), will better illustrate the matter than any quotation you can make.

ELLIOT. I am rather curious to see that production, from the lavish praise Fitzgeffrey bestows upon it in the quotation we read from his "Drake" in our first conversation.

BOURNE. I remember I told you at the time, that the applause was far beyond what Markham's poem deserved, and I have no objection now to establish my assertion by a few quotations. As to your seeing the book itself, that is out of the question, as but one copy of it is known, and that, if I mistake not, is now in the possession of the Hon. T. Grenville, whose family is descended from the hero of the poem.

MORTON. In what way did he obtain it?

BOURNE. As you might have done, if you would have bid high enough—at an auction. It was sold among the books of the late Mr. Bindley, and came previously out of the collection of Major Pearson. Mr. Grenville gave no less a sum for it than 40*l.* 19*s.* though only the size of a very small modern 18mo.

ELLIOT. How extravagantly dear!

BOURNE. On the contrary, bibliomaniacs thought it shamefully cheap, and the purchaser would have given much more for it rather than not have secured it. The title runs thus, “The Most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile [Knight.—*Bramo assai, poco spero, nulla chieggio*.—Printed by J. Roberts for Richard Smith 1595.”

MORTON. Then Markham's name does not appear.

BOURNE. Not upon the title-page, but the dedication to “Lord Montioy,” which immediately follows, is signed “*Ieruis Markham*.” it is succeeded by three sonnets, the first to the Earl of Sussex, the second to the Earl of Southampton (inserted in Rest. III. 414), and the third to Sir Edward Wingfield. Next we have “the argument of the whole Tragedie,” to which are subjoined “faults escaped in printing.”

ELLIOT. How minute you are in your description; as if the “faults escaped in printing” would give us a better idea of the merit of the poem.

BOURNE. I should not be so particular if the poem

had ever been described before ; but, excepting the sonnet to Lord Southampton, no part of it has ever been reprinted or quoted. A new leaf is headed, “ The most honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile Knight,” and under it an address “ To the Fayrest,” which, I suppose, means the poet’s mistress.

MORTON. Not “ to the fairest” Elizabeth, the queen ; the subject (according to Mr. Chalmers, in his “ Supplemental Apology”) of the Sonnets of Spenser and Shakespeare.

BOURNE. No ; it is certain that Markham means some other female, to the full as beautiful, by the following stanza in the address :

“ To thee faire Nymph, my life, my loue, my gaze,
My soules first mouer, essence of my blisse,
Thought-chast Dictinna, Natures only maze,
Heauen of all whatever heauenlie is ;
More white than Atlas browe or Pelops blaze,
Compleat perfection which all creatures misse :
More louelie than was bright *Astioche*
Or Ivnos hand-mayd sacred *Diophe*.”

This is the more clear, because in the last stanza but one of this part of the poem, he expressly turns to Elizabeth,

“ And with her thou great Souereigne of the earth,
Onelie immatchlesse monarchesse of harts !”

MORTON. I suppose you can afford us some quotation from the body of Markham’s work ?

BOURNE. Yes ; in the following stanzas the poet

is describing Sir R. Grenville's eagerness to enter into the engagement with the Spaniards.

" Looke how a wanton bridegroom in the morne
Busilie labours to make glad the day,
And at the noone, with wings of courage borne
Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
Vntill the night, which holds meane blisse in scorne,
By action kills imaginations sway;

And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his
thought

With all the sweets, conceit or Nature wrought.

" Even so our Knight, the bridegroom vnto *Fame*,
Toil'd in this battailes morning with unrest
At noone triumph'd, and daunst and made his game,
That vertue by no death could be deprest;
But when the night of his loues longings came,
Euen then his intellectual soule confest

All other ioyes imaginarie were

Honour vnconquer'd, heauen and earth held deare.

" The bellowing shotte which wakened dead mens
swounds,

As *Dorian* musick sweetened in his eares:

Ryuers of blood, issuing from fountaine wounds,

He pytties but augments not with his teares.

The flaming fier which mercillesse abounds,

Hee not so much as masking torches feares;

The dolefull Eccho of the soules half dying

Quicken his courage, in their banefull crying."

ELLIOT. It seems, as well as we can judge, much in the same puffed-up and heightened strain as Fitzgeffrey, only the latter exceeded his prototype.

BOURNE. Markham goes on in a similar style for a few more stanzas, and then he represents *Misfortune* (who is personified) descending to destroy Sir Richard Grenville: the poet exclaims;

“ O why should such immortall enuie dwell
In the inclosures of eternall mould?
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell
Vnequall warres, vnequall shame is soul'd;
But for this damned deede came shee from Hell
And Ioue is sworne, to doe what dest'rie would:
Weepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
And curse the fount from whence our sorrowes
flowe.”

ELLIOT. Most assuredly nothing you have read warrants the extravagant eulogium by Fitzgeffrey.

“ Quaintly he hath eternized his acts
In lasting registers of memory
Even co-eternall with eternity;
So that the world envies his happy state
That he should live when it is ruinate.”

MORTON. Markham's last stanza ends with a very paltry conceit. In what way does Misfortune execute her fearful mission?

BOURNE. Not very poetically—by taking a musket and mortally wounding Sir R. Grenville.

ELLIOT. Writing, as he did, so soon after the event, Markham was probably confined too much by the truth of history to be able to terminate his poem differently.

MORTON. You remember, perhaps, what *Racine* says in the preface to his *Bajazet*, that to a poet the distance of the country where his scene is laid, is of much the same use as the lapse of time, *car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est à mille ans de lui, et ce qui est à mille lieues*. According to this rule, Markham might fairly have availed himself of some poetical licence in describing the death of his hero.

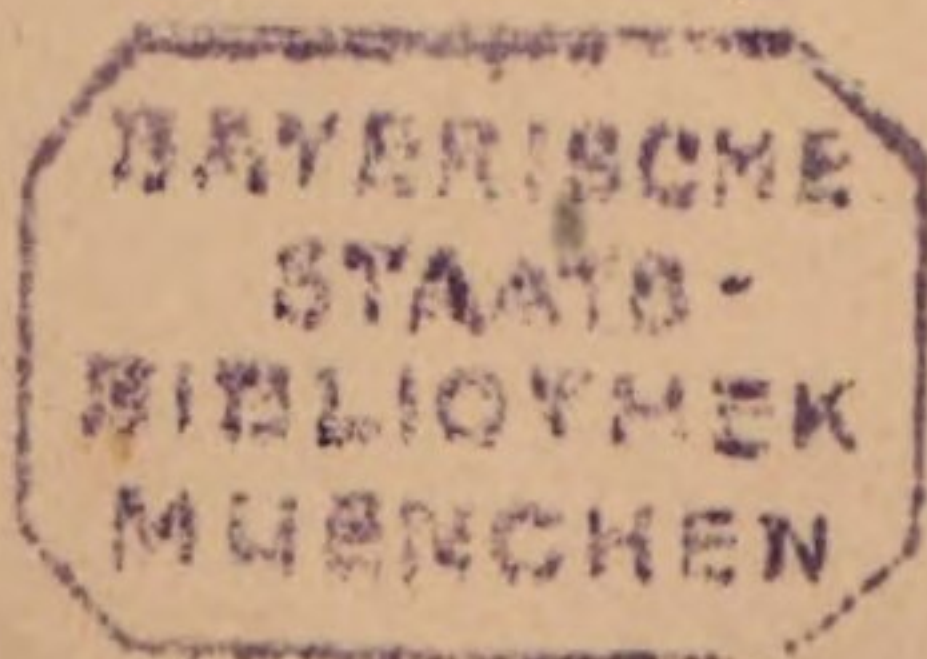
ELLIOT. That of course must depend upon the notoriety of the facts. *Racine's* remark applies merely to dramatic poetry, and to the respect entertained by audiences for the heroes of tragedies—*major e longinquo reverentia*.

BOURNE. It seems agreed on all hands, that Sir R. Grenville was shot, but the time and mode of his death are disputable. Camden, in his *Annals*, touches the matter very briefly; but here is a scarce contemporary pamphlet relating to this very conflict: it purports to be "A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Iles of the Azores this last Summer Betwixt the *Revenge*, one of her Maiesties Shippes, and the Armada of the King of Spaine." It was printed in 1591, and in it the manner of the death of Sir R. Grenville is differently related. I do not

think that the poet does justice to his subject: you will find by the extracts I am going to read, that ample room was afforded him. The fleet was under the conduct of Lord T. Howard, Sir R. Grenville being vice-admiral in the *Revenge*. Camden charges him with fool-hardy bravery; and certain it is, that while Lord T. Howard was enabled to escape from the very superior force of the enemy, consisting of nearly sixty ships of various sizes, Sir R. Grenville, according to the pamphlet, was obliged to sustain the brunt of the battle, and fell foul of the *San Philip*, an enormous vessel of 1500 tons, with "three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleven pieces in euerie tire," and shooting "eight forth-right out of her chase, besides those of her sterne ports."

MORTON. What was the size and force of the *Revenge*?

BOURNE. That does not appear, but it seems that the odds were fearful, as the English crews were sick, and many on shore: this is a part of the relation. "After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Revenge* discharged with crossbarshot, shifted her selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking her first entertainment. After many interchanged



volleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed Souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their own shippes, or into the seas. . . . After the fight had thus without intermission cōtinued while the day lasted, and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerouslie hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was neuer so wounded as that hee forsooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as he was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgeon wounded to death."

MORTON. I see, by reference, that that statement agrees with what Camden relates, but he adds something about sinking the *Revenge*.

BOURNE. He seems to have confounded the two accounts of the death of Sir R. Grenville: this pamphlet asserts that there was a second statement of

that catastrophe, viz. that Sir Richard, in despair of escaping or defeating the enemy, prevailed upon the master gunner to split and sink the ship with all the crew, they having consented; but terms being sent from the Spaniards, the men were induced to change their resolution, and they and their commander were conveyed on board the enemy. On the second or third day Sir Richard died of his wounds; and the pamphlet adds, “the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.”

ELLIOT. The prose tract ends more poetically than Markham's poem, and the whole narrative of the unequal contest seems distinct and striking.

BOURNE. It is: there are parts of the “Tragedy of Sir R. Grenville” that are really very poor, but as a whole, I think, it is better than the same author's “Devoreux or Virtues Tears for the loss of the most Christian King Henry,” &c. 1597, from which I had intended to show you some specimens, had I not found that the poem has already been analyzed and criticised elsewhere.

MORTON. Did not Markham write a poem of the same elegiac kind on one Sir John Burgh? I think I have seen the title in some catalogue.

BOURNE. I know what you allude to: that was by *Robert* Markham, and it was not printed until

1628. I do not know that this author was any relation to *Jervis* Markham; there is an apparent relationship in their styles, with this difference, that Robert exaggerates to the utmost extravagance of absurdity all the worst faults of *Jervis*. I am sure that the subsequent lines from the opening of the "Description of that euer to be famed Knight Sir John Burgh," will be all the specimen of his talents you will ever wish to see.

"If teares could tell the story of my woe,
How I with sorrow pine away for thee,
My spungie eyes their bankes should ouerflow
And make a very Moore or Mire of me;
I would out weepe a thousand *Nyobyas*,
For I would weepe till I wept out my eyes.

"My heart should drop such teares as did thy wound,
And my wound should keepe consort with my heart;
In a red Sea my body should be drown'd,
My gall should breake and beare a bitter part,
Such crimson Rue as I would weepe should make
Democrates himselfe, a wormewood Lake."

ELLIOT. That is incomparably absurd, to be sure. The excess of his grief makes one's sides ache with laughing at it. This is a special instance of the "faulty sublime," of which Upton speaks, and which he says is so much better than "a faultless mediocrity."

BOURNE. It would not improve your opinion of

the taste of bibliomaniacs, if I were to tell you what this trash sold for, not a year ago, among the curiosities of an eminent collector.

MORTON. It is worth something to have such an unfailing source of merriment always at hand: the owner may set the blue devils at defiance.

BOURNE. As we are not at present in want of its assistance, and as we have other and better things to attend to, we may close Robt. Markham's "Lamentable Tragedy full of pleasant mirth," (as Preston entitles his "Cambises,") until we have more need of it.

ELLIOT. To come back for a minute or two to Churchyard.

BOURNE. We will do so directly; but before we dismiss Sir R. Grenville from our minds, I wish to show you a curiosity I discovered not long since among the MSS. of the British Museum, (Bibl. Sloan, Plut. XVIII. F.) which shows that Sir R. Grenville is probably entitled to a place among the poets, as well as among the heroes of his country.

MORTON. Your position will at least have novelty to recommend it.

BOURNE. It will: the poem is entitled "In praise of Seafaring Men in hope of good fortune:" it has no date, but it is in a hand writing of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the following are the two last stanzas:

“ Whoe list at whome at cart to drudge
 And cark and care for worldlie trashe,
 With buckled sheues let him goe trudge
 In stead of Launce A whip to lashe :
 A minde that base his kind will show
 of caronn sweete to feede a crowe.

“ If Iasonn of that mynd had bine,
 the grecions when they cam to troye
 Had neuer so the Trogians foylde,
 Nor neuer put them to such Anoye :
 Wherefore who lust to liue at whome,
 To purchas fame I will go Rome.

Finis Sur Richard

Grinfilldes Farwell.”

There are about five or six other stanzas which precede what I have read, and in an opposite column, by a different hand, is inserted an answer to them. In the first line of the last stanza, *bine* is most likely a mistake of the transcriber's for *toylde*, to rhyme with *foylde* in the next line but one.

ELLIOT. It does not seem to merit much critical comment, and the author is called Grinfilde not Grenville.

BOURNE. The variation of the name is no disproof of the authorship: we have already seen it spelt four different ways—*Grinuile* by Jervis Markham, *Greenwill* by Camden, *Grinvil* by Fitzgeffrey, and *Grenuile*

by the author of the prose pamphlet; and there were at that time no fixed rules of orthography, especially in names. I interrupted you when you were going to ask a question about old Churchyard.

ELLIOT. It regarded a work, attributed to him by Mr. Chalmers, which I apprehend must be very interesting. I mean "A praise of poetry, some notes thereof drawn out of the Apologie the noble-minded knight, Sir Philip Sidney wrote." The date given is 1596.

BOURNE. It would not by any means come up to your expectations, as there is little or nothing in it original: but you may satisfy your curiosity by referring to *Censura Literaria*, where the tract is reviewed. Your mention of Sir P. Sidney here brings us to something I had intended to postpone, but which cannot perhaps be more properly introduced than here; I allude to four sonnets by Henry Constable (a poet of very considerable note, author of "Diana," 1594), prefixed to the very rare edition of Sidney's "Apologie of Poetrie," 4to. 1595. They have never been reprinted.

MORTON. Few of the minor poets of that day seem to have enjoyed a higher reputation.

BOURNE. He may fairly be ranked with Watson, whose sonnets Mr. Steevens contended were equal to those of Shakespeare: as I told you, I cannot agree with him, nor do I believe that any man who knows the one and the other, and has a particle of taste, will

concur. Constable's Sonnets are the following, and are thus rather singularly entitled :

“ Foure Sonnets Written by *Henrie*
Constable to Sir *Phillip Sidney's* soule.

Giue pardon (blessed Soule) to my bold cries
If they (importund) interrupt thy Song,
Which now with ioyfull notes thou sing'st among
The Angel-Quiristers of heau'nly skyes :
Giue pardon eake (sweete Soule) to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the teares that vnto thee belong
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice :
I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feele the grieve I did susteine,
“ The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
“ Astonishment takes from vs sence of paine ;
I stood amaz'd when others teares begun,
And now begin to weepe, when they haue doone.

Sweet Soule which now with heau'nly songs doost tel
Thy deare Redeemers glory and his prayse,
No meruaile though thy skilfull Muse assayes
The Songs of other soules there to excell ;
For thou didst learne to sing diuinely well,
Long time before thy fayre and glittering rayes
Encreas'd the light of heau'n, for euen thy layes
Most heauenly were when thou on earth didst
dwel :

When thou didst on the earth sing Poet-wise,
Angels in heau'n pray'd for thy company
And now thou sing'st with Angels in the skies
Shall not all Poets praise thy memory?
And to thy name shall not their works giue fame,
When as their works be sweetned by thy name?

Even as when great mens heires cannot agree,
So eu'ry vertue now for part of thee doth sue,
Courage prooues by thy death thy hart to be his
due,
Eloquence claimes thy tongue, and so doth cour-
tesy;

Inuention knowledge sues, Iudgment sues memory,
Each saith thy head is his, and what end shall
ensue

Of this strife know I not, but this I know for true,
That whosoeuer gaines the sute the losse haue wee;
Wee (I meane all the world) the losse to all pertaineth,
Yea they which gaine doe loose and onely thy
soule gaineth,

For loosing of one life, two liues are gained then:
Honor thy courage mou'd, courage thy death did
giue,

Death, courage, honor makes thy soule to liue,
Thy soule to liue in heau'n, thy name in tongues of
men.

Great *Alexander* then did well declare
How great was his united Kingdomes might,

When eu'ry Captaine of his Army might
After his death with mighty Kings compare :
So now we see after thy death, how far
Thou dost in worth surpasse each other Knight,
When we admire him as no mortal wight,
In whom the least of all thy vertues are :
One did of *Macedon* the King become,
Another sat on the *Egiptian* throne,
But onely *Alexanders* selfe had all :
So curteous some, and some be liberall,
Some witty, wise, valiant, and learned some
But King of all the vertues thou alone.

Henry Constable."

ELLIOT. The thought in the last of these sonnets
is happy, and happily applied.

MORTON. And the lines run with much harmony
and facility.

BOURNE. If they do not add to, they at least do
not detract from the fame of their author,

MORTON. They are undoubtedly well worthy of
revival, not merely as curious relics. But did not
Lord Thurlow, a few years since, publish a reprint
of Sidney's "Apology of Poetry?" If so, I should
have taken it for granted that he did not omit these
sonnets.

BOURNE. He would not have omitted them had
he been aware of their existence, but his reprint is
made from an edition comparatively modern, and

even in the folio of 1598 the sonnets are unaccountably excluded.

ELLIOT. I suppose there are no important omissions in the body of the "Apology."

BOURNE. No ; but you will see that the edition of 1598 (which is called "The Defence of Poesie") commences thus ; "When the right vertuous E. W. and I were at the Emperours Court together." Now the edition of 1595 gives the whole name instead of the initials, viz. "Edwarde Wootton."

ELLIOT. Who was Edward Wootton ? If Fulke Greville thought it worthy of mention in his Epitaph that he was the friend of Sir P. Sidney, his other friends deserve to be inquired after.

BOURNE. No doubt he was brother to Sir Henry Wootton. Edward Wootton was Comptroller of the Queen's Household, and, according to Camden, "was remarkable for many high employments : " he was sent several times Ambassador to foreign Courts, and on one of these occasions he was accompanied by Sidney.

MORTON. How deeply it is to be lamented that a few days before his death Sir H. Wootton should have burnt many of the productions of his youth. What is the date of his earliest piece now extant ?

BOURNE. It is difficult to decide, but the events referred to fix the dates of a few : the earliest I immediately recollect is inserted in Davison's "Poetical Rapsody," 1602, but that he had written poems

before that is very clear. Thomas Bastard, the author of "Chrestoleros," published in 1598, addresses two epigrams *ad Henricum Wottonum*, in one of which he says,

"Wotton, the country and the country swayne,
How can they yield a poet any sense?
How can they stirre him up, or heate his braine?
How can they feede him with intelligence?"

And, he recommends him, therefore, to come to "London, Englands fayrest eye." It is not very unlikely that their friendship was occasioned or confirmed by their mutual love of fishing, for in another Epigram, *De piscatione*, Bastard observes,

"Fishing, if I a fisher may protest,
Of pleasures is the sweet'st, of sports the best,
Of exercises the most excellent;
Of recreations the most innocent.
But now the sport is marde, and wott ye why!
Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply."

MORTON. All Sir Henry's friends, however, were not fishermen: one of his most intimate companions, Dr. Donne, has this stanza in his "Progresse of the Soule,"

"Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto men, they neither doe nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey

Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away ;
Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoile the nests industrious birds do make ;
Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And lawes make fasts, & lents for their destruction."

ELLIOT. If we may believe *Rabelais*, among the Roman Emperors is to be found a great example in favour of fishing: in B. II. c. 30. (Edit. 1553) he asserts that *Trajan estoit pescheur de Grenouilles*.

MORTON. I doubt the correctness of your authority: besides, at best Trajan was only a French fisherman—a fisher of frogs.

ELLIOT. I assure you *Rabelais* makes the assertion in the same chapter, where he represents *Lancelot du Lac* as *escorcheur de chevaulx mors*, and all the Knights of the Round Table as *pouvres gaingnedeniers tirans la rame pour passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe*.

BOURNE. One is quite as true as the other: Walton's work is quite enough to make me a fisherman. You know that he was the first to collect and publish the scattered remains of Sir H. Wootton, and their friendship, I believe, originated in their mutual partiality to angling. Here we may introduce very fitly the treat I promised you some days ago, in the examination of a poem dedicated to Walton, but not noticed by any one of his biographers.

ELLIOT. That is rather strange, recollecting the unremitting pains taken within the last twenty or thirty years to collect the minutest facts regarding Walton. It is remarkable, too, that he, only a small tradesman, should be fixed upon by an author to patronize his poem.

MORTON. We have very often seen that an author dedicates his work to an obscure friend merely as a token of regard, and there was no man more likely to produce such a feeling than "honest Izaak:" S. P., the writer in question, like the author of the "Metamorphosis of Tobacco" (a poem dedicated to Drayton, which we so much admired a few days ago), might say that his pen

"Loath'd to adorn the triumphs of those men
Which hold the reins of fortune and the times,"
and might, therefore, prefer his obscure friend, so that I do not see much in your last observation. What is the title of the poem?

BOURNE. It is called "The Love of Amos and Laura. Written by S. P. London: printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619." Walton was born in 1593, so that in 1619 he was in his twenty-sixth year.

MORTON. The author only gives his initials on the title. Does he insert Walton's name at full length before the dedication?

BOURNE. He is addressed, not by his name at length, but by an abbreviation always employed by

Walton, and with his noted peculiarity of using a *z* instead of an *s* in the word *Izaak*—it is “To my approved and much respected friend, *Iz. Wa.*” the epithets “approved and much respected” are appropriate to the station in life Walton filled.

MORTON. Nearly all his letters and poems are subscribed *Iz. Wa.*

BOURNE. But none are so early as 1619 : it is probable, however, that he began to write before 1631, the date of his poem on the death of his friend Dr. Donne : it is a propensity generally peculiar to youth, and subsiding with age ; in this way I account for what S. P., in the dedication, says of his friend’s skill in verse. It is in these terms :

“ To thee thou more then thrice beloued friend,
I, too vnworthy of so great a blisse,
These harsh-tun’d lines I here to thee commend ;
Thou being cause it is now as it is :

For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These haue been buried in obliuions night.

“ If they were pleasing I would call them thine,
And disauow my title to the verse ;
But being bad I needes must call them mine,
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.

Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Rase thou it out and let it be amended.

S. P.”

ELLIOT. It was somewhat late to amend after it was printed, but the compliment is not ill paid.

MORTON. But granting that *Iz. Wa.* is Izaak Walton, there is still an important question to be settled—who was S. P.?

BOURNE. Which must probably remain undecided, unless it were Samuel Purchas, a well known author about that time, yet that is not very probable. In fact, in my view, it is not a question of any great moment, for the production is not by any means first rate, though not devoid of merit: the same small volume, in which “Amos and Laura” is found, contains two other poems, and particularly one of considerably greater talent.

MORTON. What are they? are they also unknown?

BOURNE. One of them is, I apprehend, quite a new discovery in the history of our poetry, the other is nearly as much known as the other is little known. The volume has this general title, “Alcilia: Philoparthen’s louing folly.—Wherevnto is added Pigmaliions Image: With the Loue of Amos and Laura.—London, Printed for Richard Hawkins,” &c. 1619.

MORTON. “Pigmaliions Image,” I suppose, is John Marston’s poem, first printed in 1598.

BOURNE. It is, but this edition is not common. “Alcilia, Philoparthen’s louing Folly” is a production hitherto unseen, and displays very considerable poetical talent. We will come to that presently; first, I will read you a quotation or two from “The Loue of Amos and Laura,” which, if not the most valuable, is, from the circumstance of its dedication, the most curious.

ELLIOT. What is the story of "Amos and Laura," if it have any?

BOURNE. It has little or none: it opens in these lines, not very promisingly:

"In the large confines of renowned *France*
There liud a Lord, whom Fortune did aduance,
Who had a Daughter, *Laura* call'd the faire;
So sweete, so proper, and so debonaire,
That strangers tooke her for to be none other
Then *Venus* selfe, the god of *Loues* owne Mother.
Not farre from thence was situate a Towe,
The Lord thereof a man of good renowne,
Whom likewise Fortune blessed with a Sonne,
Amos by name, so modest, ciuill, young,
And yet in fight so wondrous and so bold
As that therein he passed vncontroul'd:
So kinde to strangers, and so meeke to all,
Of comely grace, and stature somewhat tall;
As the wide world not two such Imps affords
As were the off-springs of these happy Lords."

MORTON. The lines are mawkish; but perhaps the author warms and strengthens as he proceeds.

BOURNE. He does improve, though not as much as could be wished: nearly the whole poem is a dialogue between these two lovers. Amos, when going out to hunt, meets Laura near her father's castle: the conversation then begins, in the middle

of which the lady runs away, is pursued and overtaken by her admirer: the courtship is then renewed and concluded to the satisfaction of both parties. The following extract begins better than it ends.

“ Or were thy loue but equal vnto mine,
Then wouldst thou seeke his fauor who seeks thine!
Methinkes unkindnesse cannot come from thence,
Where beauty raignes with such magnificence:
I mean from thee whom nature hath endow'd,
With more then Art would willingly allow'd:
And though by nature you are borne most faire
Yet Art would adde a beauty to your share;
But it being spotlesse doth disdaine receit
Of all vnpolish'd painting counterfeit.
Your beauty is a snare vnto our wayes
Wherein once caught, we cannot brooke delayes;
Which makes us oft through grieve of minde grow sad,
Grieve follows grief, then malcontent and mad.
Thus by denyall doe you cause our woe
And then do triumph in our overthrow.”

ELLIOT. That is quite sufficient: we should only waste time if we were to read more of such insipidity.

BOURNE. I anticipated your opinion; indeed there could hardly be much difference about it: nor will I ask you to listen to two short passages more, the one referring, in general terms, to Marlow's and

Chapman's celebrated translation of "Hero and Leander," and the other, even more generally, to Shakespeare's "Tarquin and Lucrece."

MORTON. Then having now done with S. P. and his Amos and Laura, we may look upon "Alcilia," whom I am a little anxious to behold, after the praise you have bestowed upon her beauty.

BOURNE. I warn you against inconsiderate expectation: though it is better than what we have just seen, I do not pretend that it is first rate, even in the department to which it belongs.

ELLIOT. What department is that?

BOURNE. Love poems of various descriptions.

ELLIOT. Of which passion, you may remember, Cicero speaks thus slightly, *Totus verò iste qui vulgo appellatur Amor (nec hercule invenio quo nomine alio possit appellari) tantæ levitatis est, ut nihil videam, quod putem conferendum.*

BOURNE. Instead of such a quotation, with such a tendency, I should rather have cited R. Wilmot's dedication to "Tancred and Gismunda," 1592, where he asserts that love being as it were "the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shewn their best workmanship" upon it.

MORTON. On the other hand, we ought to recollect Spenser's lines in "Mother Hubbard's Tale;"

"Thereto he could fine loving verses frame
And play the poet oft. But Ah! for shame;

Let not sweet poets praise, whose only pride
Is virtue to advance and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named."

BOURNE. He there supposes them to be written by *Malfont*, that "poet bad," or by one like him, described in the 5th Book of the F. Q. Do not let it be forgotten, however he abuses it for particular purposes, that some of the very best parts of Spenser's works are devoted to love and its praise.

MORTON. Lovers and poets are allowed to be the most inconsistent creatures in nature.

BOURNE. The author of "*Alcilia: Philoparthen loving Folly*," justifies your remark; for he says, in introducing the best part of his work to the reader, "These Sonnets following were written by the Author (who giueth himselfe this feigned name of *Philoparthen* as his accidental attribute) at diuers times and vpon diuers occasions, and therefore in the forme and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another considering the nature and quality of LOVE, which is a passion full of variety and contrariety in it selfe."

ELLIOT. That is not less true than in point. Have you any conjecture who is meant by *Philoparthen*, whose "accidental attribute" this "feigned name" expressed?

BOURNE. I have not, nor do I find any clue in the production.

MORTON. I think Barnabe Barnes, whom you mentioned on a former day as the friend of William Percy, used that signature.

BOURNE. Not exactly, though it is different only by transposition: he signed himself by the name of Parthenophil.

ELLIOT. As we are not likely to arrive at any satisfaction on the point, let us open the book.

BOURNE. The titles to the several divisions of his poems are in Latin, "*Author ipse Philopartheos ad libellum suum*," and "*Amoris Præludium, vel Epistola ad Amicam*," although the stanzas to which they apply are all English.

ELLIOT. The author seems to have been one of those who wrote because they repented of their folly: a principal part of his production, I perceive, is headed "*Sic incipit Stultorum Tragicomedia*."

BOURNE. That precedes the quotation I read about the variety and contrariety of love; an excuse for the wavering nature of the "Sonnets," as the author calls them, that succeed.

ELLIOT. Yet sonnets they are not, for they are sometimes only stanzas of six lines each.

MORTON. The word sonnet, as we have seen, had a very indefinite application among our elder poets, and it often does not mean at all what the Italians seem to have understood by it.

BOURNE. If you will give me the book, I will point out to you some of the best of these sonnets;

for they are by no means all worth reading, supposing we had time to go through them.

ELLIOT. With all my heart.

BOURNE. The following is a pretty allegorical description, rather ingenious, and elegantly worded.

“ To seeke aduentures as *Fate* hath assignde,
My slender Barke new flotes vpon the Maine;
Each troubled thought an Oare, each sigh a winde,
Whose often puffes haue rent my Sayles in twaine.
Loue steeres the Boat, which for that sight he lacks,
Is still in danger of tenne thousand wracks.”

MORTON. It is pretty, certainly; and the author has given a new turn in the two last lines, which is very happy.

BOURNE. His talent is more fully exemplified in another portion of the volume, called “ Love decyphered,” where, having been rejected by Alcilia, he triumphs in his regained freedom.

“ *Loue* and *Youth* are now asunder,
Reasons glory, *Natures* wonder;
My thoughts long bound are now inlarg’d,
My follies penance is discharg’d,
Thus time hath altered my state;
Repentance neuer comes too late!
Ah well I finde that *Loue* is naught,
But folly and an idle thought;
The difference is twixt *Loue* and me,
That *Loue* is blinde and I can see.”

ELLIOT. That is exceedingly pleasant and playful in its way: it aims at nothing more than it accomplishes, and the form and facility of the versification are well suited to the author's supposed state of feeling.

BOURNE. I do not think you will like less the description of his mistress, in the three following stanzas, from a different part of the volume.

“ Faire is my Loue whose parts are so well framed
By Natures special order and direction,
That she her selfe is more then halfe ashamed
In hauing made a worke of such perfection :
And well may Nature blush at such a feature,
Seeing her selfe excelled by her creature
Her body is straight, slender and vpright,
Her visage comely and her lookes demure,
Mixt with a chearfull grace that yeelds delight:
Her eyes like starres, bright shining, cleare and pure,
Which I describing *Loue* bids stay my pen,
And says it's not a worke for mortall men.

The ancient Poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting altogether in one creature,
In all points perfect make the same to bee,
For inward vertues and for outward feature:
But smile Alcilia and the world shall see,
That in thine eyes a hundred graces bee!”

MORTON. We are much obliged to you for introducing us to a poet who can write with so much ease and delicacy.

ELLIOT. The first stanza is a little faulty; for if Nature might be envious of the beauty of her work, it is the very reason why she should not be ashamed of its perfectness.

MORTON. *Ah! quittez d'un censeur la triste diligence,* to borrow a line from Racine. Do not blame where there is really so much to commend; besides a little ought to be allowed for the necessity of the rhyme.

ELLIOT. Perhaps I was somewhat hypercritical. If the next quotation be as good, I will find no fault with it.

BOURNE. I am afraid we can afford no more time at present to "Alcilia." Before we finally dismiss Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, so frequently mentioned, I wish to show you an epigram in it which renders it valuable, not merely as containing notices of poets whose works have come down to us, but of some regarding whom we have hitherto only heard the names; such, for instance, as Dr. Eeds, Dean of Worcester. At least we learn from Bastard for what species of composition Dr. Eedes was celebrated, which we did not know before.

MORTON. Wood, I perceive, only asserts that he wrote various MS. poems in Latin and English.

BOURNE. And Ritson and the rest re-echo him: from the following lines in the *Chrestoleros* we find that he was an author of epigrams.

"Ad Richardum Eeds."

*"Eeds onely thou an Epigram dost season,
With thy sweete tast and relish of enditing,*

With sharpes of sense, and delicates of reason,
With salt of witt and wonderfull delighting.

For in my iudgement him thou hast exprest
In whose sweet mouth hony did build her nest."

ELLIOT. I do not suppose you quote that for its own merit, but merely as a matter of biography.

BOURNE. Precisely so; and it too frequently happens, as I have once before remarked, that such is the chief value of the productions of our old English epigrammatists.

ELLIOT. It is to be lamented, then, that not a few of those who are called *poets* of the reign of Queen Elizabeth did not write epigrams: their works would then, at least, have been endurable.

BOURNE. I am not such a bigot to old versification (not to dignify it by the name of poetry), as to dispute the truth of your remark in some particular instances: one of them, indeed, is an author I intended to bring before you to-day, I mean Barnabe Googe, who, though a voluminous writer, and especially translator, has produced nothing original that I have ever seen worth preserving.

ELLIOT. An additional confirmation of Sir John Denham's celebrated couplet,

"Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write translate!"

MORTON. Googe was the translator of Pallingenius's "*Zodiac of Life*."

BOURNE. The same; yet I cannot deny that by

practice he acquired some facility in the use of the English language: this is more evident in his version of Naorgorgeus's "Popish Kingdom," 1570, which contains an account of some curious and amusing customs, although the title is unpromising: a piece Ritson assigns to him, called "A new yeares gifte, dedicated to the Popes Holinesse," 1579, is certainly not his, but probably Bernard Garter's, as any body who reads it will see.

MORTON. In what way was Googe to be brought before us?

ELLIOT. I am afraid we are now about to be treated with one of your absolute bibliomaniac curiosities.

BOURNE. Your sufferings will not be of long duration, if you are patient under the infliction. The existence of this small volume by Googe has been doubted by some, and it is clear that Ritson had never heard of it. The title is this, "The Prouerbes of the noble and woorthy souldier Sir James Lopez de Mendoza, Marques of Santillana, with the paraphrase of D. Peter Diaz of Toledo," &c. "Translated out of Spanishe by Barnabe Googe. Imprinted at London by Richarde Watkins, 1579." It is dedicated to Cecill "Baron of Burghley," and the translator complains that he had found some difficulty in making out the meaning of his author.

MORTON. Is it in verse or prose?

BOURNE. In both: the proverbs (though why so called cannot very easily be guessed), are in Googe's favourite measure of fourteen syllables, divided into

two lines, for the purpose of coming conveniently into an 8vo. page, and the paraphrase or commentary is in prose.

ELLIOT. The prose can be dispensed with, at all events.

BOURNE. I did not intend to read it: the following are numbered 47, 48, and 49, but only form one *Proverb*, and are in praise of women.

“ For setting here aside that sweete
and blessed worthie rose,
That ouer all the rest doth shine,
and far beyond them goes,
The daughter of the thundring God,
and spouse vnto the hiest ;
The light and lampe of women all
who bare our sauour Christ.

“ Manie ladies of renowne
and beautifull there bee,
That are both chaste and vertuous
and famous for degree :
Amongst the blessed saintes
full many a one we finde,
That in this cōpasse may be brought
for liues that brightly shinde.

“ What should I of Saint Katheren
that blessed martyr tell,
Among the rest of Virgins all
a flowre of precious smell?

Well worthy of remembrance is
her beauty and her youth,
And eke no lesse deserueth praise
her knowledge in the trueth."

ELLIOT. I should be surprised if, with all your love of old poetry, you could say any thing in praise of those lines.

BOURNE. I do not affect it; nor indeed, as I observed, in praise of any thing Googe ever wrote, excepting so far as he was able to gain the name of a poet by the smoothness of his versification.

MORTON. The lines you have read have that recommendation, though with some want of judgment you have brought him after the author of "Alcilia."

BOURNE. The following stanza from the same volume, referring to Cato and Mutius Scævola, is unquestionably the best in it.

" Oh, what a death had Cato dyed
if it had lawfull beene,
And had not by the iust decrees
of God beene made a sinne!
No lesse doe I the worthy fact
of Mucius commend,
That Lyuie in his story hath
so eloquently pende."

ELLIOT. I do not find that that has much more merit than the rest.

BOURNE. The degree of difference is rather minute, and we may pass the book over without further quotation or remark.

MORTON. I see that two other tracts still remain to be noticed: what are they?

BOURNE. I had looked them out for examination, but since I did so, I have discovered that they have both been mentioned in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books:"—as it is not necessary that we should travel over ground that has been trodden by any precursors, I have determined to omit them, and to leave them to your separate examination: the first is by Rowland Broughton, a new name in the history of our poetry, and is a funeral poem on the death of the Marquis of Winchester (1572); and the second, a production of a similar kind on the Countess of Lenox (1577), by John Phillip or Phillips, whose production on Sir P. Sidney you cannot have forgotten.

ELLIOT. Certainly not: I remember so much of it that even if this "excessive rarity," (for such I take it for granted it is), had not been mentioned by Beloe, I should not have wished to have heard a single line from it.

BOURNE. Rowland Broughton is quite as bad, if not worse; but then his performance is such a singular curiosity. Phillip's tract contains a fulsome and rather curious character of Elizabeth: it is better than his poem on the death of Sir P. Sidney, though the last was a much later production.

MORTON. Is that character of Elizabeth given in Beloe? I should like to hear it:—the subject is inviting, though it may not be well treated.

BOURNE. It has not been quoted, and certainly deserves extracting; and I would read it, if I could prevail upon this objector “to shut his ears like adder to the sound.”

ELLIOT. If it be short, I shall not attempt to resist your wishes on the subject.

BOURNE. It is not long; and even you, I think, will find something amusing in it. It is as follows:

“With in her brest Iustice a place hath pyght,

And in her mercy welds the supreme sway:

The poore opprest to helpe she doth delight,

Her hand is prest to shield them from decay:

To all the fruities of loue she doth display;

Her eares attend to hear each subiects wrong,

Like Saba she her subiects rules among.

The sacred Nymph that noble *Vesta* hight

Within her bower accompanies the Queene.

Like Phæbus rayes her glorye glisters bright,

Adornde she sits with Lawrell lasting greene.

Pernassus mount to scale this Prince is seene;

Of Helicon, that Riuer running cleere,

To taste her fill our *Pandra* hath desyre.

The scepter she like sad *Cassandra* swaies;

Corinna like augmentes her learned skill.

Then *Triton* see in haste thou take thy wayes

'To spred her fame with taunting trumpet shrill!
Extoll our Queene of God be loued still;
Whose word and will, dispight of *Chacus* yre
She to defende hath settled true desyre.

Her countryes weale to worke her heart is bent;
Haut *Hydrais* head she hath cut off indeede:
Each Minotaure by skill she doth preuent
That in her soyle of strife would sow the seede.
The wolfe she quailes, the lambe she seekes to feede,
With pleasant mylke and honey passing pure.
God graunt on earth her grace may long endure!"

MORTON. The lines are not inharmonious, but the allusions are affected and pedantic.

BOURNE. Of course—that was in the spirit of the age. Nash, in his most humorous and clever piece of exaggeration, called "Lenten Stuff," and printed in 1599, mentions three dramatic productions in terms of no great praise: one of them he calls "*Phillips Venus*;" and this may be the Phillips we are now speaking of, or it may be Phillips the actor.

ELLIOT. I have read some very amusing quotations from that pamphlet of Nash's.

BOURNE. Very likely: you may see the whole of it reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany," and it will well repay the time spent in going through it. Nash tells us in it of the troubles he had to pass through, in consequence of his unrecovered play of the "Isle of Dogs."

MORTON. I have never met with a tract that contained more curious matter, both relating to himself and his contemporaries. It is there that he bestows such applause on "Kit Marlow" for his "Hero and Leander," praised, as you noticed, in the poem dedicated to Walton. He likewise speaks of a play called "The Case is altered," which was probably not Ben Jonson's.

BOURNE. Your patience in listening to the quotation from Phillips shall be well rewarded to-morrow, by the examination of a greater and more indisputably valuable curiosity than I have yet shown you; I mean the novel on which Shakespeare founded his "Twelfth Night."

Flourish. I have never met with a tract that contained more curious matter, both relating to himself and his contemporaries. It is there that he bestows such epithets on "Kie Marlow" for his "Hero and Leader," perhaps, as you noticed, in the poem called *the Hero*. He likewise speaks of a play called "The Case is altered," which was probably one of Ben Jonson's.

But now, your patience in listening to the quotation from *the Hero* shall be well rewarded to-morrow, by the examination of a greater and more important

POETICAL DECAMERON.

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MORTON. Now, then, to claim the execution of your promise: do not let it be like those of princes, which, as Beaumont and Fletcher say in “Philaster,” find “both birth and burial in one breath.”

BOURNE. And very properly, according to Chapman in his “Alphonsus,” 1654 ;

“ A prince above all things must seem devout ;
But nothing is so dangerous to his state
As to regard his promise or his oath.”

ELLIOT. That sentiment, I suppose, proceeds from the mouth of some parasite: however it cannot be applicable to yourself until you become a prince: therefore, without further postponement, produce the much talked of treasure—the novel from which Shakespeare took the plot of his “Twelfth Night.” *Quanto la speranza diventa minore, tanto l'amore maggior farsi,* is a sentiment from Boccacio (G. III.

N. 2.) in which you seem fully to concur; for as book-hunters have often been compared to lovers, you think that delay will increase desire.

BOURNE. To which delay you are yourself contributing; the book containing what you so much wish to see, was in my hand even before you began your speech.

MORTON. And you might, by reading the title, at least have saved yourself the trouble of a reply.

BOURNE. Having endured the speech, justice required the reply; but as she is now satisfied, I will read the title:

“ Rich his Farewell to Militarie Profession: Containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time. Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen both of *England* and *Ireland*, for whose onely pleasure they were collected together, and vnto whom they are directed and dedicated. Newly augmented. By *Barnabe Riche*, Gentleman.—*Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari*.—Imprinted at London by G. E. for Thomas Adams. 1606.”

ELLIOT. There, the date is enough: what do we want to know about G. E. or Thomas Adams? You are as particular about printers as if you were the editor of the new edition of Ames.

MORTON. Was not *Twelfth Night* written before 1606, the date of Rich's book, where you say the original novel is inserted?

BOURNE. No; but if it were, I could still satisfy you that the novel in this volume was employed by Shakespeare. However, it seems agreed by the commentators, who have taken some pains upon the subject, that *Twelfth Night* was not written until after 1612. Mr. Chalmers says in 1613, and Mr. Tyrwhit, and after him Malone, in 1614. Dr. Drake, with every desire to strike out something new if there be the least pretence for it, fixes it between the two, in 1613; so that 6, 7, or 8 years most likely elapsed between the publication of Rich's work, in 1606, and the writing of *Twelfth Night*.

ELLIOT. I do not understand the first part of your observation. If *Twelfth Night* had been written, we will say, in 1605, how can you prove that Shakespeare availed himself of Rich's novel, unless he saw it in MS.? It was not printed until 1606.

MORTON. I suppose that the words on the title-page "newly augmented" have something to do with answering that question.

BOURNE. They have. I have never seen any other edition of Rich's *Farewel* but this of 1606, but independently of those words "newly augmented," I can decisively establish from the prefatory matter, that it must have been originally written and printed between 1578 and 1581: if, therefore, *Twelfth Night* had been our great dramatic poet's first, instead of being his last play, he might still have been indebted to this source.

ELLIOT. What does the prefatory matter consist of?

BOURNE. The point I refer to is established by the epistle "To the noble Souldiours both of England and Ireland;" for the author says in it, "I remember that *in my last work, intituled the Alarum to England*, I promised to take in hand some other thing." Therefore the "*Alarum to England*" immediately preceded what is before us, and that *Alarum* bears date in 1578.

MORTON. But there might be an interval of many years between the two, notwithstanding: the "*Alarum to England*" might be printed in 1578, and be the author's *last work*, though the *Farewel* might not appear for 20 or 30 years afterwards.

BOURNE. That is possible, though not probable; and it is, besides, contradicted by positive fact. In 1581 Rich published the first volume of his "Straunge and wonderfull aduentures of Dō Simonides," so that the "Farewel" must have appeared between 1578 and 1581, or Rich could not have mentioned his "*Alarum to England*" as his *last work*.

ELLIOT. A very clear argument, and a very safe conclusion: the words "newly augmented," indeed, prove that it had been printed before, though in a shorter form. It might be curious to ascertain of what the augmentations consisted.

BOURNE. I much doubt if, in fact, there were any: perhaps "newly augmented" at that day meant no-

thing more than the common words "with additions" upon the republication of a modern work, where the principal, if not the only, addition is a new title-page.

MORTON. Very likely. Is there any thing else in the volume to confirm the opinion that "Rich his Farewel" was first printed much earlier than 1606?

BOURNE. There is; and the proof is remarkable on another account, from its reference to Sir Christopher Hatton, who is spoken of as alive, and who died in 1591. He appears to have been the "Maister & vpholder" of Barnabe Rich, and was himself a poet. In all probability he penned the fourth act of "Tancred and Gismunda," in Dodsley's Collection, and if we may rely upon the authority of the writer of *Polimanteia* (who not publishing until four years after Sir C. Hatton's death, seems to have had no motive to flatter), he must have been a considerable poet. "Then (says he) name but Hatton, the Muses fauorite, the Churches musick, Learnings Patron, my once poore Ilands ornament; the Courtiers grace, the Schollars countenance and the Guardes Captaine."

ELLIOT. A fine specimen of the art of sinking in prose, for the ridicule of a new *Martinus*.

BOURNE. I quote it for the inference, not for the style: "Sir Christopher Hatton, L. Chancelor of England," is inserted in the margin, and from hence it would seem that he had written much more than has come down to our time.

MORTON. Ritson only mentions an acrostic by him, and there is some doubt about that: "the Church's music," in what you read from *Polimanteia*, would imply that he had translated Psalms, or at least, written some sacred poems. Horace Walpole, if I recollect rightly, attributes to a kinsman of Sir Christopher's a translation of the Psalms, not printed till 1644, and Wood assigns them to Jeremy Taylor. It is not impossible that they were in fact the work of Lord Chancellor Hatton. But what says Rich regarding him in his "Farewel?" any thing relating to his works?

BOURNE. I wish he did; but still what he tells us is interesting: it principally refers to the magnificent house Hatton built at his birth-place, Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, and the state and hospitality there observed, which gives one a good notion of the housekeeping of the great men of that day. He says: "And here I cannot but speake of the bounty of that noble gentleman Sir *Christopher Hatton*, my very good Maister and vpholder; who hauing builded a house in Northamtonshire, called by the name of Holdenby, which house for the brauery of the buildings, for the statelinesse of the chambers, for the rich furniture of the lodgings, for the conueyance of the offices, and for all other necessities appertenent to a Pallace of pleasure, is thought by those that have iudgement, to be incomparable, and to haue no fellowe in England that is out of her Maiesties hands: and although this house

is not yet fully finished, and is but a newe erection, yet it differeth farre from the workes that are vsed now a daies in many places. I meane where the houses are built with a great nūber of chimnies, and yet the smoke comes forth but at one tunnel. This house is not built on that manner, for as it hath sundry Chimnies, so they cast forth seuerall smoakes; and such worthy port and daily hospitality kept, that although the owner himselfe vseth not to come there once in two yeares, yet I dare vndertake, there is daily prouision to be found conuenient to intertaine any noble man with his whole traine, that should hap to call in of a sodaine. And how many gentlemen and strangers, that comes but to see the house are there dayly welcommed, feasted, and well lodged, from whence he shold come, be he rich, be he poore, that should not there be entertained, if it please him to call in. To bee short, Holdenby giueth daily reliefe to such as be in want, for the space of sixe or seauen miles compasse."

ELLIOT. I should not complain of your reading that extract, or of your dwelling so long on the prefatory matter of almost any other book; but when we have so important and so interesting an object in view, I can hardly spare time even to inquire who and what was the author of the tale which Shakespeare condescended to adapt to the stage. However, as I know nothing about Barnabe Rich, I must first beg you to take my ignorance into consideration.

MORTON. Did Rich write nothing but prose? for his name, I see, is not even mentioned by Ritson.

BOURNE. It is an unaccountable omission, and the same strange error is committed by Sir E. Brydges, in his new edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum*. Mr. Haslewood, however, has, in a great degree, supplied the deficiency in the late reprint of "the Paradise of Dainty Devises," but he neglects some particulars of Rich's biography that might have been gleaned from his pamphlets: indeed he does not notice the titles of several; one of them is called "A short Suruey of Ireland," bearing date at London, in the reign of William the Conqueror.

ELLIOT. Explain what you mean.

BOURNE. Why, if printed dates would decide the point, there would here be an end of the mighty dispute about the Oxford *St. Jerome*, for this tract by Rich purports to have been printed 399 years before it, viz. in 1069.

MORTON. An obvious misprint for 1609, by the transposition of the figures.

ELLIOT. Can we not defer such trifles, that we may the sooner arrive at the point to which we are directing our course?

BOURNE. You must not be quite so free in the use of your whip, or your horses may grow restive. I will not delay you by reading the titles of the several tracts omitted by Mr. Haslewood, and they are of less interest, because they relate chiefly to Ireland:

they, however, contain some biographical particulars; for instance, in the dedication of his "Short Suruey of Ireland" to the Earl of Saresbury, he speaks of himself as a mere Souldier, in which capacity old Churchyard saw him acting in the Netherlands about 1572. "I am no diuine (says Rich) and it is truth; I am no scholler and that is true too: what am I then? I am a Souldier, a professed Souldier, better practised in my pike than in my penne." In his "New Description of Ireland," 1610, after abusing "idle Poets, Bardes, and Rythmers" who have written falsehoods upon the subject, he talks of his service in the army for 40 years; and two years afterwards, in his "Excuse" for the above work, he adds that it was then 40 years or thereabouts since he first came into Ireland.

ELLIOT. What is your authority for saying that Churchyard saw Rich acting as a soldier in the Netherlands about 1572?

BOURNE. He was one of the phalanx of poets who united their endeavours under Elizabeth to free the Low Countries from the weight of the Spanish yoke. At the head of them, you know, was Sir Philip Sidney, and the names of Gascoyne, Churchyard, Whetstone, Rich, and others, are to be included in the muster-roll.

MORTON. Churchyard, in his "Trve Discovrse historicall of the succeeding Governovrs in the Netherlands," 1602, a tract we have before noticed,

states several facts, quoting in the margin (p. 19), "Captaine Barnabey Rich his notes." George Gascoyne, in the same passage, is called a captain.

BOURNE. That piece by Churchyard is one of his latest, and one of his commonest; but it contains some important historical facts, and among them a very interesting account, which I have not seen quoted, of the manner of the death of Sir P. Sidney before Zuphen, on the 22d of September 1586. Churchyard gives the relation on the authority of Whetstone, who, as you have seen, wrote a funeral poem on the fate of this worthy.

ELLIOT. It is impossible for the name of Sidney to be mentioned without feeling a deep interest to know all that can be said regarding him; therefore let us hear the passage.

BOURNE. A small part of it is sufficient. "This noble Knight (says Churchyard, citing Whetstone, with whom he was no doubt personally intimate) like *Cæsar*, charged the enemie so sore, that first an enuious Musquetier from the spightfull Spaniards espying his oportunitie slew his horse vnder him; who getting to horse again was with a poysoned bullet from the enemie shot in the thigh, wanting his Cuisses, which might have defended him. The wound being deepe and shiuering the bone, yet his heart was good, and his courage little abated, one *Vdal*, a gentleman, alighted and led his horse softly, to whom he thus spake: *Let goe, let goe till I fall*

to the ground, The foe shall miss the glory of my wound. And so riding out of the field with a rare & constant courage, his wound was searched, no salve too deare but was sought, no skill so curious but was tried to cure ease & recover this noble souldier languishing in paine, all remediles."

ELLIOT. Churchyard there quotes two lines from Whetstone's funeral poem.

MORTON. He does, and what you have read, I think, is followed by an epitaph by Whetstone upon Sidney.

BOURNE. Churchyard inserts two epitaphs; but one of them has been reprinted: that by Whetstone is but just worth preserving.

"Here vnder lyes Phillip Sydney Knight,
True to his Prince, learned, staid and wise;
Who lost his life in honourable fight,
Who vanquisht death, in that he did despise
To liue in pompe, by others brought to passe;
Which oft he tearm'd a Dyamond set in Brasse."

MORTON. This puts me in mind of a question I had to ask, and which I forgot until now. You remember, perhaps, that Sir John Harington, in the notes to the 16th book of his *Orlando Furioso*, mentions Sir P. Sidney, and an epitaph written upon him by Sir Walter Raleigh, in which, according to Harington, he is called "the *Scipio* and the *Petrarke* of our time:" where is that epitaph to be found?

BOURNE. That is a question I should be glad to be able to answer, as I never could discover any such epitaph: yet I cannot help being persuaded that it once existed though now lost, and that Sir John Harington is not mistaken.

MORTON. That translation of *Ariosto*, much as it has been abused, has had the honour of being employed by Milton in the first book of his treatise "Of Reformation touching Church Discipline."

BOURNE. He quotes, with verbal accuracy, the four last lines of the 72d stanza of B. 34, but he disapproves entirely of the mode in which Harington rendered the four last lines of the 79th stanza of the same book, and accordingly wholly alters it; so that Milton's testimony is both for and against the translation.

MORTON. I only noticed it by the way, and not with any view to draw on a discussion now about Sir John Harington's merits. Do not let us wander farther from Rich and his "Farewell to Militarie Profession." Our preface has already been sufficiently long and excursive.

ELLIOT. You mentioned Mr. Haslewood's list of Rich's productions, and certain omissions he had made. Is the "Farewel" now under our consideration, mentioned by him?

BOURNE. It is not, and there are few who possess more knowledge on the subject of old poetry than the gentleman you have named. This error he

commits in common with all bibliographers, nor have I seen the "Farewell to Militarie profession" included in any catalogue that has come under my observation.

MORTON. It is as important a discovery, recollecting its contents, as could be well made: a first edition would of course be still more valuable.

BOURNE. I dare say a copy of it exists, if one knew where to lay one's hands upon it.

ELLIOT. What is the general plan of the work? the title-page only mentions "pleasant discourses:" what is to be understood by those words?

BOURNE. The word *Discourse* had a very undefined meaning at that time: Rich uses it to express what we now call novels or tales, and of these there are eight in this small 4to. volume, so that they are not of very considerable length. In an address "to the Readers in generall," Rich observes: "The Histories (altogeather) are eight in number, whereof, the first, the second, the fift, the seuenth, and eight are tales that are but forged onely for delight; neither credible to be beleueed, nor hurtfull to be perused. The third, the fourth, and the sixt are Italian Histories written likewise for pleasure by maister L. B."

ELLIOT. And which of these is the foundation of Shakespeare's play?

BOURNE. The second. The commentators anticipated what has now fortunately occurred, that

the original novel of Twelfth Night might, at some future time, be discovered. The likeness in parts is extremely strong, and indeed there will be no room for any doubt, whether Shakespeare did or did not employ it.

MORTON. But we have not yet heard the title of the novel; as it is the second it comes among those which the author states "are but forged only for delight."

BOURNE. The history is entitled "OF APOLONIUS AND SILLA," and you will find that throughout Shakespeare has changed all the names, as indeed in such cases he frequently did.—The argument of the story is thus given after the title.

"The argument of the second Historie.

¶ *Apolonius*, Duke, hauing spent a yeares seruice in the warres against the Turke, returning homeward with his companie by sea was driuen by force of weather to the Ile of *Cypres*, where he was well receiued by *Pontus* gouernour of the same Ile, with whom *Silla*, daughter to *Pontus*, fell so strangely in loue that after *Apolonius* was departed to Constantinople, *Silla* with one man followed and comming to Constantinople she serued *Apolonius* in the habite of a man, and after many pretie accidents falling out, she was knowne to *Apolonius*, who in requitall of her loue married her."

MORTON. Excepting the circumstance of *Silla*

serving the duke in man's attire, and their subsequent marriage, the argument does not indicate any other resemblance to Shakespeare's play: Rich lays his scene in Constantinople, but Shakespeare in Illyria.

ELLIOT. Sebastian and Olivia, or any persons answering to them, seem entirely omitted by Rich.

BOURNE. In the argument, not in the story: you would not wish to have the argument as long and as particular as the narrative: it cannot include every thing; notwithstanding, it was merely casting my eye over the argument that first led me to suspect a resemblance, which I afterwards found most satisfactorily confirmed. The body of the history opens with various reflections on the influence of "Dame Errour" in human affairs, and especially in those of love, after which it relates that Apolonius, "a worthy Duke," a very young man, who had levied an army and served against the Turk, while Constantinople was yet in the hands of the Christians, returning home after one year's victories, was compelled, by stress of weather, to seek shelter in Cyprus (or *Cypres*, as Rich calls it): he was here entertained very courteously by Pontus, the governor, who had a son named Silvio and a daughter named Silla: the latter soon fell desperately in love with Duke Apolonius, and "vsed so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permitte, and fed him with such amorous baites as the modesty of a maide could reasonably afforde."

ELLIOT. Then does Silvio, brother to Silla, correspond with Shakespeare's Sebastian, brother to Viola?

BOURNE. Throughout.—Apolonius makes no return, and indeed scarcely seems to notice the attentions of the young lady, but with the first fair wind sails home to Constantinople. Thither Silla resolves to follow him, and is aided in her design by Pedro, a faithful servant, in whose company, and as whose sister, she embarks in a galley that happened to be preparing to quit the port. On the voyage the captain falls in love with the beautiful damsel, makes amorous advances, and at last offers her violence: she is obliged by his threats to appear consenting, and having obtained a short respite, she is about to destroy herself with a knife, to prevent the completion of the wicked purposes of her boisterous lover, when a dreadful storm opportunely rises to divert her from her purpose, and the vessel being wrecked, all are drowned excepting Silla, who escapes by clinging to a chest belonging to the captain.

MORTON. To all this there is nothing parallel in Shakespeare. We hear nothing of any previous love, or even acquaintance, between Duke Orsino and Viola.

ELLIOT. All we have been told is antecedent, I suppose: Shakespeare begins after the storm, and of course omits what occurred during the voyage.

BOURNE. It has always struck me as a defect in

Shakespeare's highly finished play, that the motive for the voyage of Viola is not sufficiently explained: she tells the captain only that she had heard her father name Duke Orsino; but in the first instance she seems desirous rather to be taken into the service of Olivia than of the Duke:

“ O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is,”

are her words.

MORTON. She did not then perhaps contemplate her disguise. While serving Olivia she might have an opportunity of seeing the Duke.

BOURNE. Dr. Johnson remarks upon this part of the play: “ Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast: hears that the Prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts.” This objection is well-founded, as it applies to readers of the present day, but I apprehend it is not so well-founded with reference to Shakespeare's audiences. It is an acknowledged fact, that the stories he availed himself of were popular, the incidents were generally well known, and the hearers could therefore supply certain omissions from their memories. When Viola observes,

—— “ I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then,”

she tells no more, in order not to disclose her design to the captain of the ship, but intends to say just enough to draw from him the facts, that he yet remained single, and that he was engaged in courtship to Olivia.

ELLIOT. If Shakespeare had used the same names for his characters as Rich gives them, your argument would have been more conclusive ; as it is, I have some doubts upon the point : but let us proceed with the novel.

BOURNE. Silla breaks open the chest that had been the means of her preservation during the storm, and finding it filled with men's apparel, she clothes herself in one of the suits : thus attired, she travels to Constantinople, and there presents herself to the Duke, who, “ perceiuing him to be a proper smogue young man, gaue him entertainment.” Silla at this time took upon herself her brother's name. We now come to Olivia, or the lady who in Rich's novel answers to her : she is called Julina, and is represented as a young beautiful widow, whose husband had died lately, and left her extremely rich. Shakespeare thought it would have a better effect to describe her as a virgin whose brother was recently deceased.

MORTON. It has been objected that there is some impropriety in Olivia having her house filled by such

persons as Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek: the impropriety might have been less striking had Shakespeare followed Rich's story in this respect more exactly.

BOURNE. In Shakespeare's age I do not know that such a circumstance would have made any very material difference. Rich thus speaks of Juliana: "At this very instaunt there was remainyng in the Cittie a noble Dame, a widdowe, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of *Grecia*, who left his Lady and wife large possessions and great liuings. This ladyes name was called *Iulina*, who besides the aboundance of her wealth and the greatnesse of her reuenues, had likewise the soueraigntie of all the Dames of Constantinople for her beautie."

MORTON. Rich does not scruple to be guilty of tautologies.

BOURNE. He proceeds in these terms: "To this Lady *Iulina Apolonius* became an earnest suter, and according to the manner of woers, besides faire wordes, sorrowfull sighes and piteous countenaunces, there must be sending of louing letters, Chaines, Braceletes, Brouches, Ringes, Tablets, Gemmes, Iuels and presents, I know not what. So my Duke who in the time that he remained in the Ile of *Cypres*, had no skill at all in the arte of Loue, although it were more then half proffered vnto him, was now become a scholler in Loues Schoole and had alreadie

learned his first lesson ; that is, to speake pittifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently and to speake carefully: Now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to giue bountifully, to present willingly and to write louingly. Thus *Apolonius* was so busied in his new study that, I warrant you, there was no man that could challenge him for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profession with so good will: And who must be the messenger to carrie the tokens and loue letters to the Lady *Iulina* but *Silvio* his man: in him the Duke reposed his onely cōfidence to goe between him and his Lady."

ELLIOT. Now the resemblance begins to open upon us.

BOURNE. And it will grow more and more striking every minute. After some reflections on the cruel situation in which *Silla*, *alias* *Silvio*, was placed, Rich goes on thus: " *Iulina* now hauing many times taken the gaze of this yong youth *Silvio*, perceiving him to bee of such excellent perfect grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation that she fell into as great a liking with the man, as the maister was with her selfe: And on a time *Silvio* beyng sent from his maister with a message to the Lady *Iulina*, as he beganne very earnestly to sollicite in his maisters behalfe, *Iulina* interrupting him in his tale, saied: *Silvio*, it is enough that you haue saied for your maister; from

henceforth either speake for your self or say nothing at all. *Silla*, abashed to heare these words, begā in her mind to accuse the blindnes of loue, that *Iulina*, neglecting the good of so noble a Duke, wold preferre her loue vnto such a one as nature it selfe had denied to recōpence her liking."

ELLIOT. Ay, now we enter into the very heart of Shakespeare's play: *Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*, and this was an instance, for your assertion did not at first seem borne out.

BOURNE. I thought you were at first a little incredulous: you seemed afraid of coming under the ironical censure of our friend *Rabelais*, "*Un homme de bons sens croit toujours ce qu'on luy dict & qu'il trouve par escript.*" We now come to *Silla's* brother, *Silvio*, the Sebastian of Shakespeare: *Silvio* at the time of these transactions was in the interior of Africa, and was not like Sebastian wrecked in the same ship with *Viola*. Returning to Cyprus, he vows to discover *Silla*, and after various travels he arrives at Constantinople, "where as he was walking in an euening for his owne recreation on a pleasante grene yarde without the walles of the Cittie, he fortun'd to meet with the Lady *Iulina*, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire; and as she sodainly cast her eyes vpon *Silvio*, thinking him to be her olde acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said vnto him, sir, *Silvio*, if your hast be not the greater, I pray you let me haue a little talke with

you, seeing I haue so luckily met you in this place." At first the young man appears somewhat astonished and shy, but noting the lady's beauty, he affects to have forgotten himself, and to be what Julina supposes him. Julina, as a widow, may be excused for being something bolder than a virgin, and she actually invites Silvio not only to her house, but to her bed, and he consents without reluctance.

MORTON. Something more must be said about the resemblance of the brother and sister, to account for the mistake, than what you read just now: you probably omitted to mention it.

BOURNE. I forgot it in the proper place; for it is stated that Silvio loved his sister Silla "as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that as she was his naturall sister both by the Father and Mother, so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and fauour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their faces."

ELLIOT. That was a very important circumstance. If Shakespeare were wrong in making Olivia not a widow, he was right in not carrying her love to Cesario or to the man she fancied was he, to such an extreme as Rich represents it.

BOURNE. Of course; but Rich, as you will find, has no scruple of that sort, for Julina afterwards proves to be in the family way:—but we shall see more of that presently. Duke Apolonius is informed by his domestics, that the widow preferred his servant to himself, and that she had given most un-

equivocal proofs of it: he consequently throws the unfortunate Silla into a dungeon, and refuses to listen to her entreaties. Julina, in the mean time, finding the consequences of her intercourse with the brother but too apparent, is in a state of great alarm, "fearing to become bankrupt of her honour," and appealing to Apolonius, Silla is brought from her prison into their presence: she requires Julina to contradict the charge that she, Silla, had made love to her, Julina, for herself instead of her master. Julina, on the other hand, still mistaking the sister for the brother, calls upon Silla first to admit their mutual love, and that failing, to avow the criminal intercourse that had passed between them. The speeches in this interview run to a considerable length, Julina repeating to Silla the vows her brother Silvio had, in fact, made of love and constancy, and asserting that she had received him "for her loyal husband." The duke is convinced that his page has wronged the lady most grossly, and drawing his rapier, insists that Silla shall make all possible amends. This forms a very interesting scene, and our compassion is much divided between the duke, who saw the lady of his love thus degraded, Julina, who complains of the ingratitude of one whom she so dearly valued, and Silla, who is the innocent victim of mistake and accident.

ELLIOT. Shakespeare has made no use of it, and could not in the structure of his play; but he has turned the resemblance between the brother and sister

to a comic account, if I may so say, and has made it the source of several most ludicrous scenes. Are any of these touched upon or related in Rich's story?

BOURNE. They are not: the irresistibly comic part of Twelfth Night appears to be wholly Shakespeare's. In Rich's novel there is not any ludicrous character, or, indeed, any person whose name has not been already mentioned. You may wish to hear a few sentences from the reply of Silla to Julina's accusation before the duke. "Ah, Madame *Iulina*, I desire no other testimonie, then your owne honestie and vertue, thinking that you wil not so much blemish the brightnesse of your honour, knowing that a woman is, or should be, the Image of curtesie, continencie and shamefastnesse, from the which so soone as she stoopeth, and leaueth the office of her duetie and modesty, besides the degradation of her honour she thrusteth her selfe into the pit of perpetuall infamy: and as I cannot think you would so forget your selfe, by the refusal of a noble Duke to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, which hetherto you haue maintained amongst the best and noblest Ladies, by such a one as I knowe my selfe to be, too farre vnworthie your degree and calling, so most humbly I beseech you to confesse a troth, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of, which speeches bee so obscure vnto me, as I know not for my life how I might vnderstand them."

MORTON. The sentence of the duke, commanding

Silla to make amends, is, of course, delivered after what you have read: how does Silla receive it?

BOURNE. The narrative is continued in the following terms: “ *Silvio* hauing heard this sharpe sentence fell downe on his knees before the Duke crauing for mercie, desiring that he might be suffered to speake with the Lady *Iulina* apart, promising to satisfie her according to her owne contentation—Well (quoth the Duke) I take thy worde, and therewithall I aduise thee that thou performe thy promise, or otherwise, I protest before God, I will make thee such an example to the world that all traitours shall tremble for feare how they doe seeke the dishonouring of Ladies—But now *Iulina* had conceiued so great griefe against *Silvio*, that there was much adoe to persuade her to talk with him; but remembering her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could make, in the end she agreed, and being brought into a place seuerally by themselues, *Silvio* began with a piteous face to say as followeth.—I know not, Madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of my selfe, which hath conducted and brought vs both into so great aduersitie. I see that you receiue great wrong, and I am condemned against all right; you in perill to abide the bruite of spightfull tongues, and I in danger to loose the thing that I most desire: and although I could alledge many reasons to proue my sayings true, yet I referre my selfe to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here with all loosing his garments

downe to his stomacke and shewed Iulina his breasts and prety teates surmounting farre the whitenesse of snow it selfe, saying: Loe, Madam, beholde here the party whom you haue chalenged to be the father of your childe! See I am a woman, the daughter of a noble Duke, who onely for the loue of him, whom you so lightly haue shaken of, haue forsaken my father, abandoned my countrie, and in manner, as you see, am become a seruing man, satisfying my selfe but with the onely sight of my *Apolonius*: and now, Madam, if my passion were not vehement and my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that my fained griefes might be laughed to scorne, and my dissembled paines to bee rewarded with floutes. But my loue beeing pure, my trauaile continuall, and my griefes endlesse, I trust, Madam, you will not onely excuse me of crime, but also pittie my distresse, the which I protest I would stil haue kept secret if my fortune would so haue permitted."

ELLIOT. All this could but increase the miserable perplexity of poor Julina. Such an *eclaircissement* could scarcely take place on the stage, and this might be one reason why Shakespeare omitted the incident.

BOURNE. Besides, it would not perhaps have done, even at that day, to have brought on the stage a lady openly making such a complaint as that of Julina, founded upon her own confession of criminality.

MORTON. I have not patience just now to argue

any such point, though in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maids Tragedy," there is even a stranger interview: let it suffice, that Shakespeare has so far deviated from his original. What becomes of the unhappy widow?

BOURNE. Rich says, with much simplicity, she "did now thinke her selfe to be in a worse case then euer she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child; wherefore when she had told the Duke the verye certainty of the discourse which *Silvio* had made vnto her, shee departed to her owne house with such griefe and sorrowe, that she purposed neuer to come out of her owne doores again aliue, to be a wonder and mocking stocke to the world."

ELLIOT. What says the duke to *Silvio*, or rather to *Silla*, now he learns her disguise and the object of it? is it any thing like

"And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress?"

BOURNE. The same in effect, but he is a little more high-flown in his phrases, and rapturous in his love: "Oh the branche of al vertue (he exclaims) and the flowre of courtesie it selfe, pardon me I beseech you of all such discourtesies as I ignorantly committed towards you! Desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient griefes you will accept

of me, who is more ioyfull and better contented with your presence then if the whole world were at my commaundement." Their happy nuptials are accordingly celebrated at Constantinople with the utmost pomp and solemnity.

MORTON. But what had become of the brother, the real Silvio, all this time? These events must have made much noise in Constantinople, and one would think he must have heard of them.

BOURNE. Shakespeare manages this part of the story differently. Sebastian only arrives once in Illyria, and that, as it were, by accident, while in order to confirm the claim of Olivia upon Sebastian, he introduces a contract of marriage before a priest. Now Rich, after Silvio's first visit to Constantinople, and after he had left Julina in what family men call "a hopefull condition," makes him pursue his travels in search of his lost sister into the interior of Greece, where the report of these strange occurrences reaches him. Returning to Constantinople, he was received by his sister and the duke with the utmost joy. In two or three days, Apolonius informed him of what had passed regarding the Lady Julina; and Silvio, well knowing how the error had arisen, "was stricken with great remorse to make Julina amends, vnderstanding her to be a noble lady," and "left defamed to the world through his default." He accordingly "bewrayed the whole circumstances" to Apolonius, who breaks the matter to the widow,

and introduces the repentant lover to her as “the sonne and heyre of a noble Duke, worthy of her estate and dignity.” The novel is wound up in the following manner: “*Iulina* seeing *Silvio* in place did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so rauished with ioy, that she knew not whether she were awake or in some dreame. *Silvio* imbracing her in his armes, crauing forgiuenesse of all that was past, concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently accomplished with great ioy and contentation to all parties. And then *Silvio* hauing attained a noble wife, and *Silla* his sister her desired husband, they passed the residue of their daies with such delight as those that haue accomplished the perfection of their felicities.”

ELLIOT. And a very pleasant story it is, and judging from such parts as you have read, pleasantly told.

BOURNE. The narrative is conducted with regularity and clearness, and the language generally easy and fluent, though disfigured now and then by needless repetitions.

MORTON. It is indisputable that Shakespeare was indebted to it for his plot of *Twelfth Night*.

BOURNE. Though he has not followed it very closely: indeed, as we have seen, he was in a manner obliged to vary it, in order to render it dramatic; he has not made his incidents quite so consequential upon each other as Rich, and with great art he has

contrived to arrive at the *dénouement* of both plots at the same time. This was not at all necessary in the narrative, and, in my opinion, as far as verisimilitude is concerned, it was more natural to attribute the arrival of Silvio at Constantinople to design, in the course of his search for his sister, than to mere accident, which seems to be the case with Sebastian.

MORTON. Had Shakespeare adopted this expedient, it would have too much resembled an incident in a former play of his, I mean "The Comedy of Errors," where Antipholis of Syracuse travels in search of his twin brother.

ELLIOT. True, and as it was, Shakespeare could not avoid some similarity in the incidents, though he contrived to introduce every dissimilarity in the situations. Have either of the other seven histories or discourses in Rich's book any connexion with Shakespeare's plays?

BOURNE. No; excepting that in the sixth novel there is an incident of the effects of a sleeping draught upon a young lady that reminds us of Romeo and Juliet; and the first scene of the same tragedy is brought to our memories in another story, by the employment of the familiar proverb "o' my word we'll not carry coals," in the same way as Shakespeare uses it.

MORTON. All which confirms the belief, that "Rich his Farewel to Military profession" was one of the books in Shakespeare's library, and that he

was well acquainted with its contents. You said that Rich was a poet, but the “discourse” we have just finished is wholly prose: can you give us a specimen of his verse?

BOURNE. I can, and you will not read it with the less interest, because it is found in the same curious volume, where several other pieces of poetry are interspersed. What I am about to read is from the first novel, relating the adventures of a banished duke, called “Sappho Duke of Mantona.”

ELLIOT. Shakespeare is charged by the commentators with the heinous offence of confounding the sex which ought to belong to the name of Baptista. Rich seems to have been guilty of the same error in the name of Sappho.

BOURNE. So it appears, but it may be easily forgiven. His lines are these:

“No shame, I trust, to cease from former ill,
Nor to revert the lewdnesse of the minde,
Which hath bin trainde, and so misled by will,
To breake the bounds which reason had assignde:
I now forsake the former time I spent,
And sorie am for that I once miswent.

“But blinde forecast was he that made me swarue,
Affection fond was lurer of my lust;
My fancie fixt desire did make me serue,
Vaine hope was he that trained all my trust:

Good liking then so daseled hard my sight,
 And dimnde mine eies, that reason gaue no light.

“ O sugred sweet that trainde me to this trap !

I saw the bait where hooke lay hidden fast ;
 I well perceiud the drift of my mishap ;

I knew the bit would breed my bane at last :
 But what for this, for sweete I swallowed all,

Whose tast I find more bitter now than Gall.

“ But loe the fruities that grewe by fond desire !

I seeke to shun that pleased best my minde ;
 I sterue for cold, yet faine would quench the fire,
 And glad to loose that fairest I would finde.

In one self thing I find both bane and blisse ;

But this is straunge, I like no life but this.”

The word *fairest*, in the last line but two, is probably a misprint for *fainest*.

ELLIOT. Rich probably is to be placed in the class of smooth versifiers, but, according to this specimen, he has no claim to any rank among original poets.

BOURNE. You have correctly ascertained and stated his merits in a sentence. This volume has been long enough open, we may now close it.

MORTON. In alluding to a proverb used by Rich, you just now mentioned Romeo and Juliet ; the original of it is in Painter's “ Palace of Pleasure.”

BOURNE. That was probably the immediate original, but there were other versions of the Italian

tale : you will find it on fo. 179, b. of "The second Tome of the Palace of Pleasure," printed by Thomas Marshe. Did you ever hear of a separate printed poem by William Painter ; I mean unconnected with "the Palace of Pleasure?"

MORTON. Certainly never.

BOURNE. Yet such a poem, or rather collection of poems, was shown me not long since.

MORTON. Indeed. Was it not a most valuable relic ? The editor of the new edition of "the Palace of Pleasure" mentions nothing about it.

BOURNE. It is a relic of considerable rarity, but you mistake if you suppose it was by William Painter, the compiler and translator of the Palace of Pleasure, although by a person of the same names. However, no other copy is known of it, and as it was without beginning or end, the date cannot precisely be ascertained : the dedication to Sir Paul Pinder, ambassador at Constantinople, signed William Painter, is, however, still preserved : Sir Paul died before the year 1650 ; the type, as I should guess, was after 1630.

MORTON. Perhaps it was by some descendant : what is the subject ? Had it any merit ?

BOURNE. None that I could discover ; but the running-title —————

ELLIOT. Here is a poem, the date of which you do not know, the author of which you do not know ; which has neither beginning nor end, and which is actually worth nothing, and yet we are to waste our

time upon it. Have we not already heard too much about it?

BOURNE. I apprehend not. You cannot wonder that some curiosity should be felt about the title.

ELLIOT. Why, when the body of the work is not worth reading, what signifies the title? Yet I am not surprised; *Quod crebro vidit non miratur, etiam si cur fiat, nescit.*

BOURNE. But I contend that the name of the poem is curious and worth knowing: the title-page is wanting, but the running-title is "Chaucer painted:" why it is so called I cannot guess, as in the cursory view I had of the book I saw nothing that had any relation to Chaucer: the greater portion was proverbs strung together in four-line stanzas. Towards the end was a poem lamenting the degeneracy of shepherds, and an anagram on the mother of the author, *Jone Clark*.

MORTON. The word *painted* in the running-title, I dare say, had some connexion with the author's name. Did you extract any part of it?

BOURNE. I did not.

ELLIOT. Then we are more fortunate than usual.

MORTON. Still *uncis naribus indulgis*, but not at our expense.

BOURNE. He will not have that gratification long, for about William Painter I have nothing more to say.

ELLIOT. Why, seriously, if I did not keep some

kind of check upon you, there is no knowing what paltry matters you two might not wander into. Let us dwell upon something worth attention, and I will not complain. I never dreamt of objecting to the detail you entered into of Rich's novel, because that was not only a new but a very interesting subject, and if you had continued the same course, and given us some account of other histories of which Shakespeare availed himself, it would have been adding importantly to our stock of knowledge.

BOURNE. I would have done so willingly had I been sufficiently prepared for the purpose; but some of the stories which Shakespeare employed are really so rare, and are consequently so difficult to be procured, that before I can enter into the question satisfactorily, I must lay all my friends under contribution for books.

MORTON. I have seen Lodge's "Rosalind," the "worthless original" (as Mr. Steevens is pleased to call it) of "As you Like it" in your collection.

ELLIOT. And Robt. Greene's "Dorastus & Fawnia," on which the "Winter's Tale" is founded, you told me you had.

MORTON. Besides, "the Palace of Pleasure," which stands conspicuous on your shelves, and these three, with Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives, will go a good way in, at least, illustrating a subject that, as far as I know, has not yet been by any means adequately investigated.

BOURNE. You mistake when you say that you have seen Lodge's "Rosalind" among my books: you have seen "Euphues Golden Legacie: Found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in England," 1623, and it is very true that this work, excepting the title and the different orthography of some of the words, is the same as Lodge's "Rosalind," of 1590, but I could wish, were it in my power, to show you, and to read from, the original edition.

ELLIOT. What trifles you convert into matters of consequence: this is not only *nugis addere pondus*, but giving the *nugæ* themselves an artificial weight. We shall be able to judge of the similarity between Shakespeare's play and Lodge's novel as well by an edition of yesterday, if it be correctly reprinted, as by one published in the life-time of the author.

BOURNE. Certainly, but independent of the satisfaction of comparing Shakespeare's play with an original edition, such as he probably employed, there is surely some pleasure in looking at literary curiosities, like the first edition of "Rosalynde," for so the author spelt it, in 1590, though why that graceful name was afterwards erased from the title, and all the rest left, it is impossible for us to ascertain.

ELLIOT. Nor is it worth ascertaining if we had all the means before us.

MORTON. I do not know that, provided it had any thing to do with Spenser's Rosalind, or with Shake-

speare's adoption of the name in his "As you Like it," or any other circumstance of that kind.

BOURNE. Mr. Singer, in a late reprint (which, by the by, might have been more correct) has extracted all the poetry from Lodge's "Rosalynde," and, as Shakespeare was much less indebted to the verse than to the prose, and, as no specimens have been given from the last, I will read two or three passages which will enable you to form an opinion of Lodge's style, and of the manner in which he treats a story, of which there is every reason to believe that he was the original inventor.

ELLIOT. This is just as it ought to be; now we are coming to the point:—Lodge was unquestionably a man of considerable talent as a poet, if we looked only at the pieces inserted in his "Fig for Momus." What you are about to extract from then, is his "Rosalynde," republished in 1623 under the title of "Euphues Golden Legacy."

BOURNE. It is: he took the name of *Euphues* from John Lilly, who published his well-known "Euphues, the Anatomie of Wit," at least as early as 1580, and in the prefatory matter to which I find that he was rusticated from Oxford. I just notice this circumstance, because his biographers seem to have overlooked it.

MORTON. That is curious: what does he say of himself?

BOURNE. It is in an address "To my good Friends,

the Gentlemen Schollers of Oxford:" he observes, " Yet may I of all the rest most condemne *Oxford* of vnkindnesse, of vice I cannot, who seemed to weane me before shee brought me forth and to giue me bones to gnaw, before I could get the teat to suck. Wherein she played the nice mother, in sending me into the country to nurse, where I tyred at a dry breast three yeares, and was at last enforced to weane my selfe." He accordingly went to Cambridge. One of Robert Greene's tracts is called "Euphues Censure to Philantus," so that it should seem that Lilly's example had rendered those names very popular.

ELLIOT. Do not let us wander unnecessarily. I am anxious to hear something from Lodge's novel.

BOURNE. Your anxiety shall be relieved. You will observe, in the first place, that Shakespeare's Orlando is here called Rosader, and his severe elder brother Saladine: the names of Rosalind and Aliena (the assumed name of Alinda) Shakespeare adopts. The following is the description of the heroine: "As euery mans eye had his seurall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of *Rosalind*; for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battell betweene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried *Luna* when she kist the Shepheard of the hills of *Latmos*, was not tainted with such a

pleasant dye as the vermilion flourish on the siluer hue of *Rosalinds* countenance : her eyes were like those Lampes that make the wealthie couert for the heauens more glorious, sparkling fauour and disdaine, curteous and yet coy, as if in them *Venus* had placed al her amoretts, and *Diana* all her chastitie. The trammels of her haire, folded in a caule of gold, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of mettall, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightnesse : the tresses that folds in the brows of *Apollo*, were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her haire it seemed loue had laid himselfe in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence : what should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, she was the paragon of all earthly perfection."

MORTON. That puts one a little in mind of James Shirley's excellent ridicule of overstrained hyperbolical compliments, and unnatural resemblances, in his play of "The Sisters" (1652), where he makes Angelina reprove a pedantic Scholar, who had smeared her beauty with all sorts of artificial colours : she says,

—————"I am
A stranger to you, Sir, and to your language ;
These words have no relation to me.
I pity men of your high fancy, should
Dishonour their own names by forming such

Prodigious shapes of beauty in our sex.
If I were really what you would commend,
Mankind would fly me. Get a painter, Sir,
And when he has wrought a woman by your fancy,
See if you know her again. Were it not fine
If you should see your mistress without haire,
Drest only with those glittering beams you talk of?
Two suns instead of eyes, and they not melt
The forehead made of snow? No cheeks, but two
Roses inoculated on a lily;
Between, a pendant alabaster nose:
Her lips cut out of corall, and no teeth
But strings of pearl: her tongue a nightingales!—
Would not this strange chimæra fright yourself?"

ELLIOT. Your quotation is in point, though rather long. You might have found a shorter one, and quite as apposite, I think, in the very play of Shakespeare under consideration. The ridicule of Shirley is exceedingly well expressed, as might indeed be expected from his pen, as far as I have heard any thing about him.

BOURNE. It is to be regretted that Mr. Gifford's edition of his plays is so long postponed. Shirley, as has been remarked, was the last of the old English school of dramatists, and both his Tragedies and Comedies will bear comparison with those of any of Shakespeare's contemporaries. But to proceed with Lodge: the following will strongly re-

mind you of Shakespeare. It is before Rosalind and her friend Alinda, afterwards called Aliena, make their escape to the forest of Arden: "At this *Rosalind* began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a few kinde teares, in the bosome of her *Alinda*, shee gaue her hearty thankes, and then they sate them downe to consult how they should trauell. *Alinda* griued at nothing but that they might haue no man in their company, saying: it would bee their greatest prejudice, in that two women went wandring about without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth *Rosalind*) art thou a woman and hast not a sodaine shift to preuent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of Page, thou shalt be my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust mee) in what company soeuer I come, I will not be discovered: I will buy mee a sute, and haue a Rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your Page will shew him the point of his weapon. At this *Alinda* smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presently gathered vp all their jewels, which they trussed vp in a casket, and *Rosalind* in all haste prouided her of robes, and *Alinda* being called *Aliena*, and *Rosalind*, *Ganimede*."

ELLIOT. The sentence "I will buy me a suit, and have a rapier very handsomely at my side," brings to memory Shakespeare's line, "We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;" but a preceding

sentiment of Lodge, on the quickness of woman's wit and her readiness on sudden emergencies, is copied from *Ariosto*, c. xxvii.

*Molti consigli delle donne sono
Meglio improvviso, che a pensarvi usciti;
Chè questo è speciale, e proprio dono
Tra tanti e tanti lor dal ciel largiti—*

and then he goes on to contrast this excellence with the slowness and heaviness of men in similar situations.

BOURNE. On the whole, *Ariosto* has done the female sex more than justice, though you remember some parts of his *Orlando* sufficiently libellous. The first encounter of Rosader with the Duke (whom Lodge calls King Gerismond) is thus described by Lodge: "It hapned that day that *Gerismond*, the lawfull king of *France* banished by *Torismond*, who with a lustie crew of outlawes liued in that Forrest, that day in honour of his birth, made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadow of Limon trees: to that place by chance fortune conducted *Rosader*, who seeing such a crew of braue men, hauing store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the Company thus.—Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame dis-

trousse may : knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here famished in the forrest for want of foode : perish we must, vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and such as are euery way worthie of life : let the proudest Squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honorable point of activitie whatsoeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send mee away comfortlesse : if thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword, for rather wil I die valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. *Gerismond* looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie, that rising from the table hee tooke him by the hande, and bade him welcome, willing him to sitte downe in his place, and in his roome, not onely to eate his fill, but as Lord of the feast. Gramercy Sir (quoth *Rosader*) but I haue a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged, and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for mee to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes : therefore will I run and fetch him and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer."

MORTON. That is very like Shakespeare also : the description is lively and picturesque, and the affectionate considerateness of *Rosader* for his old and

faithful servant quite as strongly pourtrayed as in "As you Like it."

BOURNE. I will not quote the narrative of the mode in which Rosader discovers and preserves his brother Saladine from the lion, because that passage, and almost that only, has been produced by the commentators to establish the resemblance. In Shakespeare's play it is certainly a little revolting to find Celia so suddenly in love with the repentant Oliver: this incident is better managed by Lodge, than Shakespeare had the means of doing within the narrow limits of a theatrical performance. I do not think it worth while to read more from Lodge's "Rosalynde:" what you have now seen will answer the purpose we had in view, and will show that Shakespeare followed his original, in this instance with an admiring closeness.

MORTON. The extracts prove likewise that the original was not quite so *worthless* as Mr. Steevens maintained it to be.

ELLIOT. Steevens was a tasteless pedant, and nothing better could be expected from him. His sentences have been reversed over and over again; I mean not merely with respect to the particular tract before us, but on other matters on which he has chosen to be equally dogmatical.

BOURNE. Do not let us renew that subject: we know that you and the annotators are at daggers drawing, and most frequently I should be inclined to

fight on your side ; but this is not the fittest time, however just the quarrel. Besides the resemblances we have noticed, it is to be observed that Shakespeare has also adopted Lodge's under-plot in the loves of Sylvius and Phœbe, but the comic incidents and persons are his own invention and introduction.

MORTON. The remark, you may remember, also applies to his adaptation of Rich's novel to the stage. May the same be said of the " Winter's Tale," or does Greene, in his " Dorastus and Fawnia," bring forward any such character as Autolicus?

BOURNE. He does not ; but the greatest difference between Shakespeare and Greene, in regard to that story, is, that the latter makes Bellaria, who corresponds to Hermione, actually die in consequence of the shock of the unjust accusation, of the cruel treatment she receives during her trial, and of the unexpected intelligence of the death of her young son Garinter, who is Shakespeare's Prince Mamillius. The annotators have done still less to enable the reader of " the Winter's Tale" to compare it with " Dorastus and Fawnia."

ELLIOT. How long before Shakespeare is supposed to have written his " Winter's Tale" did Robert Greene produce his " Dorastus and Fawnia?"

BOURNE. The earliest date hitherto assigned to the Winter's Tale is 1594, and there is a copy of Greene's " Dorastus and Fawnia" printed as early as 1588 : perhaps there might be others even still earlier,

but Greene's first extant performance is dated 1584, and is called "A Myrrour of Modestie:" it is the story of Susanna and the Elders, told at considerable length, and with some eloquence. This shows that he began his literary career with a production calculated to allay rather than excite the passions.

MORTON. That would depend much on the mode in which it was handled: it is not difficult to imagine that the descriptions in the history of Susanna might be so highly wrought as to afford very strong incentives.

BOURNE. As you have doubts about it, and as it is a tract of the very rarest occurrence, never quoted that I am aware of, you may like to hear a short specimen of it: we will then proceed to his "Dorastus and Fawnia." The title speaks pretty unequivocally as to the nature and object of the performance: "The Myrrour of Modestie, wherein appeareth as in a perfect Glasse how the Lorde deliuereth the innocent from all imminent perils, and plagueth the bloudthirstie hypocrites with deserued punishments," &c. "By R. G. Maister of Artes. Imprinted at London by Roger Warde," &c. 1584.

MORTON. Was that his first work? It does not seem very probable that it should be, recollecting that he died of a surfeit of red herrings and Rhenish in 1592.

BOURNE. I only said it was his first extant production, but the prefatory matter to it does not enable

us to form an opinion one way or the other: the following is from the body of the tract. "These two cursed caitifes of the seede of Chanaan southing one another in this deuilish imagination, concluded when they might finde hir alone to sucke the bloude of this innocent lambe, and with most detestable villanie to assaile the simple minde of this sillie *Susanna*. Persisting therefore in this hellish purpose, manie daies were not passed ere they spied fit oportunitie (as they thought) to obtaine their desire, for the season being very hot and the tender bodie of *Susanna* being sore parched with heate, she supposing that none of hir housholde, much lesse anie stranger had bin in the garden, went in as hir vse was with two maidens, onlie thinking there secretlie to washe hirselfe, and seing the coast cleere and hirself solitarily said thus vnto them: bring me quoth she oyle and sope wherewith to washe, and see that you shut the doores surelie. The maidens, carefullie obaieng their mistresse commande, shut the garden gates and went out themselues at a backe doore to fet what their mistresse had willed them, not seeing the elders because they were hid, who no sooner sawe the maidens gone, and *Susanna* a fit pray for their filthy purpose, but they rose vp and run vnto hir." My design in reading this passage, is only to show that Greene purposely let slip the opportunity of giving a luxurious or exciting description of *Susanna*, and that this tract is very

far from what you hinted it might be. However ill-governed Greene might be in his life and manners, most of his writings are calculated to warn others of the dangers he had not been able to shun.

ELLIOT. As you have finished your quotation, we may proceed with "Dorastus and Fawnia."

MORTON. Have you ever seen a copy of it printed in 1588?

BOURNE. Never; those dated before 1600 are all very difficult to be procured: indeed I never saw a copy of it sold, let the date be what it would, under several guineas. I have fortunately two, one of them dated in 1636, and the other as late as 1694, and I have seen a third printed as recently, I think, as 1724. Observe on the title-page of this edition of 1694 there is a curious wood-cut, containing a summary of the history, like the plates to *Orlando Furioso*. In the distance, as far as distance is preserved in so rude a representation, is the sea, with a boat and child upon it; on one side, but more in front, is a shepherdess tending her flock; and in the fore-ground the hero in armour, and heroine in a court dress, holding each other by the hand. The edition of 1636, which is the most valuable, has no such ornament, and bears the following title: "The Pleasant Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia. Wherein is discovered, that although by the meanes of sinister Fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time, in spight of Fortune, it is manifestly revealed. Pleasant

for age to avoyd drowsie thoughts, Profitable for Youth to avoyd other wanton Pastimes, And bringing to both a desired Content. *Temporis filia Veritas.* By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*" London, &c. 1636.

MORTON. The edition of 1694, I observe, omits a part of that title, in order to make room for the barbarous wood-cut. I also perceive at the back of the title-page of 1694, a poem which is not in the copy of 1636.

BOURNE. It is not, and you will find that the lines are not contemptible. I suppose the printer in 1636 did not think it worth while to insert them, though it is unquestionably an important omission.

MORTON. I will read them: they are called,

"*Dorastus* in Loue-passion, Writes these few lines in praise of his louing and best-beloued *Fawnia.*"

"Ah, were she pitifull as she is fair,
or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
then all the World were Heauen, nothing Woe.
Ah, were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
that seems to melt euen with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a Land,
under wide Heauens; but yet not such,
So as she shows: she seems the budding Rose
yet sweeter far than is an Earthly flower:

Souereign of Beauty! like the Spray she grows
compass'd she is with Thorns and cankered flower.
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn
She would be gathered though she grew on Thorn.

“ Ah when she sings, all Musick else be still,
for none must be compared to her Note:
Ne'er breath'd such Glee from Philomelas Bill,
nor from the Morning-singers swelling Throat:
Ah, when she riseth from her blissfull Bed
she comforts all the World as doth the Sun,
And at her sight the Nights foul Vapours fled;
when she is set the gladsome day is done.
O glorious Sun! imagine me the West,
Shine in my arms and set thou in my Breast!”

MORTON. You said the lines were not contemptible; the last stanza is very rich and harmonious, and the whole is an elegant composition, with some very graceful turns.

ELLIOT. You over-rate it: it is good, but not quite so transcendent as you seem to think it. The two last lines are somewhat in Sir Richard Blackmore's vein.

MORTON. You may be right, but whether right or wrong, I should not be inclined just now to contest the matter. I perceive that Greene gives us two mottos on the title-page of 1636: which did he usually adopt? Gascoigne, we know, had *Tam Marti tam Mercurio*, and Whetstone *Malgré la Fortune*.

BOURNE. *Omne tulit punctum*, &c. was Greene's ordinary motto to his early publications; but upon this point there is a singular letter by him prefixed to his "Perimedes the Black-Smith," 1588, from which you will not have forgotten that I formerly quoted two specimens of blank verse: it is a very curious epistle, as it relates to Greene's publications, friends and enemies: I will read it before I make a few quotations from "Dorastus and Fawnia." It is addressed "to the Gentlemen Readers Health," and is in these terms: "Gentlemen I dare not step awrye from my wonted method, first to appeale to your fauorable courtesies, which euer I haue found (how-soeuer plawsible) yet smothered with a milde silence: the small pamphlets that I haue thrust forth how you haue regarded them I know not, but that they haue been badly rewarded with any ill tearmes I neuer found, which makes me the more bold to trouble you and the more bound to rest yours euerye waie, as euer I haue done: I keepe my old course to palter vp something in Prose vsing mine old poesie still *Omne tulit punctum*, although lately two Gentlemen Poets made two mad men of Rome beate it out of their paper bucklers, and had it in derision, for that I could not make my verses iet vpon the stage in tragicall buskins, euerie worde filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heauen with that Atheist *Tamburlan*, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne."

MORTON. That is very remarkable. *Tamberlaine*, I suppose, is the notorious tragedy by Marlow, and one would suppose, from what is said, that Greene was at this time upon bad terms with him.

BOURNE. Had it been otherwise he would hardly have spoken as he has done of that "Atheist Tamberlann." Greene, a few lines afterwards, complains that it was said of him that he could not write blank verse, on which Marlow seems to have prided himself, for in the prologue to his "*Tamberlaine*" he notes the distinction in this respect between his tragedy and the productions of "rhyming mother-wits."

ELLIOT. Greene's address really seems a very interesting one: let us hear the rest of it.

BOURNE. He continues,—“ But let me rather openly pocket vp the Asse at Diogenes hand, then wantonlye set out such impious instances of intolerable poetrie; such mad and scoffing poets that haue propheticall spirits, as bred of *Merlins* race: if there be anye in England that set the end of scollarisme in an Englishe blank verse, I thinke either it is the humor of a nouice that tickles them with self-loue, or to much frequenting the hot house (to vse a Germaine prouerbe) hath swet out all the greatest part of their wits, which wasts *Gradatim*, as the Italians say *Poco à poco*. If I speake darkely, Gentlemen, and offende with this digression, I craue pardon in that I but answere in print what they haue

offered on the Stage." Then he proceeds to speak merely of the particular work he is presenting to the world.

ELLIOT. It is not very easy to ascertain from the last sentence whether Greene had not been brought in some way or other upon the stage, or at least his productions ridiculed there.

BOURNE. I do not draw either of these conclusions ; I apprehend he alludes only to the bringing of blank verse upon the stage, to the writing of which " two Gentlemen Poets," it seems, had declared him incompetent. To contradict this opinion is probably the object of his blank verse poems inserted in his " Perimedes."

MORTON. What does he mean when he says that the same " two Gentlemen Poets" made two " mad men of Rome" beat his motto " out of their paper bucklers?"

BOURNE. Who the " two mad men of Rome" were, I know not, but by beating it " out of their paper bucklers," I understand, erasing it from their title-pages. These are questions which it is now very difficult to settle, and as I do not apprehend we should be at all the nearer by dwelling longer upon them, we will proceed to " Dorastus and Fawnia," in which you will not fail to bear in mind that—

Egistus is the same as Shakespeare's Polixenes.

Pandosto as Leontes.

Bellaria as Hermione.

Garinter is the same as Shakespeare's Mamillius.

Dorastus as Florizel.

Fawnia as Perdita.

This, with the general resemblance between the play and the story, will enable you to understand the relation of the extracts.

ELLIOT. You have remarked upon one principal discordance between "the Winter's Tale" and "Dorastus and Fawnia;"—do they run parallel in most other particulars?

BOURNE. They do, excepting in one offensive incident, and that is, that Dorastus flying with his Fawnia, and arriving by accident at the Court of Pandosto, the father falls in love with his own daughter, and endeavours to seduce her: there was no necessity for this circumstance, and the consequence of it is, in addition to the destruction of his wife, that Pandosto is rendered unfit to enjoy the happiness of the young Prince and Princess when the ultimate discovery of Fawnia's birth is made, and he destroys himself. We have already seen that Francis Sabie turned the fable into blank verse, under the title of the "Fisherman's Tale," and "Flora's Fortune," in 1595. In the subsequent quotation Greene speaks of the innocent intimacy between Bellaria and Egistus, which led to the jealousy of Pandosto. "*Bellarina* (who in her time was the flowre of courtesie) willing to show how vnfaignedly she loued her husband by her friends en-

tertainemet, vsed him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her heart was affected toward him ; oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed-chamber, to see if nothing should be amisse to dislike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them, for *Bellaria* noting in *Egistus* a Princely and bountifull mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and *Egistus* finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret vniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other : insomuch, that when *Pandosto* was busied with such urgent affaires that he could not be present with his friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walk with him into the garden, and there they two in priuate pleasant deuices, would passe away their time to both their contents."

MORTON. Hermione tells Leontes, in Shakespeare,

———— " If you will seek us,
We are yours i'the garden," &c.

ELLIOT. If the reality had come up to the description Greene has given of their " honest familiarity," I think I should almost have been led myself to suspect the lady.

BOURNE. He carries it a little too far—further than Shakespeare, who well knew out of what a mere mustard-seed the huge tree of jealousy grows : like the poison-tree of the East, it flings its arms far and wide, throwing down fresh roots at a distance from

the original trunk, until it covers and blasts the whole soil. The description of the embarkation of the infant on its hopeless voyage is very pretty and affecting. "The Guard left her (Bellaria) in this perplexity, and carried the childe to the king, who quite devoid of pity commanded that without delay it should be put into the Boat, hauing neither Saile nor Rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the Sea, and there left to the windes and the waues, as the Destinies please to appoint. The very Ship-men seeing the sweete countenance of the young Babe, began to accuse the King of rigour, and to pity the childs hard Fortune: but feare constrained them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few green boughes made a homely Cabbin to shroud it, as well as they could, from wind and weather. Hauing thus trimmed a Boat, they tyed it to a Ship, and so haled it into the maine Sea, and then cut in sunder the Cord; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty Tempest, which tossed the little Boat so vehemently in the waues, that the Ship-men thought it could not continue long without sincking: yet the storme grew so great, that with great labour and perill they got to the shore."

MORTON. The introduction of the storm not only creates a strong interest for the fate of the infant, but accounts in some degree for the space of sea it passed over to reach Bohemia.

BOURNE. It is observable that Shakespeare reverses the scene : Greene's story begins in Bohemia, the kingdom of Pandosto ; and the loves of Dorastus and Fawnia, the Florizel and Perdita of the play, commence in Sicily.

MORTON. I do not think Shakespeare's alteration in this respect so judicious as usual, because the climate of Sicily is much better adapted to the pastoral scenes that are represented there, than Bohemia.

ELLIOT. Perhaps so : Shakespeare has been charged with ignorance in making Bohemia a country on the sea-coast.

BOURNE. He had it from Greene : he took the popular story with the popular prejudices, and did not think it worth while, for the sake of mere geographical accuracy, to make any change. Our time is now so far exhausted that we shall not be able to do more than read one other quotation from Greene's tract : it relates to the first interview of Dorastus and Fawnia. " It hapned not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the Farmors daughters in *Sicilia*, whither *Fawnia* was also bidden as the mistresse of the feast : who hauing attired her selfe in her best garments, went amongst the rest of her companions to a merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as Shepheards vse. As the Euening grew on, and their sport ceased, each taking their leaue of other, *Fawnia* desiring one of her companions to beare her company, went

home by the flocke to see if they were well fowlded. And as they returned, it fortun'd that *Dorastus* (who all that day had beene hawking, and killed store of game) incountred by the way these two maides, fearing that with *Acteon* he had seen *Diana*; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortall creature. As thus he stood in a maze, one of his Pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was *Fawnia*, that faire Shepherdesse, whose beauty was so much talked of in the Court. *Dorastus*, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how shee had beene trained vp? Who answered him with such modest reuerence and sharpnesse of wit, that *Dorastus* thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities: wondring how so courtly behauour could be found in so simple a Cottage, and cursing Fortune, that had shaddowed wit and beauty with such hard Fortune. As thus he held her a long time with chat, beauty seeing him at discouert thought not to loose the vantage, but stricke him so deeply with an inuenomed shafte, as he wholly lost his liberty, and became a slaue to Loue, which before contemned Loue; glad to gaze vpon a poore shepherdesse, who before refused the offer of a rich Princesse."

ELLIOT. All that you have read is very prettily

told, and though the characters are more strongly drawn and more minutely filled up by our dramatic poet, the outline, and that a graceful one, is to be found in Greene. I should like in the same way to go through some of the other plays of Shakespeare that are founded upon novels in "the Palace of Pleasure."

BOURNE. Our time will not allow us to begin them now, but my copy of that entertaining work you may have the use of at any time. It is the less necessary to go through them, as "the Palace of Pleasure" has been recently pretty correctly reprinted. If I lend you my edition you will be careful of it, for original copies are of very rare occurrence.

MORTON. Nearly the same may be said of North's Plutarch, for it has been many times republished since the first edition, I think about 1579, and the coincidences are by no means so curious or so important.

BOURNE. Before we conclude for the day, I wish to bring under your notice a curiosity that has hitherto escaped the vigilance of the dust-raking commentators, or they would not have omitted some notice of it. I call it a curiosity, because, although it relates to Shakespeare, it does not possess much intrinsic value. It is contained in a volume of poems by Thomas Prujean, who calls himself "Student of Caius and Gonvile Colledge in Cambridge."

ELLIOT. What does it consist of?

BOURNE. Two metrical epistles in imitation of

Ovid, one from Juliet to Romeo, and the other from Romeo to Juliet.

MORTON. What is the date and the title of Prujean's volume? I never heard his strange name before.

BOURNE. Very likely not, as his "*Aurorata*," printed in 1644, is very often not found even in curious collections, and it is the more valuable, because in the second part, called "*Loves Looking-glasse, divine and humane*," are contained the epistles to which I have referred.

MORTON. I suppose Prujean means the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare, and not Arthur Brooke's performance, or Painter's novel?

BOURNE. He does, and it serves to show how long that play continued popular. Each epistle occupies about four pages, and what I now read is from that of Juliet to Romeo, for the lady opens the correspondence. I ought to mention that the subject is introduced by the following "*Argument*:"—"*Romeo and Iuliet, issues of two enemies, Mountague and Capulet, Citizens of Verona, fell in love one with the other: he going to give her a visit meetes Tybalt her kinsman, who urging a fight was slaine by him: for this Romeo was banished and resided at Mantua, where he receiued an Epistle from Iuliet.*"

ELLIOT. Is the lady very passionate in her epistle?

BOURNE. You will see: she thus writes—

“ For health and happinesse doth *Iuliet* pray
To come to *Romeo* and his *Mantua*.
His *Mantua* ! O, in that title blest !
Would my poore fame could have such happy rest !
Once it was so ; once could this poore breast boast,
(Rich only then) of being *Romeos* hoast.
No sooner doe sleepes charmes upon me cease,
But fancie straight disturbes me of my ease.
Her troopes she brings, in which, me thinkes, I see
Most of the horreur call its subject thee. * *
But then I gan to cry, why should these eyes
Pay to a grieve unlawfull sacrifice ?
Why should I weepe, because my enemy
Became Fates slave and *Romeo* from it free ?
Is he a friend that would deny to give,
But rather take away by what I live,
My life, my dearest ioy, my *Romeo* ?
Yet are my roses overcome by woe.
From thee they had their name, and sure thy love
Their planter, nourisher, blossomer did prove.
From thy sweet lips (when thou didst first salute
Me at the Maske) my cheekes did steale thy sute
Of crimson, and since thou didst kisse more free,
They got what made up their maturitie. * * *
How long of *Romeo* must I dreame, and when
I thinke I have thee catch the ayre againe
Once thou vow'dst by thy selfe, which I did take
To be a greater then thou e'ere couldst make

By heaven it selfe, so that my vow did tend,
 As in it thou thy love didst then commend;
 Yet keepe it as thou wilt, all *Iuliets* cry
 Will be with *Romeo* to live and dye."

ELLIOT. Upon my word it is poor stuff, and hardly
 readable but for the names of the correspondents.

MORTON. Perhaps *Romeo's* epistle is better than
Juliet's, though in general, in letter writing, the
 ladies have the advantage over the gentlemen.

BOURNE. It would not be easy for the gentleman
 to be more ardent than the lady in this instance: a
 shorter quotation will suffice from his reply:

"The greet thou sent'st no more belongs to mee
 Then when I am sweetly embrac't by thee:
 Only to that place is ascrib'd all blisse
 Where *Romeo* with his faire *Iuliet* is.
Mantua's nothing but a cage of woe;
 Where thou art not all cuntryes will prove so. ***
 Yet when I name thy cousin, grieve does view
 Some blood of thine in him, & that will sue
 To have a tributary brine. The muse
 That sings his death may out of th' *Laurel* chuse
 As faire a branch as any. It is thee
 (When he sings him) shall blesse his poetry.
 The Destinies grew proud when as they had
 Got so much *Iuliet* within their shade. ***
 And let not feare wither that rosie bed
 Upon thy cheekes, nor make the Lilly dead.

Know I am *Romeo* still, know I am he
Who vow'd what never shall be broke to thee.
My selfe shall be my selfe; who dares, who will
Forsake life for to runne to deadly ill?
When I name *Iuliet*, and voyce shee is mine,
I make a boast I equall powres divine.
I'm banish't faire *Verona*, and will be
Banisht life, yet never untrue to thee."

MORTON. Prujean does not even make *Romeo* and *Juliet* write tolerable verse: this is the least that one would have expected. Here then we end for to-day.

BOURNE. I would only remark, in conclusion, that in *Thomas Fortescue's* translation, called "*The Foreste, or Collection of Histories no lesse profitable then pleasant,*" 1571, (fo. 138, b.) is a story "of a pretie guile practised by a vertuous and good Quene towards her houseband, by means whereof *Iames, Kyng of Arragon*, was begotten," which much resembles a main incident in "*All's Well that ends Well.*" I do not mean that *Shakespeare* used it, because it is notorious that he followed the novel in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*"

ELLIOT. The original is in Italian, and is told by *Boccacio* in his *Decameron*, Gior. III. Nov. 9.

BOURNE. It is, and from thence *Painter* translated his somewhat formal narrative. As he relates it, it is by no means one of the pleasantest stories in the collection.

MORTON. How long was it before any complete translation of Boccacio's *Decameron* appeared in English?

BOURNE. The Rev. Mr. Todd, in his Dictionary, under the word "Cheer," quotes "Translation of Boccacio, 1587," but I have never seen any such work: it may perhaps not mean a translation of the *Decameron*, but of some other production by the same author. The first complete edition of Boccacio's *Decameron* I have seen is called "The Modell of Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Conversation," &c.: the first volume is printed by J. Jaggard, in 1625, and what is singular is, that the second part, named expressly "The Decameron, containing an hundred pleasant Novels," bears date in 1620, unless there be some defect in my copy. By the Register of the Stationers' Company we find, that in 1619 Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, prohibited the publication of "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace Florentine."

MORTON. Is that translation a good one? I do not think that Painter is usually very happy in his version.

BOURNE. It is very unequal: some of the stories are much better told than others. The translator, whoever he might be, sometimes took considerable liberties with his original: for instance, in Day IX. Nov. 9. he makes Solomon King of Great Britain, and sometimes introduces even more considerable alterations.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE NINTH CONVERSATION.

Master. How long was it before any complete translation of *Boissac's Decameron* appeared in English?

Boissac. The Rev. Mr. Goss, in his Dictionary, makes the word "I have" signify "Translation of Boissac, 1587," but I have never seen any such work. It may perhaps not mean a translation of the *Decameron*, but of some other production by the same author. The first complete edition of Boissac's *Decameron* I have seen is called "The *Modest of Boissac*," and is a translation of the *Decameron* by Mr. Goss.

POTENTIAL DECAMERON.

Boissac. The *Decameron* is a work of great merit, and is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of the Italian language.

Master. It is a work of great merit, and is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of the Italian language.

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE NINTH CONVERSATION.

BOURNE. The task you propose is not an easy one, whether we consider the number of books we shall have to examine, or the attention they will require. We must not lose time if we are to complete it to-day and to-morrow.

ELLIOT. We must avoid digressions then as much as possible, keeping as strictly as we can to the tracts that have been written for and against theatrical performances.

BOURNE. And touching only upon those that are of the greatest rarity, and, of course, not bringing it down lower than the protectorate—the triumph of William Prynne, and the puritans. We must also limit ourselves in another respect; not to notice pieces that only introduce the subject of stage plays and actors incidentally, unless for some special purpose: our inquiry would otherwise be almost endless.

MORTON. Explain what you mean a little more

fully. I should feel very reluctant to omit any thing important or curious.

BOURNE. I can do so best, perhaps, by an example. Here, for instance, is a work which might easily draw us out of our course; as, besides being one of the earliest incidental censures of the stage, it contains a great deal of amusing matter: the title of it is, "The Fardle of facions, conteining the aunciente maners, customes, and Lawes of the peoples inhabiting the two partes of the earth, called Affrike and Asie. Printed at London by Ihon Kingstone," 1555. It is a production of great rarity.

ELLIOT. One does not readily see how in a treatise upon Africa and Asia, the author can introduce any thing about theatrical performances in England.

MORTON. I think he might do it very easily; when speaking of Asia, he would perhaps notice the plays of the Chinese, who are known to have had them represented some hundreds of years, at least, before they found their way into Europe.

ELLIOT. Very true: Voltaire's Orphan of China is founded upon an old Chinese play, a translation of which was published by Bishop Percy; and very lately a gentleman of the name of Davis (I think that was his name), put one of them into an English dress, called "An Heir in his old Age."

MORTON. In Parke's "Historie of the great and mightie kingdome of China," 1588, which has been before mentioned, there is a good deal regarding the theatrical representations of the Chinese.

BOURNE. I have not on my memory any thing of that kind: it must be curious. Here is the book; perhaps you will point it out.

MORTON. On p. 106, where it is said, "At these bankettes and feastes, there are present alwayes women gesters, who doo play and sing, vsing manie prettie gestes to cause delight, and make mirth to the gwestes: besides these they haue diuerse sortes of men with other instruments, as tombleres and players, who do represent their Comedies very perfectly and naturally."

BOURNE. "Women jesters" I never heard of before, but it does not seem that they were actresses.

MORTON. Further on, on p. 207 and p. 221, the "arguments," as they are called, of two of the plays represented, are inserted as from the mouth of an interpreter: there appears to be great simplicity about them, as you may judge from the following, which is one of them: "In times past there was in that countrie manie mightie and valiant men; but amongst them all, there was in particular three brethren that did exceede all the rest that euer were in mightinesse and valiantnesse. The one of them was a white man, the other was ruddish or hie coloured and the thirde blacke. The ruddish being more ingenious and of better industrie, did procure to make his white brother king, the which iudgement was agreeable vnto the rest. Then they altogether did take away the kingdome from him that did at

that time raigne, who was called *Laupicono*, an effeminate man and verie vicious. This they did represent verie gallantly with garmentes verie meete for those personages."

ELLIOT. This is enough to show, according to the account of travellers in China nearly two centuries and a half ago, that the dramatic exhibitions of the Chinese were in a very advanced state, both as to subject and what are now called *properties*.

MORTON. The story of the play is capable of considerable variety, but whether female characters were introduced into it we are not informed. The plot of the piece spoken of on p. 221, is somewhat more complicated. However, to go further into this subject, would be to commit the very error which it is our business to avoid. I interrupted you in your observations upon the "Fardle of Fashions."

BOURNE. The passage I had to produce from it does not deserve extracting so much as what you have just concluded; but it perhaps still merits notice, as connected in subject, and as containing an incidental blow at the theatrical amusements in England as they existed about the year 1555. The author, or rather translator, who inserts much original matter, is speaking of the Bramins and their employments, and it is observable that he calls them *Abrahmanes*, which affords a third and a plausible etymology to the two already conjectured, for the word Bramin or Brachman. "Thei couette no sightes, nor shewes

of misrule: no disguisings nor entreludes; but when thei be disposed to haue the pleasure of the stage thei entre into the regestre of their stories, and what thei finde there most fit to be laughed at, that do thei lamente and bewaile."

ELLIOT. That seems rather contradictory: I suppose it means that these Bramins, like very wise men, lament and bewail the follies of their ancestors: others may say,

*Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Sæcula;*

but they were above the vulgar prejudice.

BOURNE. Like Bottom, they "will condole in some measure," and congratulate themselves how much wiser they were than their predecessors. Watreman (the translator) goes on: "Thei delighte not, as many do, to heare olde wiues tales and fantasies of Robin hoode, but in studious consideration of the wondrefull workemanship of the world and the perfect disposinge of thinges in suche ordre of course and degree. Thei crosse no sease for merchaundise, ne learne no colours of Rhetoricque." The whole of the passage of which what I have read is the beginning, is aimed against the manners of the age, and particularly against "sightes, shewes of misrule, disguisings and entreludes."

MORTON. Yet, not long afterwards, what he complains of was partially remedied; our dramatic poets "entered into the register of their stories" in hi-

historical plays, and thus gave the audiences "the pleasure of the stage" which the Bramins enjoyed.

BOURNE. But they did not "lament and bewail" what "they found there most fit to be laughed at." In that respect our forefathers were not so sagacious as the Bramins, and if they had been, perhaps we might have now been neither wiser nor happier than the Indians. But not to pursue this further, I only introduced that quotation as one among many of the incidental attacks upon stage-plays.

MORTON. William Warner, the author of that popular poem of "Albion's England," which went through so many editions between 1586 and 1612, and contains so much good poetry and curious information, has made a heavy hit at the puritans, as the enemies of "meet sports," and among them theatrical representations, which he says they had "well near exiled."

"These Hypocrites for these three Gifts to their
Lauerna pray,
 Just to be thoght, Al to beguile, That none their
 guiles bewray:
 Their art is fayning good they want, and hiding bad
 they haue:
 Their Practise is selfe-praise, of praise all others to
 deprauē.
 On Loue, say some, waites Ielosie, but Ielosie wants
 loue,
 When curiously it ouer-plus doth idle Quarrels moue:

Best Puritaines are so ore-zeal'd, but should I terme
the rest,
Inhospitalous, Mutinous, and Hypocrites the best;
Insociable, Maleparte, foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neere all Troth, meet Sports and
Neighbourhood;
Learnings foes, contemptuously by them be Lawes
withstood.
Selfe-pleasers, Skorners, Harlots, Croners, against the
Haire in all:
Of their extreme, whence Atheisme breeds, bee
warning Hackets fall!
If euer England will in aught preuent her owne
Mishap,
Against these skorns (no terme too grosse) let Eng-
land shut the gap."

ELLIOT. You did right to call it a heavy hit, for the lines are monstrously lumbering. The censure they contain is, notwithstanding, severe, and, I dare say, generally true. Well then, if we are to hear no more of attacks on the stage by the way, in works not professing to treat of that subject, with what tract especially devoted to plays and amusements of the same class will you commence your examination?

BOURNE. That question is certainly not so easily answered. I might, perhaps, begin with the most rare tract, printed, as is supposed, by Pynson, in 1509, and called "The chirche of euyll men and women,

wherof Lucyfer is the head, and the members is all players dyssolute and synners reprobued." Mr. Dibdin, in his edition of Ames, does not profess to have seen a copy of it, and gives merely the account he found in Herbert's Appendix, and an extract from the Bodleian catalogue. It was valued in the library of Bryan Fairfax, in 1756, at £2 8s., but the sum cannot be named that a copy would now produce if brought to the hammer.

MORTON. I was the other day looking over a priced catalogue of the books belonging to Topham Beauclerc, which were sold in 1781, and I found the subsequent article connected with our present inquiry, and showing the astonishingly low price at which some, I believe, of the most valuable tracts on the stage sold at that date.

BOURNE. Read it by all means.

MORTON. The following were knocked down in one lot for only £3 6s.

"Gosson (Steph.) Playes confuted in five actions proving that they are not to be suffred in a Christian common weale, b. 1. dedicated to Sir Fr. Walsingham. No date.

A second and third blast of Retreate from Plaies and Theatres, showing the filthiness of Plaies in Times past and the abomination of them in the time present. Set forth by Anglo-phile Eutheo—impr. by Hen. Denham, 1580.

A manifest detection of the most vyle and detestable use of dyce-play by Gilb. Walker.

b. l. impr. by Abr. Vele: no date.

A dialogue between custome and Veritie concerning dauncing and minstrelsie. b. l. impr.

by Io. Alde. No date.

Maister Tho. Lodge his reply to Steph. Gosson touching Playes. b. l. no title.

The wyll of the Deuyll with his ten detestable commandments, by Geo. Gascoyne: impr. by Rich. Jones. no date.

Tho. Salter his contention between three bretheren, that is to say the Whoremonger, the Dronkard and the Dyce player. b. l. impr. for Tho. Gosson, 1580."

BOURNE. A most rare assemblage of tracts, any one of which would probably now sell for twice the sum that was then given for the whole, and several of them for much more. Gosson's and Lodge's pieces are among the most rare. Of Gascoyne's production what you have read is the only existing register, and from that it does not appear whether it did or did not include stage plays.

MORTON. He was himself a writer of plays: it would rather therefore be directed against some other horrible vice than that of visiting theatres.

BOURNE. Such literary tergiversation would by no means be without a parallel, and that in the instance of a writer just enumerated.

ELLIOT. Which of them?

BOURNE. Stephen Gosson, who, according to his own confession as I will show you presently, wrote several plays, and afterwards in the most violent terms abused theatrical representations.

ELLIOT. What were the names of the plays he wrote? Have any of them reached our time?

BOURNE. Nothing but their titles; it is stated that they were never printed: he wrote "Catilines Conspiracies," a Tragedy, "Captain Mario," a Comedy, and "Praise at parting," a Morality.

MORTON. And what were the titles of the pieces he published afterwards against stage-plays?

BOURNE. They were three; but the first, and the most notorious, is his "Schoole of Abuse containing a pleasant Inuective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Iesters, and such like Caterpillers of the Commonwealth."

ELLIOT. When did that "pleasant invective," if it be so, make its appearance?

BOURNE. The earliest edition I have seen is dated in 1579, but I am not sure that it was not before printed. Prynne, who is generally tolerably accurate as to dates, says in his *Histriomastix*, that it was printed "by allowance" in 1578, and this is rendered the more probable because it is certain that in 1579 "a short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse" was written by the same pen: to this we shall advert presently, and in the mean time I will

read you a brief passage or two from the "Schoole of Abuse" itself, that you may see how "pleasant" this "Invective" is. I advise you not to promise yourselves too much entertainment. The tract opens by adverting at some length to the estimation of poets in former ages.

MORTON. Has it no dedication, or did the author think the protection of a patron unnecessary to so laudable an undertaking?

BOURNE. I am obliged to you for reminding me of a circumstance I should otherwise have omitted. He ventured to dedicate it to Sir Philip Sidney, but Spenser, in one of his letters to his friend Gabriel Harvey, under date of 1580, tells him how it was received by "the president of nobleness and chivalry;" "New bookes (he says) I heare of none, but onely of one that writing a certaine booke called the *Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister *Sidney* was for his labour scorned; if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne. Suche follie is it not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whom we dedicate our bookes."

ELLIOT. That is just as it should have been;

"Poor Curio runs his labours to inscribe
To one who scorns the low detracting tribe,"
are lines very applicable to Gosson's predicament.

BOURNE. Yet notwithstanding he was "scorned,"

(whether it was that the "nature" of Sidney would not allow him to express it with severity) Gosson persisted in dedicating to him the "short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse," of which I have spoken. The first thing we have to do is to examine briefly the "Schoole of Abuse" itself. The subsequent quotation refers to the old theme of degeneracy of the age, the comparison being made between the condition of society in Gosson's time, and in the first state of barbarism of the people of England. "Oh what a wonderfull chaunge is this! Our wreastling at armes is turned to wallowing in ladies laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to ryot, our bowes into bolles, and our darts into dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttonie, Italy of wantonnesse, Spaine of pride, Fraunce of deceite and Duchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you shall finde the theaters of the one, the abuses of the other to be rife among vs: *experto crede*, I haue seene somewhat and therefore, I think, I may say the more."

ELLIOT. Does he mean by "*experto crede*" that he has "seen somewhat" of the foreign countries he names, or that he has had experience of the vices of his own?

BOURNE. I apprehend the last, for we do not know that he travelled: he was born in 1554, was entered at Oxford in 1572, and probably soon afterwards commenced poet and play-wright. What gave

him his disgust, whether the hisses of his audience or otherwise, there is no account, but returning to his university (from whence he dates his dedication to his "short Apologie" in 1579), he took orders and died in 1629. The most curious part of his "Schoole of Abuse" relates to himself and one of his own plays: it is this. He is speaking of some plays that may be endured, after having abused all plays, players, and poets, in general. "And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke which are as easily remembred as quickly reckoned.—The two prose bookes plaied at the Belsauage where you shall finde neuer a woorde without wite, neuer a line without pith, neuer a letter placed in vaine. The Iew and Ptolome showne at the Bull, the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of vsurers, the other very liuely describing how seditious estates with their owne deuices, false friends with their own swoordes, and rebellious commons in their own snares, are ouerthrowne: neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slouely talke hurting the eares of the chast hearers. The Blacke Smiths daughter and Catilins conspiracies vsually brought in to the theater; the firste contayning the trechary of Turkes, the honourable bountye of a noble minde, and the shining of vertue in distresse; the last, because it was knowne to be a pig of mine owne sowe, I will speake the lesse of it, onely giuing

you to vnderstand that the whole marke which I shot at in that woorke was to shoue the rewarde of traytors in Catilin, and the necessary gouernment of learned men in the person of Cicero, which foresees euery danger that is likely to happen and forstalles it continually ere it take effect."

MORTON. He only mentions here "Catiline's Conspiracies" as "a pig of his own sow" (most elegant phraseology to be sure), but he says nothing of his Comedy nor of his Morality.

BOURNE. They have been assigned to Gosson on other authorities, which it might be tedious to enumerate. He was also a pastoral poet, according to the account of Francis Meres, who mentions Gosson's name in conjunction with that of Spenser. Wood also bears testimony that he was celebrated "for his admirable penning of pastorals;" there are but two poems by Gosson now known, and only one of them is noticed by Ritson.

MORTON. Can you show us either of them? We might thus perhaps form some notion of his talents as a poet.

BOURNE. I can show you both, but one of them consists merely of commendatory stanzas prefixed to "The pleasant Historie of the conquest of the Weast India," by Thos. Nicholas, printed in 1578: the first stanza of it is very curious, as it plainly has an allusion to what you called Gosson's tergiversation, for here he laments "the follies of his youth,"

when he devoted his time to the idleness of poetry. The rest, though easily written, as if by a pen of some practice, is little more than an enlargement of the thought contained in the first six lines.

“ The Poet which sometimes hath trod awry,
And sung in verse the force of fire loue,
When he beholds his lute with carefull eye,
Thinks on the dumps that he was wont to proue :
His groning sprite yprickt with tender ruth
Calls then to mind the follies of his youth.”

MORTON. These lines were printed, you say, in 1578, probably then shortly before Gosson published his “ Schoole of Abuse.”

BOURNE. Most likely, and after he had again taken up his residence at Oxford to prepare himself for the church.

ELLIOT. The lines are not amiss, and the allusion to the sight of his lute bringing his youthful follies to his recollection is rather pretty. From whence do you take the other specimen of Gosson's skill in poetry?

BOURNE. From a translation by a person of the name of H. Kirton, called “ The Mirror of Mans life,” dedicated to Anne, Countess of Pembroke, and published in 1580. The book is rarely to be met with. If Gosson wrote no better when he was younger, it is strange how he acquired the reputation he undoubtedly obtained. But you shall hear the poem,

which is original, is not very long, and has not any where been extracted. It is called,

“Speculum humanum ;

Made by Ste. Gosson.

O what is man ? or whereof might he vaunt ?
From earth and aire, and ashes first he came :
His tickle state, his courage ought to daunt :
His life shall flit, when most he trusts the same.
Then keepe in minde thy moolde and fickle stame ;
Thyself a naked Adam shalt thou finde :
A babe by birth both borne and brought forth blind :
A drie and withered reede, that wanteth sap,
Whose rotten roote is refte, euen at a clap :
A signe, a shew of greene and pleasant grasse
Whose glyding glorie sodeinlie doth passe.
A lame and lothsome limping legged wight
That daily doth Gods frowne and furie feele,
A crooked cripple, voide of all delight,
That haleth after him an hauling heele,
And from Hierusalem on stilts doth reele :
A wretch of wrath, a sop in sorrow sowst,
A brused barke with billowes all bedowst,
A filthie cloth, a stinking clod of clay,
A sacke of sinne that shall be swallowed aye
Of thousand hels, except the Lord do lend
His helping hand, and lowring browes vnbend.
The prime of youth, whose greene vnmellowd yeres
With hoised head doth check the loftie Skies,

And set vp saile, and sternlesse ships ysteares,
With wind and wave at pleasure sure he flies :
On euery side then glance his rolling eies :
Yet hoary haire do cause them downe to drowp,
And stealing steps of age do make him stoup.

Our health that doth the web of wo begin,
And pricketh forth our pampred flesh to sin,
By sicknesse soakt in many maladies,
Shall turne our mirth to mone, and howling cries.

The wreathed haire of perfect golden wire,
The christall eies, the shining Angels face
That kindles coales to set the heart on fire,
When we doe thinke to runne a royall race,
Shall sodeinlie be gauled with disgrace ;
Our goods, our beautie, and our braue araie,
That seemes to set our hearts on hoigh for aie,

Much like the tender floure in fragrant fields,
Whose sugred sap sweet smelling sauour yeelds,
Though we therein doe dailie laie our lust,
By dint of death shall vanish vnto dust.

Why seeke ye then this lingring life to saue,
A hugie heape of bale and miserie ?

Why loue we longer daies on earth to craue,
Where carke, and care, and all calamitie,
Where nought we finde but bitter ioylitie ?
The longer that we liue, the more we fall,
The more we fall, the greater is our thrall,

The shorter life doth make the lesse account,
 To lesse account the reckning soone doth mount,
 And then the reckning brought to quiet end,
 A ioyfull state of better life doth lend.

Thou God therefore that rules the rolling Skie,
 Thou Lord that lends the props whereon we staie,
 And turnes the spheares, and tempers all on hie,
 Come, come in hast, to take vs hence awaie!
 Thy goodnesse shall we then engraue for aie,
 And sing a song of endlesse thanks to thee,
 That deignest so from death to set vs free:

Redeeming vs from depth of dark decaie,
 With foure and twentie Elders shall we saie,
 To him be glorie, power, and praise alone,
 That with the lambe doth sit in loftie throne.

Finis."

ELLIOT. I have had something to do to keep my patience till you arrived at the word *Finis*. I began to be tired of such stale sermonizing when you had read two stanzas; but the opening of the third pleased me, and certainly it is not so bad as what precedes it.

MORTON. I confess I wondered how you restrained your impetuosity, but I suppose the recollection that this is the only original poem known (with the exception of the commendatory verses before noticed), by a man of Gosson's celebrity, restrained you.

ELLIOT. Not at all: if an author write dull non-

sense, the more rare it is the better, nor do I feel myself at all more bound to hear it merely because it is rare.

BOURNE. It cannot be said that Gosson's lines are not generally flowing and harmonious, and if the morality be stale, we ought to recollect that it is now nearly 250 years old. In that time it might well become so.

ELLIOT. Now it is done, I do not mean to say that I regret having heard it; some of the lines run well enough, but

“ A filthie cloth, a stinking clod of clay,
A sack of sin that shall be swallow'd aye,”

are absurd enough, and those lines are not without “ companions vile to keep them countenance.”

BOURNE. It does not merit very minute criticism, and having read all that is necessary from “ the Schoole of Abuse,” we will now look at the “ short Apologie” for it, (as far as it really deserves the term) which is contained in a work by Gosson of severe puritanism, called “ The Ephemerides of Phialo deuoided into three books.” The last book only concerns our inquiry, which contains “ the Defence of a Courtezan ouerthrowen: and a short Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse against Poets, Pipers, Players and their excusers.” It was first printed in 1579, and again in 1586; in both cases, as I have said, with a dedication to Sir P. Sidney.

MORTON. Who had become the *excusers* of the players, &c. as he mentions?

BOURNE. Gosson says that the players had endeavoured to find a vindicator in one of the universities, and he had heard that they had at last actually employed some person in London to write "*Honest Excuses*" for them. This alludes to a tract by Thomas Lodge, of which I will speak presently. A few sentences from this "*Apologie*" by Gosson will satisfy all reasonable curiosity. He says in one place, "A theefe is a shrewde member in a Common wealth; he empties our bagges by force, these" (meaning players) "ransacke our purses by permission; he spoileth vs secretly, these rife vs openly; hee getts the vpperhand by blowes, these by merry iestes; he suckes our blood, these our manners; he woundes our bodie, these our soule." And thus having wound himself up to an antithetical climax, he exclaims, with all the affected and furious zeal of a Puritan, "O God, O men, O heauen, O earth, O tymes, O manners, O miserable daies!"

ELLIOT. All this must seem to us nothing short of absolute madness; with our present notions we cannot form an idea why the unhappy players should excite such deadly animosity, and call down such terrific anathemas.

BOURNE. It is astonishing; but nothing better than such publications as these let us into a knowledge of the religious spirit of the times. Pursuing his

contrast between a thief and a player, Gosson adds, with much solemnity, "He suffereth for his offence; these stroute without punishment vnder our noses, and lyke vnto a consuming fire are nourished stil with our decay." This pretended "Apologie" is, in truth, nothing but a reiteration of the first attack, and it ends in these words; "Wishing to my schoole some thriftier scholers, to players an honest occupation, and their excuser a better minde, I take my leave."

ELLIOT. And we have had enough of his company not to regret his departure. You said, I think, that Gosson wrote three pieces against the stage, and you have noticed two: what is the third?

BOURNE. It is called "Playes confuted in five actions, prouing that they are not to be suffred in a Christian Commonweale." This is a sermonizing production, and is divided like a play, into five acts or *actions*, and dedicated to Sir F. Walsingham. It has no date upon the title, but Prynne fixes it about 1581, and from what I am going next to offer it should seem that he is correct. I should observe, that in Reed's Shakespeare you will find sufficient quotations from this last tract by Gosson.

MORTON. What next then are you going to offer?

BOURNE. A book to which you must allow me to make a preface of my own, to render its application clear. In 1579 Gosson printed his "School of Abuse," and in the same year his "Ephemerides of Phialo," containing the "short Apology," and hinting

that an answer to the "School of Abuse" had been written by some person in London. This answer was in fact written by Thomas Lodge, and is the tract which is called, in Beauclerc's Catalogue, "Maister Tho. Lodge his reply to Steph. Gosson touching playes." That copy was without a title, and the tract is perhaps the very rarest of the rare pieces relating to the stage: Mr. Malone could never obtain a sight of it. You will presently learn the reason why it is so: a more perfect copy, however, does, they say, exist, and it is called "The Play of Playes," but the date has not been hitherto ascertained.

MORTON. And it contains the "honest excuses," spoken of by Gosson in his "Ephemerides of Phialo?"

BOURNE. It does, and that mention of it seems to fix the date, supported as it is by the most curious and important tract I now hold in my hand. You will not forget that Gosson's "Plays confuted in five actions," came out probably in 1581, dedicated to Sir F. Walsingham, and that it contained a severe and abusive attack upon Lodge.

ELLIOT. You excite one's curiosity: what is the tract in your hand?

BOURNE. I owe the use of it to the same liberal professor to whom I was indebted for *Micro-cynicon*, and I do not over-rate it when I say that it is, on every account, one of the most valuable tracts existing. One peculiar source of its curiosity does not appear on the title-page, which is thus worded:

“An Alarum against Vsurers. Containing tryed experiences against worldly abuses. Wherein gentlemen may finde good counsells to confirme them, and pleasant Histories to delight them: and euery thing interlaced with varietie, as the curious may be satisfied with the rarenesse, and the curteous with the pleasure. Hereunto are annexed the delectable historie of *Forbonius* and *Prisceria*: with the lamentable Complaint of Truth ouer England. Written by *Thomas Lodge*, of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gentleman. *O vita! misero longa, fœlici breuis*. Imprinted at London by T. Este, for Sampson Clarke,” &c. 1584.

MORTON. The title is sufficiently particular. I dare say the work is very rare, but now let us into the secret of the extraordinary emphasis you laid upon its especial value.

BOURNE. Its especial value, as connected with the immediate subject of our inquiry, is confined to the preliminary matter; but the nature and variety of the body of this hitherto unseen pamphlet, consisting of prose and poetry (the latter I think of great merit), form most important recommendations. The dedication is to Sir Philip Sidney, “indued with all perfections of learning and titles of Nobilitie,” who refused to accept the dedication of Gosson, and whom Lodge solicits to protect him “in these Primordia of my studies,” so that perhaps this “Alarum against Usurers” was only the second

time Lodge had appeared in print, his answer to Gosson being his first essay.

ELLIOT. At all events, it was one of his very early productions. Does the dedication comprize any thing else remarkable?

BOURNE. No, excepting that in the conclusion he again speaks of the hoped for "successe of this my firstlings." What I particularly call your attention to is an address, following the dedication, "To The Right worshipfull, my curteous friends, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court, Thomas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne Gentleman, wisheth prosperous successe in their studies, and happie euent in their tra-uailès." I will omit a preliminary sentence or two, and you will soon see why this epistle is important: he says, "Led then by these perswasions, I doubt not but as I haue alwayes found you fauourable, so now you will not cease to be friendly, both in protecting of this iust cause from uniust slander, and my person from that reproch which, about two yeares since, an iniurious cauiller obiected against me. You that know me, Gentlemen, can testifie that neyther my life hath bene so lewd as y^t my companie was odious, nor my behauour so light as that it shuld passe the limits of modestie: this notwithstanding, a licentious *Hipponax*, neither regarding the asperitie of the lawes touching slaunderous Libellers, nor the offspring from whence I came, which is not contemptible, attempted not only in publike

and reprochfull terms to condemn me in his writings, but also so to slander me as neither iustice shuld wink at so hainous an offēce, nor I pretermit a commodious reply."

ELLIOT. You infer then that Lodge there alludes to Gosson? It is certainly curious.

BOURNE. I do not infer it, because the very next sentence states it most distinctly. "About three yeres ago (continues Lodge) one *Stephen Gosson* published a booke, intituled *The Schoole of Abuse*, in which hauing escaped in many and sundry cōclusions, I, as the occasion thē fitted me, shapt him such an answere as beseemed his discourse, which by reason of the slendernes of y^e subiect (because it was in defēce of plaies and play makers) y^e godly and reuerent, y^t. had to deale in the cause, misliking it forbad the publishing: notwithstanding he comming by a priuate vnperfect coppye, about two yeres since, made a reply, diuiding it into fiue sectiōs."

MORTON. That is very clear indeed, and satisfactorily accounts for the extreme scarcity of Lodge's "Play of Plays;" he says it was not published, but it must have been printed, or a copy would not have come down to us, or got into Gosson's hands: after it had gone through the press, I suppose it was called in by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London?

ELLIOT. They had jurisdiction in these matters,

and ordered the burning of Marston's satires, and that no others should be printed.

BOURNE. They exercised the same power in several other well known cases. Gosson's reply, divided "into five sections," is indisputably his "Plays confuted in five actions," dedicated to Sir F. Walsingham; indeed Lodge goes on himself to particularise it, for he says immediately after what I last read; "and in his Epistle dedicatory, to y^e right honorable sir Frances Walsingham, he impugneth me with these reproches, y^t I am become a vagarāt person, visited by y^e heuy hand of God, lighter then libertie, and looser thē vanitie. At such time as I first came to y^e sight heerof (iudge you, gentlemen, how hardly I could disgest it) I bethought my selfe to frame an answere, but considering y^t. the labour was but lost, I gaue way to my misfortune, contenting my selfe to wait y^e opportunitie wherein I might, not according to the impertinacie of the iniurye, but as equitye might countenance mee, cast a raine ouer the vn-tamed curtailes chaps, and wiping out the suspition of this slander from the remēbrance of those y^t knew me, not counsell this iniurious *Asinius* to become more conformable in his reportes." After adding that such an opportunity now offers itself, he goes on thus pleasantly and easily: "And now, *Stephen Gosson*, let me but familiarly reason with thee thus. Thinkest thou y^t in handling a good cause it is re-

quisite to induce a fals propositiō: although thou wilt say it is a part of Rethorike to argue *A Persona*, yet is it a practise of small honestie to conclude without occasion: if thy cause wer good, I doubt not but in so large & ample a discourse as thou hadst to handle, thou mightst had left the honor of a gentleman inuiolate. But thy base degree, subiect to seruile attempts, measureth all things according to cauelling capacitie, thinking because nature hath bestowed vpō thee a plausible discourse, thou maist in thy sweet termes present the sowrest & falsest reportes y^u canst imagine."

MORTON. Lodge does not seem disposed to retort upon Gosson much of the abuse he had not scrupled to heap upon Lodge.

BOURNE. He deals with Gosson very good humouredly, telling a story (and citing Petrarch as his authority), of a nobleman who went into a gentleman's stable, and was struck by the servant, who did not know his rank on account of "his plaine coat," but who afterwards most humbly apologized when he saw the gentleman, to his great astonishment, dining with his master: Lodge applies it thus. "So at this instant esteeme I, M. Gosson hath dealt with me, who not mesuring me by my birth, but by y^e subiect I hādled, like Will Summer striking him y^t stood next him, hath vpbraided me in person whē he had no quarrell but to my cause, & therein pleaded his owne indiscretiō, & loded me with intollerable in-

iurie." All this you will not deny is very remarkable, and well worth reading, more particularly as the tract was scarcely ever heard of before.

MORTON. Most assuredly in a biographical point of view, and as connected with the history of the stage, it is highly interesting. But what does Lodge mean by talking so much about his "birth," and the "offspring from whence he came?"

ELLIOT. It is clear enough; he claims to be descended of a good family.

BOURNE. Certainly, yet nothing of his family is known; but it is said that he came out of Lincolnshire. There is a small 12mo tract, called "The Mirror of Modesty" (different from Robert Greene's, and probably published soon afterwards in imitation of his title), by T. Salter, which is dedicated to Sir Thomas Lodge; and it is not impossible that Thomas Lodge the poet was of that family: but this is mere vague conjecture, and I have nothing at all to confirm it.

MORTON. Does Lodge say no more about Gosson than what you have read?

BOURNE. Yes; after two or three classical allusions, rather in the pedantic style of the times, comparing him to Nicanor, he concludes by again complimenting Gosson on his facility in composition. "Whose actions, my reprob, I will now fit to thee, who hauing slandered me without cause, I will no otherwise reuenge it but by this meanes; that now

in publike I confesse thou hast a good pen, and if thou keepe thy Methode in discourse, and leaue thy slandering without cause, there is no doubt but thou shalt bee commended for thy coppye, and praised for thy stile." Now I have a right to say, that this is an important tract, and not the less so because its peculiar value was not known before.

ELLIOT. The whole of the address places Lodge's character in a very candid and amiable point of view.

MORTON. And making a few allowances, it is written in a very unpretending and pleasing vein. It makes one long to look at the body of the tract such an epistle introduces.

BOURNE. If you please, we will not do so now, as it would throw us completely out of our course: suppose we reserve it as the first subject of examination to-morrow.

MORTON. Following it up by a conclusion of our inquiries regarding the stage—with all my heart.

ELLIOT. And mine; but just this moment, on the page opposite to that where Lodge's address concludes, my eye caught the name of Barnabe Rich, in large characters—what is that?

BOURNE. He has two stanzas "in praise of the author." They were friends, and Lodge in the same way praises Rich's "Don Simonides," 1581. The lines before us purport to be written by "Barnabe Rich, Gentleman Souldier," a character of which he was not a little proud: they are not good, but as

they relate to Gosson, and, in fact, contain a pun on his name, we may very fitly read them now.

“ If that which warnes the young beware of vice,
 And schooles the olde to shunne vnlawfull gaine;
 If pleasant stile and method may suffice,
 I thinke thy trauaile merits thanks for paine:
 My simple doome is thus in tearmes as plaine;
 That both the subiect and thy stile is good,
 Thou needs not feare the scoffes of Momus brood.

“ If thus it be, good Lodge, continue still;
 Thou needst not feare Goose sonne or Ganders
 hisse,
 Whose rude reportes past from a slaundrous quill,
 Will be determind but in reading this,
 Of whom the wiser sort will thinke amis,
 To slaunder him whose birth and life is such
 As false report his fame can neuer tuch.”

ELLIOT. Much cannot be said in favour of Rich's pun, yet I dare say it answered the purpose.

BOURNE. It might turn the laugh against Gosson for a time, though not quite so good as Tom Nash's pun, when in his “Lenten Stuff,” 1599, he dignifies a red herring with the name of *Scali-ger*. Five other stanzas, prefixed by “John Jones Gentleman,” are not worth reading: he was a physician, and wrote several medical tracts, and calls Lodge, in 1584, “a youth.” We will now close the “Alarum against Usurers” until to-morrow.

MORTON. On turning over the leaves of the two first books of Gosson's "Ephemerides of Phialo," 1579, I have found a short metrical translation from Ovid without rhyme. He has therefore some claim to be noticed among the earliest writers of blank verse.

BOURNE. He has, but that is a mere scrap, which I certainly forgot when we were upon that subject. I, however, made a more important omission of Queen Elizabeth, who has translated a chorus of one of Seneca's tragedies into blank verse, though it hardly comes within the class of undramatic blank verse. You will find it inserted in Park's "Royal and Noble Authors," I. 102, so that the circumstance was of the less consequence.

ELLIOT. Dismissing that, what tract respecting stage plays are we next to see?

BOURNE. One which is interspersed with more poetical scraps than are usually found in works of the kind, though no blank verse. Chaucer and Brandt's "Stultifera Navis in English," are cited in it as authorities. The title is sufficiently explanatory, "A Treatise wherein Dicing, Dauncing, Vaine playes or Enterluds with other idle pastimes &c. commonly vsed on the Sabboth day are reprobued," &c. "Made Dialogue wise by John Northbrooke," &c. 4to.

MORTON. That, I apprehend, is one of the most notorious of the pieces against the stage.

BOURNE. It has not been unfrequently alluded to,

but never criticised. It was first printed, I believe, in 1579, and was sold by the same bookseller as Gosson's tract, Tho. Dawson. The edition I have here is of greater rarity, and is "imprinted by H. Bynneman for George Byshop."

ELLIOT. The title states that it is conducted in the form of a dialogue: that may give it spirit and variety.

BOURNE. As the interlocutors are Youth and Age, you will not be induced to form a very lively notion of their discussion. Youth is represented as a very docile, well dispositioned young man, who has got a few wrong notions into his head, which Age endeavours to expel. The author was a preacher at Bristol, from whence he dates his work, and it is unquestionable that he was a man of very considerable attainments. In the prefatory matter he draws the following curious but exaggerated picture of the manners of his time: "What is a man now a dayes, if he know not fashions, and how to weare his apparel after the best fashion? to kepe company and to become Mummers and Diceplayers and to play their twentie, forty or 100 li. at Cards, Dice, &c. Post, Cente, Gleke, or such other games: if he cannot thus do he is called a myser, a wretch, a lobbe, a cloune, and one that knoweth no fellowship, nor fashions, and lesse honestie."

ELLIOT. If that be a fair specimen, he deals as much as his predecessor Gosson in general invectives.

BOURNE. Not quite; he enters more into particulars as he proceeds, after the conversation between Youth and Age has begun. The first part of the pamphlet is principally directed against idleness, and the arguments of Age are supported by many recondite authorities: at length Youth observes, "Seing that we haue somewhat largely talked and reasoned together of ydle playes and vaine pastimes, let me craue your further patience to knowe your iudgement and opinion as touching Playes and Players which are commonly vsed and much frequented in most places in these dayes, especiall ye here in this noble and honourable citie of London." To which Age answers, "You demaunde of me a harde question: if I should vtterly deny all kinde of suche playes, then shoulde I be thought too Stoicall and precise: If I allowe and admit them in generall then I shall giue way to a thousande mischiefes and inconueniences which daily happen by occasion of beholding and haunting such spectacles. Therefore let me vnderstande of what sort and kynde of Playes you speake of?"

MORTON. All these particulars are curious and entertaining, and show that at the time Northbrooke wrote, theatres were much more frequented than is generally supposed.

BOURNE. This author, in terms, mentions one playhouse distinguished by the name of "the theatre," and another called "the Curtaine." Youth requires Age to give his opinion regarding the "playes and

Enterludes" there performed, and Age replies with great warmth, "I am persuaded that Sathan hath not a more speedie way and fitter Schoole to work and teache his desire, to bring men and women into his snare," &c. following it up by an enumeration of the many horrible vices he imagines grow out of frequenting theatres. As to the actors, he insists that "they are not tollerable nor sufferable in any comon weale." This topic is kept up through many tedious pages of reiterated abuse.

ELLIOT. Neither knowledge nor amusement is to be obtained from such senseless ravings.

BOURNE. Unless we can laugh at the author: Age engrosses a great part of the conversation, and after a vast number of coarse names and epithets applied to unfortunate players, he winds up a detail of measures taken against them by the subsequent sentence, "Also there is a notable Statute made against Vagabondes, Roges, &c. wherein is expressed what they are, that shall bee taken and accounted for Roges. Amongst all the whole rablement, Common players in Enterludes are to be taken for Roges and punishment is appoynted for them to bee burnte through the eare with an hote yron of an ynche compasse and for the second fault to be hanged as a Felon."

MORTON. Alluding to the celebrated statute passed in the year 1572.

ELLIOT. Of course. The old zealot seems quite to gloat over the account he is giving of the punishment of a wretched actor, "to be burnt through the

ear with a hot iron of an inch compass." He attacks them all, with a perfect conviction that the whole race ought to be exterminated, *Parli chi vuole il contrario, Iddio et la Verita per me l'arme prenderanno.*

MORTON. In this respect he even goes beyond Gosson, who allows that some kinds of plays may be beneficial, or, at least, not injurious.

BOURNE. He would not have granted that, in all probability, had not Catiline's Conspiracies, and some other plays, been "pigs of his own sow." I do not think we need go further with Northbrooke: the last part of his tract is directed against the "horrible abuse of dauncing," but this is not to our purpose. We will now inspect one of the most popular, varied, and entertaining of all the books of this class, Philip Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses;" but from which so much has been extracted at various times, and in various books, that it will not long occupy us. The title promises a great deal of singular matter, and the body of the work fulfils that promise. It is this: "The Anatomie of Abuses: Containing a Discouerie or briefe Summarie of such Notable Vices and Corruptions, as now raigne in many Christian Countreyes of the Worlde: but (especially) in the Country of AILGNA: Together with most fearefull Examples of Gods Iudgementes executed vpon the wicked for the same, aswell in Ailgna of late as in other places elsewhere. Very godly to be read," &c.

ELLIOT. And among these "notable vices," the vice of stage-plays is, I suppose, included.

BOURNE. The attack upon theatres and actors forms a very considerable and important part of the work. This edition you see bears date in 1585, being "printed at London by Richard Jones;" but it is said, on the title, to be the third, and is the most complete, as it was "revised, recognized and augmented" by the author, Philip Stubbs or Stubbes. I apprehend that this work made its earliest appearance in 1583, and it was so popular, so patronized by the increasing and intolerant sect of the puritans, that, I believe, it went through two editions in the same year, and was printed many times (I cannot now exactly state how many) before 1595.

ELLIOT. Who was Stubbes? Was he a man of any note before he wrote this book?

BOURNE. No trace of him is to be found: all our biographers are nearly silent regarding him. Anthony Wood, who claims him for his university, states, that he was of genteel parentage, and on the title-page to his "Motive to Good Works," 1593, Stubbes styles himself "Gentleman." His "Anatomy of Abuses" produced a strong sensation when it was first printed, and Thomas Nash, who wrote against the puritans or martinists, did not fail to aim one of his satirical shafts at the work in hand. In his "Almond for a Parrot or Cuthbert Curry-knaues Almes," &c. printed, most likely, soon afterwards, he has this passage regarding Stubbes, though he did not think it prudent to insert his name at length: "I can tell you *Phil. Stu.* is a tall man also for that

purpose. What, his *Anatomie of Abuses* for all that will serue very fitly for an antispast before one of Egertons Sermons. I would see the best of your *Trauerses* write such a treatise as he hath done against short-heeld pantofles. But one thing, it is a great pity for him, that being such a good fellow as he is he should speake against dice as he doth." He here means to ridicule the trifles against which most of the puritanical writers and preachers directed their vehemence.

MORTON. Nash is the man, who, according to Mr. D'Israeli, by his wit and satire wrote down Martin-marprelate and his associates, when all their serious assailants produced no effect.

BOURNE. That he silenced them for a time, is, I believe, certain, and so far he wrote them down. The piece from which I just quoted is dedicated to Kempe, a celebrated actor and humorist of that time, who is called "Jestmonger and Vice-gerent general to the ghost of Dicke Tarlton," also a most notorious performer, whose name has previously occurred, and will again be mentioned.

ELLIOT. I see that Stubbes's work is conducted in the form of a dialogue between two abstract personages, Messrs. *Spudeus* and *Philoponus*. He touches upon many kind of abuses in *Ailgna*, or Anglia, but mainly, in the commencement, upon pride of apparel, the excess of which, both in men and women, seems to put him into a violent and unrestrainable passion.

BOURNE. He is so furious in his assault, and so coarse in his epithets regarding plays and players, that it would not be easy to quote him in all companies. Referring to the stage, he maintains that actors are the authors of sensual vices of all kinds, "For prooffe whereof (he adds) but marke the flocking and running to Theaters and Curtens daylie and hourelie, night and daie, tyme and tide, to see Plaies and Enterludes, where suche wanton gestures, suche bawdie speeches, such laughing and flearyng, suche kissing and bussing, suche clippyng and culling, such wincking and glauncing of wanton eyes, and the like is vused, as is wonderfull to beholde. Then these goodly Pageantes beyng ended, euery mate sortes to his mate, euery one bringes an other homewarde of their waie very freendly, &c. * * And whereas you saie, there are good Examples to be learned in them, truely so there are: if you will learne falshood; if you will learne cosenage; if you will learne to deceiue; if you will learne to plaie the hipocrite, to cogge, to lye, and falsifie; if you will learne to iest laugh and fleere, to grinne to nodde and mowe; if you will learne to plaie the vice, to sweare, teare and blaspheme both *Heauen* and *Earth*."

ELLIOT. A most eloquent and forcible reduplication: it must have cost the author not a little trouble to collect so many terms of abuse, and to apply them as he has done.

MORTON. One would really suppose, if one took these representations for granted, that our ancestors, who frequented theatres, were much more immoral than ourselves.

BOURNE. Another short extract will, I dare say, satisfy you: it is Stubbes's conclusion, in which he formally denounces plays, acting, and actors. "Awaie therefore with this so infamous an arte, for goe they neuer so braue yet are they coūted and taken but for beggers. And is it not true? Liue they not vppon begging of euery one that comes? Are they not taken by the Lawes of the Realme for roagues and vacabounds? (I speake of such as trauaile the Countries with Plaies and Enterludes, making an occupation of it) and ought so to bee punished, if they had their deserts. But hop yng that they will be warned now at the last, I will say no more of them; beseeching them to cansider what a fearefull thing it is to fall into the handes of God, and to prouoke his wrath and heauie displeasure against themselues and others. Which the Lorde of his mercie tourne from vs."

ELLIOT. Milton, in the preface to his "Doctrine, &c. of Divorces," asserts that "the greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the Church but of imaginary and scare crow sins at home." The latter kind seems mightily to have troubled the writers against the stage.

BOURNE. Having bestowed as much time as we can afford on Stubbes's "Anatomie of Abuses," we

will proceed to another production, not so long nor so celebrated: I shall be very brief with it, because I have mentioned it before. I mean a small tract appended by Whetstone to his "Mirror for Magistrates of Cities," 1584, and called "An Addition or Touchstone for the Time: exposyng the daingerous Mischiefes that the Dicyng Howses (comonly called) Ordinarie Tables, and other (like) Sanctuaries of Iniquitie, do dayly breede within the Bowelles of the famous Citie of London."

MORTON. You read from it, I remember, a curious anecdote of Judge Chumley.

BOURNE. I did, and some matter personally relating to Whetstone. I shall now only quote a very short notice by him of theatrical performances: it is included in that part of his work which is called "A Remembrance of the disordered State of the Commonwealth, at the Queenes Maiesties commyng to the Crowne," and the passage is as follows: "The godly Diuines in publique Sermons, and others in printed Bookes haue (of late) uery sharply inuayed against Stage-playes (vnproperly called Tragedies, Comedies and Moralles) as the Sprynges of many vices and the stumblyng-blockes of Godlynesse and Vertue: Truely the vse of them vpon the Saboth day, and the abuse of them at all times with scurilytie and vnchaste cōueiance, ministred matter sufficient for them to blame, and the Maiestrate to reforme."

ELLIOT. He seems very measured in his reprobation.

tion of stage-plays: he only censures the "abuse of them."

MORTON. He might well be cautious and scrupulous on this point, when we recollect that he had himself written two plays, or one play in two parts, called "Promos and Cassandra," printed in 1578. You do not mean that what you have just read is all that Whetstone says upon the subject of Theatres?

BOURNE. Very nearly: he goes on, however, to remark: "But there are within the Bowels of this famous Citie farre more daungerous Playes and little reprehended; that wicked Playes of the Dice, first inuented by the Deuyll (as *Cornelius Agrippa* writeth) and frequented by vnhappy men: the detestable Roote vpon which a thousand villanies growe." It is against the last that his enmity is directed, and to them all his details relate; he only touches upon theatrical performances by the way.

ELLIOT. When he speaks of the "printed books" in which stage-plays were inveighed against, he refers of course to Gosson, Northbrooke, and Stubbes: to whom does he allude when he says that stage-plays had been abused in "public sermons?"

BOURNE. You have reminded me of a tract I had forgotten to notice in its proper place, and yet it is precisely in point here.

MORTON. Do you mean a Sermon on the subject?

BOURNE. A production of that class, and a work, I can assure you, that is not often met with. I will

read the title, and then, if further explanation be necessary, I will give it: it is called "A Godly exhortation by occasion of the late iudgement of God shewed at Paris-garden, the thirteenth day of Ianvarie: where were assembled by estimation aboue a thousand persons, whereof some were slaine and of that number at the least, as is credibly reported, the thirde person maimed and hurt. Giuen to all estates for their instruction concerning the keeping of the Sabbath day." It is by "John Field, Minister of the Word of God," and was printed in 1583. There are many accounts of the catastrophe to which the tract relates. Paris Garden, you know, was a place where bears were baited, and the greatest number of spectators was obtained on Sundays.

MORTON. The fact is mentioned at some length in Pennant's London.

BOURNE. And elsewhere, so that we need not go over the shocking picture this pious preacher draws of the calamity.

ELLIOT. I do not see the pertinency of this "Godly exhortation" to our present inquiry, unless something be said about theatrical representations.

BOURNE. Supposing nothing more were said, you would not have much right to complain, considering that bear-baiting and stage-plays were generally coupled by the puritans; but if you had waited, I should have finished by this time the following paragraph in the tract, which is curious, as alluding to the

abolition of theatrical performances on Sunday, previous to 1583. Field is exhorting the Lord Mayor, &c. of London to use their influence to abolish bear-baiting, "And as" (he observes) "they haue with good commendation so far preuailed, that vpon Saboath dayes these Heathenische *Enterludes* and *playes* are banished, so it wyll please them to followe the matter still, that they may be vtterly rid and taken away. For surely it is to be feared, besides the destruction bothe of bodye and soule, that many are brought vnto by frequenting the *Theater*, the *Curtin* and such like, that one day those places will likewise be cast downe by God himselfe." That, I fancy, you will consider to the point.

ELLIOT. Certainly; but I thought, from what you read from Whetstone just now under date of 1584, that stage-plays on Sundays were then acted.

BOURNE. If you refer to his words again, you will perceive that they are ambiguous, and that he is only expressing an opinion in favour of what had already been decided by the higher powers. Besides, it is clear that they were abolished when Field wrote in 1583, and that they were not abolished when the tract I have now in my hand was printed, viz. 1580.

MORTON. So that you fix the period between 1580 and 1583. This is important, because our stage historians have not hitherto settled the date with any precision: one of the most learned says, with extreme laxity, "During a great part of

Queen Elizabeth's reign the play-houses were only licenced to be opened on that day (i. e. Sunday); but before the end of her reign, *or soon after*, this abuse was probably removed."

BOURNE. I am not sure that it would not be possible to come even nearer the precise date than we have at present arrived. I am not aware, however, of any intermediate work, between 1580 and 1583, where the fact is noticed. I may add, that Mr. Chalmers (Sup. Apol. 185.) states, incorrectly certainly, that the exhibition of plays on Sunday was not forbidden until 1587.

ELLIOT. From Field's "Exhortation" you find that in 1583 stage-plays were "banished" on the Sabbath: where then do you learn that they were not banished in 1580?

BOURNE. From this little piece, by Arthur Golding, the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and who, you may recollect, was enumerated by Abraham Fleming among the writers upon the same earthquake that employed his pen. This is the tract he published on that occasion.

MORTON. The title I see is this: "A discourse vpon the Earthquake that happened through this realme of Englande and other places of Christendom, the sixt of Aprill, 1580," &c. "Written by Arthur Golding, Gentleman." It seems wholly religious.

BOURNE. It is: the date, 1580, and the printer's name, Henry Binneman, are to be found at the end;

but if you will give me the book, I can save trouble by pointing out the particular paragraph that relates to this subject: the rest is a mere dull discourse, principally to show that earthquakes are to be looked upon as the judgments of God, and not as proceeding from natural causes.

MORTON. There is no occasion, as I have it here.

ELLIOT. Read it, then, but no more than is to our purpose: we can very well omit all the rest.

MORTON. It is not long. "The Saboth dayes and holy dayes ordayned for the hearing of Gods word to the reformation of our lyues, for the administration and receiuing of the Sacramentes to our comfort, for the seeking of all things behouefull for bodye or soule at Gods hande by prayer, for the mynding of his benefites, and to yeelde praise and thankes vnto him for the same, and finally for the speciall occupying of our selves in all spirituall exercises"——

ELLIOT. I am sure you must be reading more than is necessary: Golding is a long time coming to the point.

MORTON. These are only ambages to give the more effect to what follows: he adds, that the Sabbath, instead of being employed as he has described, "is spent full heathenishly, in tauerning, tipling, gaming, playing and beholding of Beare-baytings *and stage-playes* to the vtter dyshonor of God, impeachment of all godlynesse and vnnecessary consuming of mennes substances which ought to be better employed."

BOURNE. That is all we need read ; but I will just add, upon this point, that Stephen Gosson, in 1579, in his " School of Abuse," bears wrathful testimony to the performance of plays on Sunday.

ELLIOT. The point (an important one, I allow) being thus settled by the testimony of Golding, what do you next offer us ?

BOURNE. We will now examine the work of a man, whom I mentioned some days ago as a satirist, as author of a sonnet before Bodenham's Belvedere, 1600, but principally as the writer of the tract which now comes under our review, called " A Mirour of Monsters : Wherein is plainely described the manifold vices and spotted enormities that are caused by the infectious sight of Playes, with the description of the subtile slights of Sathan making them his instruments." London, 1587. It is by Wil. Rankin or Rankins, and is one of the pamphlets against the stage that is most rarely met with. One singularity in it is a description (though not a very intelligible one), of a sort of mask or pageant on the marriage of *Fastus* and *Luxuria*, two of the prime favourites of Sathan, and favourers of Actors. The personages who perform are six, viz. Idleness, Flattery, Ingratitude, Ugly Dissension, Blasphemy, and Impudence. As this description is inserted late, I will first read a sentence or two against stage-players in *Terralbon*, to which country the author states he had travelled : " When first these monsters came into *Terralbon* such was their proud

presumption, that they feared not to prophane the Sabbaoth, to defile the Lord's daie, to scoffe at his word, and to stage his wrath. But when the King of kings sawe his scepter broken, his crowne trode vnder feete of the vngodlie, his roabes rent, naye the glorie of his Sonne darkened with the head of this monstrous Beast, he stretched out his mightie arme, and with the rod of his Iustice brused the bones of them that prophaned his Sabbaoth, defiled his sacred daye and scoffed at his holie word. Then Justice pulled off hir vaile and with a cleare foresight (beholding the same) so ordained it that these monsters dare no longer roare on the Sabaoth of the Lorde."

ELLIOT. Here also is evidence of the abolition of stage-playes on Sundays, in the year 1587.

BOURNE. There can be no doubt of that fact: the last paragraph, as appears by a marginal note, alludes to the melancholy accident that happened at Paris Garden in 1583, of which we have spoken already.

MORTON. Where is the account of the mask?

BOURNE. There is no regular detail of it beyond the names of the maskers, nor are any of the speeches inserted: the description is only general. Two addresses by *Fastus* and *Luxuria* on the arrival of the maskers at their palace, *Κοιλοφρεαρ*, from the dominion of Belzebub, are given; but one of them, the welcome spoken by the lady, you will find quite

sufficient, or more than sufficient: she says, “ My Lorde and espoused husband *Fastus* (you inhabitants of y^e infernal world) hath alreadie showne you by the zeale of his louing hart, the *simpathy* of whose minde consisteth in my selfe, that whatsoeuer he shall seeme to allowe of duety and loue I beare him, besides the favor I owe vnto you, confirmeth the same in me, so farre then wherein the power or duetifull seruice of a sillye woman consisteth or may offer requitall, let it be expected; for duety wylls so much, and your curtesie commandes no lesse: you are therefore hartily welcome to our Castle of *Κοιλοφρεαρ*.”

ELLIOT. There is certainly nothing at all remarkable in that.

BOURNE. Perhaps not, but in several respects this tract differs from the usual strain of laborious and dull invective, in which pieces with the same object were usually written, overburdened with quotations from the Scriptures and the Fathers. Of this the work of Dr. Rainoldes, to which we shall come presently, is a tedious example.

ELLIOT. Have you any thing more to offer us from Rankin—any thing a little better than the last extract, I mean?

BOURNE. There is a passage regarding the general condition of England, and in praise of Queen Elizabeth and her government, that I might read if you had patience; but the author of this “ Mirror

of Monsters" only speaks very generally on these topics.

MORTON. You mentioned just now the coupling of plays and bear-baiting by the puritanical writers, but I recollect that they even go further: Stubbes especially denounces May-games as one of the same "pomps of the Devil."

BOURNE. And so the puritans continued to do even down to the Restoration. This small tract by Thomas Hall, "B. D. and Pastor of King's Norton," who abused John Webster the player as the writer of *Academiarum Examen*, is a violent and singular attack upon May-games in the year 1660.

ELLIOT. You call it violent and singular: the violence, I suppose, arises out of the author's zeal, but in what does the singularity consist?

BOURNE. In the manner in which the subject is handled: the title is not a little remarkable—it is called "*Fvnebria Floræ*, the downefall of May-Games. Wherein is set forth the rudeness, prophane-ness, stealing, drinking, fighting, dancing," &c. "contempt of God and godly Magistrats, Ministers and People, which oppose the Rascality and rout in this their open prophaneness and Heathenish Customs," and a great deal more of the same kind of abuse, some of it much too coarse to be extracted.

MORTON. That remark applies, more or less, to nearly all the publications I have seen against the theatre: the authors are never at all scrupulous in

using the most offensive terms they could discover or invent.

BOURNE. Hall merits the same censure, but we will pass over that part of his pamphlet, observing, by the way, that he bitterly complains “that even in Cheapside it self the rude rabble had set vp this Ensign of prophaneness and had put the Lord Mayor to the trouble of seeing it pulled down.”

ELLIOT. Cheapside was then little better than an open market-place. I suppose the reverend author considers a May-game as a sort of idolatrous worship of a pole.

BOURNE. You have guessed rightly; but the most ludicrous part of his attack, is a mock trial of the heathen patroness of these sports, under the title of “the Inditement of Flora,” in which this “Floralian harlot” is regularly arraigned, and a jury impannelled for her trial.

MORTON. A monstrous absurdity.

BOURNE. Yet detailed with the utmost gravity and solemnity, as if it were the formal proceeding of a constituted court. You shall see: it begins thus—The clerk says,

“Flora—hold vp thy hand:

“Thou art indited by the name of Flora of the City of Rome, in the County of Babylon, for that thou contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord, his Crown and Dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical Fanaticks viz, Ignorants, Atheists, Papists,

Drunkards, Swearers, Swash-bucklers, Maid-mar-
rions, Morrice-Dancers, Maskers, Mummers, May-
pole-stealers, Health-drinkers, together with a ras-
calian rout of Fiddlers, Fools, Fighters, Gamesters,
Whore-masters, Lewd-men, Light-women, Con-
temners of Magistracy, Affronters of Ministry, re-
bellious to Masters, disobedient to Parents, mis-
spenders of time, abusers of the creature."

ELLIOT. What says the poor prisoner at the bar
to this accusation—does she plead guilty or not
guilty?

BOURNE. The following colloquy occurs between
Flora and the judge.

Judge. What sayest thou, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty, My Lord.

Judg. By whom wilt thou be tried?

Pris. By the Popes-Holiness, my Lord.

Judg. He is thy Patron and Protector, and so
unfit to be a Judge in this case.

Pris. Then I appeal to the Prelates, and Lord
Bishops, my Lord.

Judg. This is but a tiffany put off, &c.

Pris. Then I appeal to the rout and rabble of the
world.

Judg. These are thy followers and thy favourites,
and so unfit to be Judges in their own case.

Pris. My Lord if there be no remedy, I am con-
tent to be tried by a Jury.

Judg. Thou hast well said, thou shalt haue a full fair and a free hearing."

MORTON. The English bishops and the Romish pope are here considered much upon a par: Hall was a furious mar-prelate, I have no doubt. Does the unhappy prisoner obtain a full, fair, and free hearing?

BOURNE. You may judge from this fact, that the judge acts as the crown advocate, and the jury are both jurymen and witnesses: but we have not arrived at the end of the ridiculousness of this mock trial. Holy-Scriptures is the first called to come into court.

"*Holy-Scriptures.* My Lord, I cannot get in.

Judg. Who keeps you out.

Holy-Scriptures. My Lord here is a company of ignorant, rude, prophane, superstitious, Atheistical persons that will not suffer me to come in.

Judg. Cryer, knock down those prophane persons and make room for *Holy-Scriptures* to come in."

ELLIOT. He is as summary as Jack Cade with the soldier, who omitted to call him Lord Mortimer; "Knock him down there!"

BOURNE. After the evidence of this juryman is received, a little flattery of the newly restored Charles II. is inserted, for the prisoner declares, "My Lord, I and my retinew are uery much deceived in this Charls the Second; we all conceited that he was for us: my Drunkards cryed, a Health to the King:

the Swearers swore a Health to the King so long till they swore themselves out of health. The Papist, the Atheist, the Roarer and the Ranter, they all concluded that now their day was come, but alas how are we deceived !”

MORTON. Or rather how were the puritans deceived in their hopes of Charles.

BOURNE. To proceed with the trial: the ordinance of parliament of 1644 for keeping holy the Lord's day, the Solemn League and Covenant, an order from the Council of State, and Ovid, (with a passage from his *Fasti*, lib. 5,) with some others, compose the rest of the jury, who find the prisoner guilty; and then follows “the awful sentence of the law,” as it is called, which is, perpetual banishment. Such is the result of the “full, fair, and free hearing” poor Flora obtains. This is really all that is worth reading in the tract.

ELLIOT. Then we need not detain ourselves further with it.

BOURNE. If so, we have advanced as far as Dr. Rainoldes's “Overthrow of Stage-Plays,” 1599.

MORTON. That is one of the most notorious works upon the subject, and I suppose one of the least scarce, as there was a second edition of it in 1629, which is not unfrequently met with at book sales.

BOURNE. It is, and while it is one of the longest, most learned, and most laboured, it contains even less information than others regarding the state of

the stage; in fact, although the question is handled generally in some places, the principal object of the author was to abolish the then prevailing custom of representing what were called University Plays, performed by students, and written in Latin.

ELLIOT. I should have imagined that the severest puritan, and the most prejudiced opponent of theatrical performances, would not have carried his antipathy quite so far. I thought that they were on all hands allowed.

BOURNE. They are by some, but not by all, and among the last, Dr. Rainoldes, or Reynolds, of Queen's College, who, by the testimony of all writers (and by his own, as far as his productions are witnesses in his favour), was a man of vast erudition. Bastard, in his *Chrestoleros*, 1598, a book I have often quoted, and with the best parts of which you are by this time acquainted, has the following Epigram, addressed to him in L. IV.

“ *Ad Johannem Reynolds.*

“ Do I call iudgement to my foolish rimes
And rarest art and reading them to viewe,
Reynolds, Religions Oracle most true?
Mirrour of arte and Austen of our times!

For loue of these I call thee, which I pray,
That thou in reading these wouldst put away.”

ELLIOT. The compliment is rather clumsily paid. Your mention of Bastard's book brings to my re-

collection an epigram I saw in it, connected, in some degree, with our immediate subject, I mean on the profaneness of the stage. It is L. VI. Epigr. 7, and entitled "*In prophanationem nominis Dei.*"

"Gods name is bare of honour in our hearing,
And euen worne out with our blasphemous swearing,
Betweene the infant and the aged both,
The first and last they vtter is an oath.
O hellishe manners of our prophane age,
Iehouahs feare is scoft vpon the stage!
The Mimicke iester, names it euery day;
Vnlesse God be blasphem'de it is no play."

BOURNE. The practice of swearing on the stage was not long afterwards reformed under the highest authority, and in the editions of plays subsequently printed, it is not uncommon to observe variations occasioned by it: thus *Heaven* is generally substituted for *God*, and other similar changes made.

ELLIOT. I here also find an epigram to Richard Tarlton the comedian and jester, whose name we saw introduced by Nash into his "*Almond for a Parrot*," in which he is praised for having "*made folly excellent*," and spoken of as being "*extoll'd for that which all despise*."

BOURNE. Although Bastard entertained, to a certain extent, the same opinions as Dr. Rainoldes, he nevertheless seems, at least, to tolerate actors, and to praise such as were sober and meritorious. When

upon the learning of the author of the "Overthrow of Stage-plays," I was about to quote from the highest authority in his favour, I mean Bishop Hall, who has the following sentence in one of the epistles of his Decades, addressed to M. Bedell: "He (Dr. Rainoldes) alone was a well furnished library, full of all faculties, of all studies, of all learning; the memory, the reading of that man went near to a miracle." I will make merely a short extract or two from his Overthrow of Stage Plays, observing first, that his work consists of two portions, and forms part of a contest between him and Doctor Gager on the subject of theatrical representations. Dr. Gager had written an academic tragedy, under the title of *Ulysses Redux, Tragædia nova, in æde Christi Oxoniæ publicè recitata*, which gave offence to a great body of the puritans.

MORTON. And Dr. Gager, of course, vindicated himself?

BOURNE. Yes, but only to the extent of academic plays: however, the attack of Dr. Rainoldes is general, and it is supported by an amazing number and variety of learned quotations: the publisher boasts that it had had the effect of first silencing, and then converting his antagonist.

MORTON. I have seen it asserted somewhere, that Dr. Gager's reply to Dr. Rainoldes is in the library of C. C. college, Cambridge. If this be so, it would mainly disprove that assertion.

BOURNE. Of course. I read the following paragraph from Dr. Rainoldes, not because it countenances the story against Shakespeare, that he had been guilty of deer-stealing, but because it is singular that that offence should be named as ordinarily committed by vagrants, such as itinerant players.

ELLIOT. Some persons disbelieve it altogether, and it is not impossible, that on account of its being frequently committed, the charge has been invented against our great dramatist.

BOURNE. I do not think that likely, supported, as the story is, by the ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy. Besides, the deer, if stolen at all, was stolen before Shakespeare left Stratford. "Time of recreation (says Dr. Rainoldes) is necessary, I graunt, and think as necessary for schollers that are schollers indeed, I meane good students, as it is for any. Yet in my opinion it were not fit for them to play at Stoole-ball among wenches, nor at Mumchance or Maw with idle loose companions; nor at trunkes in Guile-halls, nor to dance about Maypoles, nor to ruffle in alehouses, nor to carowse in tauernes, nor to steale deere, nor to rob orchards. Though who can deny but they may doe these things, yea worse."

MORTON. Shakespeare's annotators would certainly have adduced this quotation, if they had recollected it, as an incidental confirmation of the imputation upon Shakespeare.

BOURNE. I will only read one more extract from another part of this volume, because, as I have said, the book is not by any means so rare as many others, and it is strangely barren of all information regarding the state of the stage about that date.

MORTON. Perhaps not very strangely barren, when we recollect that a man like Dr. Rainoldes, as Hall has described him, could not be much acquainted with the nature or condition of the acted drama in the metropolis or elsewhere.

BOURNE. No doubt that is to be taken into view, and wherever he enters into particulars, they refer to the plays represented at the universities: for instance, in one place he speaks of the expense of getting up a play, "trimming vp a stage and borrowing robes out of the revils," as thirty pounds, but it has no allusion to the public theatres.

MORTON. There seems to be very little general argument in the book; it is almost entirely controversial, and the author disputes Dr. Gager's positions *seriatim*, citing in the margin a long list of authorities, christian and heathen.

BOURNE. The minuteness of Dr. Rainoldes' knowledge is sometimes astonishing; he is ostentatiously learned upon the merest trifles, and to him, without derogating from his great erudition, I think we may, in some degree, apply the censure of John Webster, in his "Duchess of Malfi," (1623): "a fantastical Scholar, like such who study to know how

many knots were in Hercules club; of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ache: he hath studied himself blear-eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsars nose by a shoeing horn."

ELLIOT. A clever and often just piece of ridicule: but where is the other extract from the "Overthrow of Stage Plays" you recommended to our perusal?

BOURNE. It is here; on the subject of the propriety of men wearing the apparel of women, and women of men.

ELLIOT. Juvenal asks, you know,

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit à sexu?*

BOURNE. Dr. Rainoldes treats the point with more lightness than "was his wont." "Now (says he) if this were lawfully done because he did it, then *William, Bishop of Ely*, who to saue his honour and wealth, became a greene-sleeues, going in womans raiment lesse way then twenty miles, from *Dover* castle to the Sea side, did therein like a man; although the women of *Dover*, when they had found it out by plucking downe his muffler and seeing his new shauen beard, called him a monster for it: then with vs a Scholler who thinketh of some man as *Euclide* did of *Socrates*, and cannot well frequent his house in the day time for suspition of lewdnesse with his *Xanthippe*, or of Popery, may come like a maiden

thither by night: then our Vniuersitie Statute of night walkers would be taken away, or qualified at least, and if our Proctors meete one like a woman at midnight, they must not be suspicious; some studious youth it may be, come from *Wickham* to *Beaconsfield*, and daring not to trauaile by day for theeues through Shotouer, is going to some learned man. In like sort touching *Eurphrosyna*, a maid of *Alexandria* (of *Antioche* you name her by slippe of penne or memorie) the storie is that shee, desiring much to liue in an Abby like a Monke, forsooke not only her father, who had brought her vp to be a staffe in his olde age, a comfort in his weakenesse to him, but also a worthie, noble, vertuous gentleman to whom she was betroathed: clad in mans apparell she came vnto the Abbot, and being asked of him *who shee was, from what place and for what cause she came*, she answered that *her name indeed was Smaragdus, and shee was of the Emperours Court and came to that Abbey to lead a holy life, if shee might be admitted*, and so finding fauour to be admitted as a man, she liued there eight and thirty yeares in mans apparell." I apprehend you would not wish to hear much more from a book, of which what I have just read is, I believe, the most entertaining passage.

MORTON. Certainly not: you may close the "Overthrow of Stage Plays" as soon as you please.

BOURNE. We have not time to go further at present. When next we meet and renew this subject,

we will enter upon Thos. Heywood's very amusing pamphlet, called "An Apology for Actors," 1612, and upon the reply to it by I. G. published three years afterwards.

ELLIOT. The further examination of Lodge's tract against usurers, we shall be sure to remember.

we will enter upon Thos. Heywood's very amusing pamphlet, called "An Apology for Actors," 1819, and upon the reply to it by J. C. published three years afterwards.

Editor. The further examination of Lodge's tract against usurers, we shall be sure to remember.

Editor. Some of your articles, especially those in relation to the usury laws, are highly interesting and valuable.

Editor. I have a great deal to say on this subject.

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POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE TENTH CONVERSATION.

MORTON. We made faster progress in the controversy regarding the stage yesterday than I expected.

BOURNE. Yet, I believe, we omitted to notice nothing very important, and, as a system and a series, the inquiry is entirely new. It is very true that the laborious historians of the stage have sifted many productions for minute particles of information, yet those particles give no correct notion of the works themselves from which they are obtained.

ELLIOT. If our progress was so rapid yesterday, it will give us the more time to-day to dwell upon Lodge's "Alarum against Usurers," from the prefatory address of which you extracted so much yesterday, and the body of which you said contained some of the best specimens of the author's poetry.

MORTON. Even you feel an interest about that: you begin to find that old poetry, and inquiries con-

nected with it, have something interesting about them.

ELLIOT. My conviction has not been so tardy, nor have I been at all backward in admitting it. If I had not found that there was something worth knowing in the pursuit, do you imagine that I should have spent so large a portion of the last nine days in receiving information ?

BOURNE. Of this I am confident, that as far as I am concerned, your satisfaction in receiving cannot have been greater than mine in giving. Every man is happy when he is mounted upon his hobby, and mine carries double with the greatest willingness. But now for Thomas Lodge and his "Alarum against Usurers," 1584, the title of which you heard at length yesterday. The first forty pages, exclusive of the prefatory matter, with which you are already acquainted, give some particulars of the history of a young man of property, who had been made the dupe of money-lenders ; and recollecting the claim Lodge makes to being by birth a gentleman, and his connexion with players before he wrote this tract, it is not impossible that he derived his knowledge of the artifices of usurers, aided by courtezans, from his own experience.

MORTON. Perhaps so, and that circumstance may make the anecdotes curious.

BOURNE. Nevertheless, I do not apprehend that they are personal, for Lodge would not relate of

himself that after having been gulled and plucked by these blood-suckers he became their instrument in inveigling others, even if it had been true. As this part of the pamphlet refers to matters of mere detail, and as the topic is treated at great length, it will not be necessary to quote from it. I would rather show you a short summary of the practices of usurers, from the pen of Nash in his "Christs Teares ouer Ierusalem," 1593, an eloquent and repentant production, in which a very severe censure is thrown upon the vicious manners of the age.

MORTON. Is it not in that tract that he makes honourable amends to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, for the many scurrilous attacks Nash had made upon him?

BOURNE. It is, though it has been said that this confession of regret on the part of Nash was purely feigned; but I am not aware that this uncharitable assertion rests upon any sufficient foundation. Usurers at that time appear to have been much the same as our pawnbrokers, only, if any thing, more fraudulent, because not equally restrained by law. Nash is speaking of gallants and roysters, who frequented expensive ordinaries or gaming-houses (in the manner described by Massinger, in Act II. of his "City Madam") who at last were reduced to the necessity of raising money on their chains, bracelets, and jewels: "But at the second time of their coming (he observes) it is doubtfull to say whether they shall haue money or no: the worlde growes

hard and wee all are mortall; let them make him (the Usurer) any assurance before a Iudge and they shall haue some hundred poundes (*per consequence*) in Silks and Veluets. The third time if they come, they shall haue baser commodities; the fourth time Lutestrings and gray Paper, and then, I pray pardon mee, I am not for you; pay me that you owe mee and you shall haue any thing."

MORTON. And this practice has continued down to our own time.—In Nichols's Progresses, it appears that New-years' gifts to Queen Elizabeth sometimes consisted of "boxes of Lute strings:" I always thought that it meant a sort of silk so called, but Nash particularly distinguishes them from "silks and velvets."

BOURNE. Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations" (II. 235.) has a learned note on usury, but he neither refers to the passage which I have read from Nash, nor to the tract by Lodge before us: probably he had never seen the last, though the other is not by any means so uncommon.

ELLIOT. You said that Nash's "Christ's Tears ouer Jerusalem" was an arraignment of the vicious manners of the age: does he take any notice of stage-plays in the course of his pamphlet?

BOURNE. He does not: he alludes to a theatre only once, and then he uses it figuratively thus: "England the Players stage of gorgeous attyre, the Ape of all Nations superfluities, the continuall

Masquer in outlandish habilaments! great plenty-scanting calamity are thou to await for wanton disguising thy selfe against kind, and digressing from the plainnesse of thine Auncestors."

MORTON. Nash was a play-wright himself, and could not very consistently abuse what he had so essentially contributed to support.

ELLIOT. I fancy that Nash was guilty of quite as much inconsistency in abusing the vices of the times in which he lived, when he and his friends had been the partakers and promoters of all kinds of iniquity.

BOURNE. That they were very gay, and in some respects unprincipled fellows, is probably true, but I apprehend that there has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject, and that puritanical writers have much contributed to blacken characters, which, without their aid, were not the whitest in the world. Let me show you, in connexion with this subject, a book of no great rarity, but which contains some very curious particulars regarding Nash and his associates, never quoted or referred to, because nobody thought of looking for such matter in such a situation.

MORTON. Curiosities are not unfrequently found by looking in unlikely places. The volume is thick enough: what is it called?

BOURNE. "The French Academie, wherein is discoursed the institution of Maners and whatsoeuer els concerneth the good and happie life of all estates

and callings," &c.: "newly translated into English by T. B. The third Edition. *Londini Impensis* Geor. Bishop, 1594." The name of the original author was *Peter de la Primaudaye*, a Frenchman.

ELLIOT. One would not be inclined to accuse any man of carelessness in passing a work from the French with that title, without supposing that it contained any thing about Nash or Greene.

BOURNE. And you would be mistaken if you thought that what I refer to is to be found in the body of the work. It is divided into two parts or volumes, to each of which the translator T. B. (whose initials I have not been able to apply) prefixes an Epistle: that entitled "To the Christian Reader, Grace and Peace," before the second part, contains the curious matter to which I allude. I should inform you, however, before I show it to you, that the writer has been cautious enough not to mention any names, but the inferences are tolerably clear and satisfactory. It also touches upon the subject of stage-plays, and notices the very rare defence of them by Lodge, of which we have before spoken.

MORTON. Such matters are highly interesting: let us look at them immediately, and postpone, for a few moments only, Lodge's tract upon usury.

ELLIOT. With all my heart: I warn you not to disappoint us; that you lead us out of our road for something worth seeing.

BOURNE. I do not think you will complain, or, at least, have reason to do so. T. B., the author of this epistle, I should tell you, with the usual zeal of his sect, has been inveighing against what one of his fellows terms “the horrible corruptions” of the age; nor can we for a moment blame the vigour with which he attacks atheism, which he contends was fast growing in this country.

MORTON. Thos. Beard, you know, in his “Theatre of God’s Judgments,” first printed, I believe, in 1598, mentions Christopher Marlow as a professed atheist.

BOURNE. What you allude to is here, and with a view to what T. B. says of atheists, it is material to quote Beard’s words, for it is quite clear to me, that Marlow is alluded to in the remarks of T. B.

ELLIOT. For aught we know, T. B. the translator of “the French Academy,” was no other than Thomas Beard, author of “the Theatre of God’s Judgments.”

BOURNE. That plausible and obvious conjecture never occurred to me before. Beard uses these remarkable expressions concerning Marlow: “Not inferior to any of the former in *Atheisme*, and impietie, and equall to all in maner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called *Marlin*” (so spelt, but the name “*Marlow*” is inserted in the margin), “by profession a scholler, brought vp from his youth in the vniuersitie of Cambridge, but by practise a Play-maker, and a Poet of scurrilitie, who by giuing too large a

swinge to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full reines, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that he denied God and his sonne Christ, and *not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also* (as is credibly reported) *wrote bookes against it*, affirming our Sauour to be but a deceiuer, and *Moses* to be but a coniurer and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to be but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of pollicie."

ELLIOT: The very Tom Paine of the reign of Elizabeth; nothing short of it. Are any of the books Marlow is "credibly reported" to have so written, now extant?

BOURNE. None that I have ever heard of; but, if I am not much mistaken, I can furnish a quotation from one of them on the authority of T. B.: he has just been speaking of *Lignerolles*, a French courtier and atheist, adding that there was a parallel to him in England, and continuing thus: "'This bad fellowe whose works are no lesse accounted of among his followers, than were *Apollos* Oracles among the Heathen, nay then the sacred Scriptures are among sound Christians, blusheth not to belch out these horrible blasphemies against pure religion, and so against God the Author thereof, namely, *That the religiō of the heathen made them stoute and courageous, whereas Christian religion maketh the professors thereof base-minded, timerous and fitte to become a*

pray to euery one: that since men fell from the religion of the Heathen, they became so corrupt, that they would beleue neither God nor Deuill: that Moses so possessed the land of Iudea as the Gothes did by strong hand vsurpe part of the Romane Empire. These and such like positions are spued out by this hel-hound," &c.

MORTON. That certainly corresponds very much with what Beard says of Marlow; besides, if he be not alluded to, upon whom can we fix the quotation he gives from some work or other, and obviously not the offspring of mere invention? There is only one objection to it, though it must be allowed to be one of some importance, if it be true that Marlow was killed before 1593 (as is asserted), and it is this, that T. B. writing in 1594 speaks of him in the present tense as still living.

BOURNE. Formidable as that remark may seem, it is easily answered, for you will observe that this edition of the French Academy of 1594, purports to be *the third*: it was first printed some time earlier, though I am not now prepared with the precise date. What makes it the more likely that Marlow is alluded to, is the fact that T. B. almost immediately afterwards proceeds to notice Robt. Greene; at least that is the conclusion I draw from what is said, and, I believe, you will think it a fair one: he is referring to such persons in England "as treade in the steppes of Lamech," and "walke in the wayes of Ismael."

He observes, "That there are such amongst vs, euen in these times wherein we liue, let the testimonie which one of that crew gave lately of himselfe, when the heauy hand of God by sicknesse summoned him to giue an accompt of his dissolute life. He being one day admonished of his friendes to leaue his badde course of life, which otherwise woulde bring him to vtter destruction, scoffingly returned them this answere: *Tush* (quoth he) *what is hee better that dieth in his bedde then he that endeth his life at Tiburne?* And being further vrged to doubt the losse of his soule in Hell fire for euer although hee feared not death in this worlde, hee replied; *Hell? What talk you of Hell to mee? I knowe if I once come there I shall haue the company of better then my selfe: I shall also meete with some knaues in that place, and so long as I shall not sit there alone, my care is the lesse. But you are madde folkes* (quoth hee) *for if I feared the Iudges of the Bench no more then I dread the iudgements of God, I woulde before I slept diue into one karles bagges or other, and make merrie with the shelles I found in them so long as they would last.* The voyce of a meere Atheist, and so afterwardes hee pronounced of himselfe when he was checked in conscience by the mightie hand of God. And yet this fellow in his life time and in the midst of his greatest ruffe, had the Presse at commaundement to publish his lasciuious Pamphlets, whereby hee infected the

hearts of many yoong Gentlemen and others with his poysonfull platforms of loue, and diuellish discourses of fancies fittes: so that their mindes were no lesse possessed with the toyes of his irreligious braine, then their chambers and studies were pestered with his lewde and wanton bookes. And if the rest of his crew may be permitted so easily as hee did without controlment to instill their venomous inuentions into the minds of our English youth by meanes of printing, what other thing can wee looke for, but that the whole land should speedily be ouerflowen with the deadly waters of all impieties, when as the flood-gates of Atheism are thus set wide open." Now all that you will allow is exceedingly curious, supposing we cannot, with the utmost precision, ascertain that it was applicable to Robt. Greene, though I confess myself, from all that is said, I have no doubt that he is meant. The greater part of it is unquestionably a gross libel, and I bring it forward to show the manner in which the puritans, for their own purposes, slandered those obnoxious to them.

ELLIOT. All that you have read is very interesting; but I have not seen any thing that relates to Lodge, and his defence of theatrical performances.

BOURNE. It follows almost immediately, commencing with a general allusion to satirists, and the authors of apologues, who under the figures of beasts, &c. struck at the great.

MORTON. In his "Lenten Stuffe," 1599, Nash has a very apposite passage, which seems to have re-

ference almost to this very accusation. "Talk I of a bear (says he) Oh: it is such a man emblazons him in his arms; or of a wolf, a fox; or a camelion, any lording whom they do not affect, it is meant by."

ELLIOT. Very true; but let us hear T. B. regarding Lodge, from whose tract on usury we have already made a very long digression.

BOURNE. The epistle is now almost terminated. T. B. continues in these words: "Are they not already grown to this boldnes, that they dare to gird at the greatest personages of all estates, and callings, vnder the fables of sauage beasts, not sparing the very dead that lie in their graues? that the holy Apostles, the blessed virgin Mary, the glorious kingdome of heauen it selfe must be brought in as it were vpon a stage to play their seuerall parts, according as the humor of euery irreligious head shal dispose of them? And wheras godly learned men, and some that haue spoken of their owne experience, haue in their bookes that are allowed by authority, termed Stage-playes and Theaters, *The schoole of abuse, the schoole of bawdery, the nest of the deuil and sinke of all sinne, the chaire of pestilence, the pompe of the deuil, the soueraigne place of Satan*, yet this commendation of them hath lately passed the Presse, that they are rare exercises of vertue. It were too long to set downe the Catalogue of those lewde and lasciuious bookes, which haue mustered thēselues of late yeeres in Pauls Churchyard, as chosen souldiers ready to

fight vnder the deuils banner: of which it may be truely said, that they preuaile no lesse (if not more) to the vpholding of Atheisme in this light of the Gospel, then the Legend of lies, *Huon of Burdeaux*, *King Arthur*, with the rest of that rabble, were of force to mainteine Popery in the dayes of ignorance." He concludes, therefore, with a request to those in authority, that all such books may be collected in the centre of St. Paul's Churchyard and publicly burnt, "as a sweete smelling sacrifice vnto the Lord."

MORTON. The "commendation of them" (stage-plays) that "hath lately passed the press," you suppose to be Lodge's "Play of Plays."

BOURNE. I do not know any other tract of that date to which it can very well apply; the reference in what I just read to Gosson, Lodge's antagonist, is even more distinct. We may now return to the "Alarum against Usurers," and I much fear that the best part of it would fall under the burning sentence of T. B.: the main subject of it is love, and the puritan would, no doubt, have included it among those "lewd and lascivious books" tending to the support of atheism, although religion is neither directly nor indirectly touched upon in it.

ELLIOT. How do you mean that the main subject of it is love? what connexion have love and usury, unless that love and its consequences often bring men to want, and so compel them to resort to all kinds of expedients for raising the wind.

BOURNE. Not exactly so : I have already told you, that the first forty pages are employed upon usury ; the next thirty-two pages are occupied by a novel, mentioned on the title-page, called “ the delectable Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria,” consisting of prose, interspersed with a good deal of poetry : the last seven pages are filled with “ Trvths complaint ouer England,” a poem in twenty-nine seven-line stanzas. The first of these two is a novel or history, in much the same style as Greene’s or Rich’s productions of a similar kind.

ELLIOT. As Shakespeare made use of “ Rosalind” by the same author, do you find any traces of his having seen Lodge’s “ Forbonius and Prisceria ?”

BOURNE. I do not ; yet, when first I began to read it, I fancied that it was another of the several early versions of Romeo and Juliet, under different names : Forbonius and Prisceria are the offspring of families that were at enmity with each other. The scene, however, lies principally at Memphis, and the other incidents, not indeed very complicated, have no relation whatever to the misfortunes of the lovers of Verona.

MORTON. This novel you call the best part of the small volume : in what does its goodness principally consist ?

BOURNE. Not so much in the interest of the story as in the general grace with which it is told, and the beauty of some of the poetry inserted in its progress. Forbonius, “ highly accounted of for his vnreprouable

prowesse, and among the best sort allowed of for his vnspekable vertues," falls in love with Prisceria, the beautiful daughter of Solduvius, viceroy of a province adjoining Memphis: the father discovers their mutual attachment, and removes Prisceria to his country residence. The lover follows her, and continues his wooing as a shepherd: in this character he sings to her a long eclogue, filling more than six pages, but which contains some of the best specimens of Lodge's talent for amorous poetry that I have seen. It opens with the subsequent flowing lines:

" Amidst these Mountaines on a time did dwell
A louely shepheard, who did beare the bell
For sweete reports and many louing layes:
Whom, while he fed his flocke in desart wayes,
A netheards daughter deckt with louely white
Behelde and loude; the lasse *Corinna* hight.
Him sought she oft with many a sweete regard,
With sundrie tokens she her sutes preferd;
Her care to keepe his feeding flocke from stray,
Whilst carelesse he amidst the lawnes did play.
Her sweete regards she spent vpon his face,
Her Countrie cates she sent to gaine his grace,
Her garlands gaie to decke his temples faire,
Her doubled sighs bestowd on gliding aire;"

but notwithstanding these advances on the part of the young lady, *Corulus*, for so he is called, treated her with disdain, and whenever she drew near he drove his flock in a different direction.

ELLIOT. You remember the stanza in my favourite Italian, beginning,

*Ingiustissimo Amor, perchè sì raro
Corrispondenti fai nostri desiri?*

BOURNE. I do, but it is not so applicable here as you imagine; for Cupid marking the love of the shepherdess and the austerity of the swain, makes their desires correspond, and wounds the latter, compelling him to love, even more strongly than he had loathed before: he now seeks the object of his affections, and on his road pours out a most splendid picture of her charms: from this part I will make no quotation, principally because it is to be found at length in “*Englands Parnassus*,” 1600, under the crowded head of “*Discriptions of Beautie and personage*” (p. 400), where it takes up nearly three pages. The poet then proceeds;

“ Her *Corulus* with warie search at last
At sodaine found, and as a man agast
At that he saw, drew back with feare, and than
Remembring of his woes his sute began.
O sweete *Corinna*, blessed be the soyle
That yeelds thee rest amidst thy dayly toyle,
And happie ground whereon thou satest so!
Blest be thy flocke which in these lawnes doo go,
And happie I but hauing leaue to looke.—
Which said, with feare he pawsd and bloud forsooke
His palie face, till she that wrought the fire
Restorde the red, and kindled sweete desire;

And with a bashfull looke beholding him,
Which many months her pleasant foe had bin,
She cast her armes about his drooping necke."

MORTON. The lines are as smooth and musical as any I remember to have read, even of a much later date: the shepherdess might have "a bashful look," but her action was not very bashful when she threw her arms about the neck of Corulus.

ELLIOT. Her bashful look was before she had recovered the surprise of a declaration, so unexpectedly made by one whom she had hitherto been unable to influence.

BOURNE. Every body knows how much food for poetry has been afforded by the disappointments and discordances of lovers, and Lodge seems to have set himself the task of showing what might be said when both hearts were consenting. After Corinna has expressed her astonishment, Corulus continues his speech.

—————" O Nymph of beauties traine,
The onely cause and easer of my paine!
Tis not the want of any worldly ioy,
Nor fruitlesse breed of Lambes procures my noy;
Ne sigh I thus for any such mishap,
For these vaine goods I lull in fortunes lap:
But other greefes, and greater cause of care
As now, *Corinna*, my tormenters are.
Thy beautie Goddesses is the onely good;
Thy beautie makes mine eyes to streame a flood;

Thy beautie breakes my woonted pleasant sleepe,
 Thy beautie causeth *Corulus* to weepe.
 For other ioyes they now but shadowes be;
 No ioye but sweete *Corinnas* loue for me.
 Whereon I now beseech thee by that white
 Which staines the lilly and affects my sight;
 By those faire locks whereas the graces rest,
 By those sweete eyes whereas all pleasures nest,
 Doo yeelde me loue, or leaue me for to die!"

ELLIOT. Unless the shepherdess had changed her mind in consequence of the refusal of the youth, in the first instance to make any return to her advances, or unless that "lob of spirits," Master Puck, had

—————"Streaked her eyes
 And made her full of hateful fantasies,"

there seems no reason for his fears.

MORTON. What happened in the case before us, as related by Lodge, is somewhat out of the usual course, if we may believe our own experience, and Lod. Barry's authority.

"When a poor woman has laid open all
 Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy;
 But when wise maids dissemble and keep close,
 Then you, poor snakes, come creeping on your bellies
 And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselues
 Before our beauty's sun, where once but warm,
 Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings
 And then forsake us." (*Ram Alley*, 1611, A. V.)

BOURNE. *Corulus* was bound not to take it for

granted that the lady would fall into his arms without solicitation, or any expression of contrition; and I do not know that he says much more than might be expected from so passionate an *innamorato*. Corinna, however, gives no opposition, and “with a kisse she sealed vp the deed,” and the lovers are united and happy. This “delectable Aeglogue,” as Lodge calls it, being finished, old Solduvius discovers the disguise of Forbonius, and being all-powerful, throws him into prison and vigorously rates his daughter. Both continue resolute, and at last the father is obliged to give his consent to their union. This is the bare outline of the story, and as you saw the day before yesterday sufficient specimens of Lodge’s prose, we need not enter more into detail regarding it; especially as we have yet to examine several curious tracts on the protracted contest for and against theatrical representations.

ELLIOT. Then are we to hear nothing from the poem at the end, “Truth’s complaint over England?”

BOURNE. I had forgot that, but a short specimen must suffice. The author invokes Melpomene, his “mournful Muse,” to aid him in relating the complaint which Truth had made to him, that he might put it into verse: a correct notion of its style and tendency may be gathered from the three following stanzas, which are interesting as they refer to the state of the kingdom at the date they were written, viz. 1584. Truth addresses the author in these terms, as an old acquaintance:

“ Whilome (deere friend) it was my chaunce to dwell
 Within an Iland compast by the waue,
 A safe defence a forren foe to quell:
 Once *Albion* cald, next *Britaine Brutus* gaue,
 Now *England* hight, a plot of beautie braue;
 Which onelie soyle should seeme the seate to bee
 Of Paradise, if it from sinne were free.

“ Within this place, within this sacred plot,
 I first did frame my first contented bowre;
 There found I peace and plentie for to float,
 There iustice rulde and shinde in euerie stowre;
 There was I loude and sought to euerie howre;
 Their Prince, content with plainnesse, loued *Truth*,
 And pride by abstinence was kept from youth.

“ Then flew not fashions euerie day from *Fraunce*,
 Then sought not Nobles nouells from a farre,
 Then land was kept, not hazarded by chaunce,
 Then quiet minde preserud the soile from iarre;
 Cloth kept out cold, the poore releued werre.
 This was the state, this was the luckie stowre,
 While *Truth* in England kept her stately bowre.”

MORTON. The first stanza reminds one of Gaunt's fine apostrophe to England in Richard II.

“ This other Eden, demy Paradise;
 'This fortress built by nature for herself,' &c.

ELLIOT. It does, but they will not bear comparison. The general turn of the poem seems to be objurgatory and satirical.

BOURNE. It is, and it shows the tendency of the author's mind, at least, eleven years before he published his "Fig for Momus."

ELLIOT. Notwithstanding we have much before us, I should like to hear another stanza or two.

BOURNE. As you please: I am not sure whether the following are not the best lines in the whole production.

"For as the great commaunder of the tides,
God *Neptune*, can allay the swelling seas,
And make the billowes mount on either sides,
When wandering keeles his cholar would displease:
So Princes may stirre vp and soon appease
The commons heart to doe, and to destroy
That which is good; or this which threates anoy.

"For common state can neuer sway amisse
When Princes liues doo leuell all a right,
Be it for Prince that *England* happie is;
Yet haplesse *England*, if the fortune light,
That with the Prince the subiects seeke not right:
Vnhappie state, vnluckie times they bee,
When Princes liues and subiects disagree."

ELLIOT. Those stanzas are not ill worded, and the simile in the first is apt, but the thought is only the old common place of policy, *ingenia principum fata temporum*.

BOURNE. Nor is there any thing throughout this

division of the tract very new. When Lodge directed his satire against private vices and absurdities, he was certainly happier. Having gone through this very rare volume, we may now lay it aside, and resume our inquiries regarding the stage. The last pamphlet we looked at yesterday on this subject was Dr. Rainolde's "Overthrow," 1599.

MORTON. In "a Treatise on plays," by Sir John Harington, said to be written about 1597, and published in *Nugæ Antiquæ* (I. 190.) is a brief defence of Tragedies and Comedies, and a passing blow given to the "sour censurers" of them.

BOURNE. He had previously justified them in his "Apology of Poetry," 1591, but we have less time now than yesterday to go into these incidental notices: I will therefore, without preface, lay before you Thomas Heywood's ingenious and amusing performance, the full title of which is, "An Apology for Actors. Containing three briefe Treatises. 1. Their Antiquity. 2. Their ancient Dignity. 3. The true vse of their quality. Written by Thomas Heywood. *Et prodesse solent et delectare.*" London, 1612, and it is dedicated to the Earl of Worcester: he tells his patron, "I haue striu'd my Lord to make good a subiect which many through ignorance haue sought violently (and beyond merit) to oppugne."

ELLIOT. I hope he severely lashes his abusive opponents. The iron flail of Talus would not have been misapplied in belabouring them.

BOURNE. On the contrary, he is temperate and argumentative, considering the provocation.

MORTON. One can scarcely excuse any degree of tameness: it would better become the meekness of spirit, to which the Puritans were pretenders, than an author and actor, whose works and profession had been so repeatedly and so grossly attacked.

ELLIOT. Mandeville, somewhere in his "Fable of the Bees," asserts, and truly, that "of all religious vertues nothing is more scarce or more difficult to acquire than Christian humility," and of this the Puritans had not a particle.

BOURNE. Heywood is not always equally forbearing, even in the tract before us, and in his "*Troia Britannica*," 1609, Canto III. he handles a puritan very roughly:

"He can endure no Organs, but is vext
To hear the Quiristers shrill Anthems sing;
He blames degrees in the Academy next,
And 'gainst the liberall arts can Scripture bring;
And when his tongue hath run beside the text,
You may perceiue him his loud clamours ring
'Gainst honest pastimes, and with piteous phraze
Raile against hunting, hawking, cocks, and playes."

There is more of the same kind, but this is the only part that relates to our subject.

ELLIOT. Still I could wish that he had hit harder and cut deeper, *venger la raison des attentats des sots*.

BOURNE. The following is the mode in which Heywood opens his argument in favour of theatrical representations, which, though not perhaps coming up to your wishes, is tolerably severe. I think he pursued a more prudent course in not being too violent against so powerful and increasing a body; besides his argument appeared with the better grace, in contrast to the gross epithets employed by Gosson, Stubbes, and others. “Moued by the sundry exclamations of many seditious sectists in this age, who in the fatnesse and ranknesse of a peaceable Common wealth, grow up like unsavoury tufts of grasse, which, though outwardly greene and fresh to the eye, yet are they both vnpleasant and vnprofitable, being too sower for food, and too rank for fodder: these men, like the antient Germans, affecting no fashion but their owne, would draw other nations to be slouens like them selves; and vndertaking to purifie and reforme the sacred bodies of the Church and Common-weale, (in the true vse of both which they are altogether ignorant,) would but, like artlesse phisitians, for experiment sake, rather minister pils to poison the whole body, then cordials to preserue any or the least part. Amongst many other things tolerated in this peaceable and flourishing state, it hath pleased the high and mighty Princes of this Land to limit the vse of certaine publicke Theaters, which since many of these ouercurious heads haue lauishly and violently slandered, I

hold it not amisse to lay open some few antiquities to approue the true vse of them." And after an apology on the ground of his own insufficiency, he enters upon his subject.

MORTON. Have you omitted nothing before you came to the opening of the tract? You turned over several leaves.

BOURNE. Nothing material, I believe; only some commendatory poems by Arthur Hopton, John Webster, John Taylor, and other actors, not of much value. Some lines are added by Heywood, that have been quoted as a plagiarism from Shakespeare's Seven Ages: the topic *totus mundus agit histrionem* (the motto of the Globe Theatre), is almost the only resemblance.

MORTON. Then let us proceed. Does Heywood divide his subject as the title states?

BOURNE. Precisely, treating first of the antiquity of actors, which he does with considerable learning, and he dwells particularly on the influence produced on the mind, by seeing the mighty actions of ancient heroes brought upon the stage. He next replies to various arguments and authorities advanced by his antagonists, asking this question: "And why are not play-houses maintained as well in other cities of England as London? My answer is; it is not meete euery meane Esquire should carry the port belonging to one of the nobility, or for a Noble man to usurpe the estate of a Prince: Rome was a *Metropolis*,

a place whither all the nations knowne vnder the Sunne resorted : so is London I neuer yet could read any History of any Commonweale which did not thriue and prosper whilst these publike solemnities were held in adoration."

MORTON. I made a few extracts the other day from a voluminous and entertaining work, by a person of the name of Thomas Gainsford, one of which is not inapplicable, as it relates to the occupations and amusements of London before the year 1619.

ELLIOT. Your extract will be very welcome ; but first, ought we not to hear the title of the work from whence it is copied ?

MORTON. I was forgetting that : it is called "The Glory of England, or a true Description of the many excellent prerogatiues and remarkable blessings whereby she triumpheth ouer all the nations of the World." To make my extract more intelligible, I should mention that the author has been instituting a comparison between London and Paris. "With vs, our riding of horses, musique, learning of Arts and Sciences, dancing, fencing, seeing of comedies or enterludes, banquets, masques, mummeries, turnaments, shewes, lotteries, feasts, ordinarie meetings and all the particulars of mans inuention to satiate delight, are easie expences, and a little iudgement with experience will manage a very meane estate to wade through the current of pleasure, although it

runne to voluptuousnesse." His conclusion is, that both living and pleasures are much cheaper in London than in Paris.

ELLIOT. The tables are a little turned now, I fear: in economy of living, as well as variety and cheapness of amusements, Paris is admitted to have the advantage at present.

BOURNE. I do not see that we are at all called upon either to discuss or decide that point: we will, therefore, continue our examination of Heywood, and enter upon his second division on the ancient dignity of Actors, and here amid a great variety of learned matter to support his point, the author inserts the following interesting notice of some of the principal English actors. "To omit all the Doctors, Zawnyes, Pantaloones, Harlakeens, in which the *French*, but especially the *Italians*, haue been excellent, and, according to the occasion offered, to do some right to our English Actors, as *Knell*, *Bentley*, *Mils*, *Wilson*, *Crosse*, *Lanam*, and others: these, since I neuer saw them, as being before my time, I cannot (as an eye-witness of their desert) giue them that applause which, no doubt, they worthily merit; yet, by the report of many judicial auditors, their performance of many parts have been so absolute, that it were a kinde of sin to drowne their worths in *Lethe*, & not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity. Here I must needs remember *Tarlton*, in his time gracious with

the Queene, his Soueraigne, and in the peoples general applause; whom succeeded *Wiliam Kemp*, as well in the fauour of her Maiesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience. *Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Phillips, Sly*, all the right I can do them, is but this, that though they be dead, their deserts yet liue in the remembrance of many. Among so many dead let me not forget one yet aliue in his time, the most worthy famous Maister *Edward Allen*."

MORTON. Edward Allen or Alleyn was the founder of Dulwich College.

BOURNE. The same: that fact is added in a subsequent edition of the "Apology for Actors," published after Allen's death.

ELLIOT. That is a curious quotation as connected with the history of the stage.

BOURNE. It is. I do not delay to speak of the persons separately, because not a few of them were actors in Shakespeare's plays, and many particulars have been collected by Malone, by Chalmers in his "Supplemental Apology," and by other writers.

ELLIOT. You have mentioned some of them before, such as Richard Tarlton and Kemp.

BOURNE. I have, but I cannot resist here mentioning that in an old play, called "The pleasant and Stately Morall of the three Lordes and three Ladies of London," 1590, written by one Paul Bucke (whose name is subscribed at the end "Finis Paule

Bucke"), is a curious tribute to the memory of Tarlton, who had died only a short time before: *Simplicity*, a clown, a sort of inferior Autolicus, enters with a basket singing ballads; afterwards a countryman takes what is called "a picture" of Tarlton out of the basket and asks who it is: *Simplicity* pronounces an eulogium upon him, ending thus:

"But it was the merriest fellow that had such iestes
in store,
That if thou hadst seene him thou wouldst haue
laughed thy hart sore."

In the course of the scene Wit and Wealth, two personages represented, avow their acquaintance with Tarlton.

MORTON. I have read of a book called "Tarltons Jests:" no doubt it contains many curious stories—I suppose it is something like "Peele's Jests."

BOURNE. The difference is chiefly this, that Tarlton's Jests consist more of merry sayings, and Peele's of merry doings. Here is a copy of "Tarlton's Iests: Drawn into three Parts.—His Court witty Iests—His sound Citty Iests—His Country pretty Iests: full of Delight, Wit and honest Mirth," 1611; and it is not improbable that this wood-cut on the title-page, in his fool's dress and playing on his pipe and drum, is a copy from the very "picture" carried by *Simplicity* in his basket. The tract contains a

great many particulars regarding the stage, but it has been ransacked by Oldys, Malone, and the rest of the annotating tribe.

ELLIOT. Surely you can find one specimen; the annotators would extract the minute particulars without the least relish for the jests.

BOURNE. That is true in some degree: the following is not only one of the best of the jokes, but relates to a personal peculiarity of Tarlton:

“*Tarltons* answer in defence of his flat nose.

“ I remember I was once at a play in the Country where, as *Tarltons* vse was, the play being done, euery one so pleased to throw vp his Theame, one among the rest was read to this effect, word by word:

“ *Tarlton* I am one of thy friends and none of thy foes;

Then I prethee tell how camst by thy flat nose?

Had I been present at that time on those banks,

I would haue laid my short sword ouer his long shankes.”

“ *Tarlton*, mad at this question, as it was his property sooner to take such a matter ill then well, very suddenly returned him this answere,

“ Friend or foe, if thou wilt needs know, marke me well,

With parting dogs & bears, then by the ears, this chance fell;

But what of that? though my nose be flat, my credit
to saue,
Yet very well I can by the smell, scent an honest
man from a knaue."

MORTON. I have seen that retort attributed to some
one else who happened to have a peculiarity about
his "nasal promontory."

BOURNE. Very likely; it is astonishing to see
how long some jokes survive, being transmitted
from generation to generation, with slight changes.
Here is a book dated as early as 1576, which con-
tains a jest current at the present moment in many
shapes. It is called "The Schoolemaster, or Teacher
of Table Philosophie," principally translated from
the Latin, and among the instructions for the con-
duct of gentlemen when invited out to dinner is a
whole book of "mery honest Iestes, delectable de-
uises, and pleasant purposes, to be vused for delight
and recreation at the boord among company."

ELLIOT. It promises a great deal of amusement.

BOURNE. I cannot say that it performs as much as
it promises: as a specimen you shall hear the story
I referred to just now. "A certaine Phisicion hauing
instructed his sonne to discerne by the vrine what
meate the patient had eaten; marke diligently also,
quoth he, if thou canst see any parings of apples, or
such like, about the bed, and then mayest thou iudge
that he hath eaten some such thing. Afterward it

chaunced that when this Scholler went to see his patient, and looking about the chamber, sawe the saddle of an asse, and not seeyng the asse there likewise, iudged that the sicke man hadde eaten the asse; whiche they that stoode by, telling his master, sayd that he was an asse which iudged of the sickmans disease by an asses saddle."

ELLIOT. The modern version has some improvements, both in circumstances and in the point with which the jest is told.

BOURNE. Perhaps so; but the substance is the same. However, we have not time to dwell longer on the subject, as there yet remains the third division of Heywood's tract, to which we have not adverted, the true use of the quality of actors. Upon that we may be short, because it comprises little more than a few stories to show that actors afford useful examples to the good, and warnings to the vicious, by the lively representations of the reward of virtue, and the punishment of crime on the stage.

MORTON. They may be omitted: particular instances only weaken the general argument.

BOURNE. They are inserted as a counterpoise to the particular instances in Stubbes, Field, and others, of God's judgments upon the frequenters of theatres, &c. The subsequent is, however, interesting in another point of view, as you will see in a moment. "Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inueighing against the State, the Court, the

Law, the City, and their governments, with the particularizing of priuate mens humors yet aliue, Noblemen and others. I know it distastes many; neither do I any way approue it, nor dare I by any means excuse it. The liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitterness and liberall inuectives against all estates to the mouths of Children, supposing their iuniority to be a priuilege for any rayling, be it neuer so violent: I could aduise all such, to curbe and limit this presumed liberty within the bands of discretion and gouernment. But wise and judiciall Censurers, before whom such complaints shall at any time hereafter come, will not (I hope) impute these abuses to any transgression in us, who haue euer been carefull and prouident to shun the like. I surcease to prosecute this any further, lest my good meaning be (by some) misconstrued: and fearing likewise lest, with tediousness, I tire the patience of the fauourable Reader, here (though abruptly) I conclude my third and last Treatise."

ELLIOT. This abuse of their quality in attacking private individuals and personal peculiarities, probably did them more injury, and more hastened the closing of the theatres, than all the vices they brought into the state, or were supposed to have brought into it from all time.

BOURNE. This was unquestionably the fact, as far as regarded the Puritans. The printer of the second edition of Dr. Rainoldes's "Overthrow," in 1629, who

signs an address to the reader, "*Thine in the Lord*," expressly complains that actors had "not been afraid of late dayes to bring vpon the stage the very sober countenances, modest and matron-like gestures and speeches of men and women to be laughed at, as a scorne and reproach to the world, as if the hipocrisie of Iudas (if it were brought vpon the stage), could any whitt disgrace the apostles of our Sauour."

MORTON. This had been done with great effect in "*The Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street*."

BOURNE. And in several other plays, both before and after it; rarely with more effect than in Cowley's "*Guardian*" (afterwards called "*Cutter of Coleman Street*") first acted in 1641, where the character of Tabitha is broadly and ridiculously coloured. To this abuse, as far as it was such, James Shirley, in the preface to his tragedy of "*The Politician*," 1655, seems to allude, when he says, "the severity of the times took away those dramatique recreations (whose language so much glorified the English scene), and perhaps looking at some abuses of the common theatres, which were not so happily purged from scurrility and vnder-wit (the only entertainment of vulgar capacities), they have outed the more noble and ingenious actions of the eminent stages."

MORTON. Poor Shirley was a severe sufferer in consequence of the abolition of the theatres, by the barbarous superstition and intolerant zeal of the puritans.

ELLIOT. That "scurrility and under-wit," as Shirley terms it, did prevail to a most unlicensed extent, is admitted on all hands. Ben Jonson, in the preface to his *Volpone*, bitterly inveighs against those who had brought the profession and name of a poet into contempt by ribaldry, profanation, and blasphemy, adding, like Nash, some severe sentences against a busy meddling class of people, who made it a sort of trade to give personal and particular application to the general satire of writers for the stage.

BOURNE. Your reference is in point, but I do not wish to go more into the general question before we have looked at the *Answer to Heywood's Apology*, which was printed in 1615, three years afterwards, and purports to be written by one J. G. It is long and laboured, and the writer certainly took time enough to compose his reply, though he professes to treat Heywood with great contempt, as unworthy the notice of "a Senior, or learned Clarke," but who might be easily refuted "by some single witted or illiterat Pupill."

ELLIOT. What is the title he gives it?

BOURNE. "A Refutation of the Apology for Actors, divided into three breefe Treatises, &c.; 1. Their Heathenish and Diabollieall institution; 2. Their ancient and moderne indignitie; 3. The wonderfull abuse of their impious qualitie." So that, from the very title, you can easily judge of the mode in which the subject is discussed by this re-compounder of the

abusive epithets, and retailer of the anathemas of the puritans.

MORTON. If he only goes over the old grounds in the old style, we need not bestow much time upon him.

BOURNE. From beginning to end I do not think he introduces a single new argument, or one new fact; indeed, all his illustrations are professedly taken from Stubbes.

ELLIOT. And how he, and others like him, got their perfect insight into all these horrid vices of players and theatres, must remain a secret, unless we conclude that their fathers were of Parmeno's opinion in Terence's *Eunuch*.

MORTON. That is, that frequenting their haunts, and joining in all their enormities, was the best mode of giving his son a disgust for them.

BOURNE. J. G. in his prefatory matter, and, indeed, throughout, treats Heywood with infinite *hauteur*, never condescending to name him, but always terming him Mr. Actor, and telling him, that he means "to give his *Apologie* such a *Blurre*, that it shall not be able, after never so much washing, to show a cleane face againe." His first book, if we may so call it, opens with an assertion (for mere assertions are as useful to J. G. as to his predecessors), that God having created certain things for man's delight, Sathan stepped in and perverted them to unlawful pleasures, one of which was "vngodly and obscène

stage-playes, the most impious and most pernicious of all other vnlawfull and artificial pleasures."

ELLIOT. Exactly the old strain: I can see no reason why we should trouble ourselves with re-digesting these crudities.

BOURNE. I will not require your patience for more than a few sentences from the second division, where a reply is attempted to the denial by Heywood of the evil manners and vicious habits of all actors. "And, therefore, (J. G. says) in vaine afterwards doth M. *Actor* intreat for excuse, not to misdeeme all for the misdeeds of some, seeing it is the generall carriage of them all. It is a rule in Diuinity to know a man's conditions and what hee is, by the company hee doth vsually keepe. Now, if the best of them were not licentious, why do they liue and loue, accompany and play together with them which are? Were it not madnesse for a man to be his companion which is his daily reproch? But Players all of them are licentious, for the proverb is *Birds of a feather flye together*. And therefore if they were not they would not associate them which are, whom the Syteresis of their own consciences, and the conscience of all men willeth to auoyd."

ELLIOT. "There is an air of plausibility (says Burke in his *Vindication of Natural Society*) which accompanies vulgar reasonings and notions taken from the beaten circle of ordinary experience, that is

admirably suited to the narrow capacities of some, and to the laziness of others."

BOURNE. In the third part is an attempt at logic in a direct syllogism—nothing less than a syllogism, stated thus. "Whatsoever is the Image of truth is like vnto truth, for Images are said to be like what they represent—

"But a Comedie is not like truth:

Ergo—It is not the Image of truth."

MORTON. There the whole question is assumed: he takes it for granted that a Comedy is not like truth.

BOURNE. I beg your pardon; he says, that he establishes his assumption that a comedy is not like truth, because "it is wholly composed of Fables and Vanities—and Fables and Vanities are lyes and deceits, and lyes and deceits are cleane contrary to truth."

ELLIOT. A most sagacious and infallible reasoner! Comedies are like truth precisely for the cause he urges against them, for if they were not fables, but realities, they would not be like truth, but truth itself; *nullum simile est idem*. You may very safely close the book.

MORTON. J. G.'s syllogism reminds me of a ludicrous one I saw in that tract you showed us called "Pap with a Hatchet" against Martin Marprelate and his friends.

“ Tiburn stands in the cold,
But Martins are warm fur ;
Therefore Tiburn must be furred with Martins.”

BOURNE. One is as incontrovertible as the other ; only the last is intended for a joke, and the first for a serious argument. As you are tired of J. G.’s answer already, I may here just refer you, for I will do very little more, to two or three books, where indeed stage-plays are spoken of incidentally, but which ought not to be wholly passed over in silence.—I know that this is in some degree breaking through our rule, but Heywood and his antagonist have occupied less time than I expected, and what I am going to offer will most likely not require more than a few minutes.

MORTON. At your discretion.

BOURNE. The first book I shall mention is called “ A Sixe-fold Politician ; together with a Sixe-fold Precept of Policy,” 1609, which, perhaps, I should have omitted, but that it is attributed by Warton to Milton’s father ; but this is denied by Dr. Farmer and others. The initials I. M. are subscribed to the prefatory matter.

ELLIOT. There is surely some other ground on which to rest so important a conclusion.

BOURNE. There is, though it has never appeared to me very satisfactory, and I apprehend you will think the same. The commendatory poems are by Io. Daus, Gent., by I. S. Gent., and by T. P. : now

the second of these opens with a pun upon the name of the author—

“Thy *tun* (deare friend) of wit & *hony* nows brok vp,”

meaning *Mel-tun* or Milton; and if something of the kind were not intended by I. S. Gent., it is not easy to see why he begins with a line so uncouth.

MORTON. I think I remember to have seen a tract about that date, by a man of the name of *Mel-ton*, which comes nearer the pun of I. S.

BOURNE. There was a very inferior writer of that name, and he was also called John; but he was quite incompetent to the work before us, which possesses force, originality, and some learning. If it be true that Milton's father was really the author of this 4to volume (the only 4to copy I have seen, though it is met with in 8vo.), it gives an additional interest to what he says in his third chapter “Of Poets.”

ELLIOT. It seems probable that Milton's father was no contemptible scholar, as his son addresses him in one of his Latin poems. Does he speak in favour of or against poets?

BOURNE. Strongly against the lower order of poets “who fashion their wits to the pleasing of a vaine multitude and rabble of loose liuers,” though he introduces a salvo, in parenthesis, in favour of true “poetry and judicial poets.” He is sufficiently strenuous in his attack upon theatrical representa-

tions, which is the only part of the book I will now read. “ And as the enterludes may be tearmed the Schoole-houses of vanitie and wantonnes, so these are the Schoolemaisters thereof: and me thinks they who have tasted of the sweete fountaine water running from their Academick mothers breasts, by this, if nothing else, shold be deterred from their scribbling profession, that they see their writings and conceits sold at a comon doore to euery base cōpanion for a penny. But most of their conceits are too deere at that rate, and therefore may well bee had in the same request that Tobacco is now, which was wont to be taken of great gentlemen and gallants, now made a frequent and familiar Companion of euerye Tapster and Horse-Keeper. And their conceits are likest Tobacco of any thing; for as that is quickly kindled, makes a stinking smoake, and quickly goes out, but leaves an inhering stinke in the nostrils and stomackes of the takers, not to be drawne out, but by putting in a worse sauour, as of Onions and Garlick, (according to the prouerbe—the smel of Garlicke takes away the stink of dung hils,) so the writing of ordinarye Play-bookes, Pamphlets, and such like, may be tearmed the mushrum cōceptions of idle braines; most of them are begotte ouer night in Tobacco and muld-sacke, and vttered and deliuered to the world’s presse by the helpe and midwifery of a caudle the next morning.”

MORTON. That is very good, but Bishop Hall puts it better in one of his satires, and illustrates it by a very apposite simile—

“ With some pot-fury, ravisht from their wit
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ :
As frozen dunghills on a winters morn
That void of vapours seemed all beforne,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams.”

ELLIOT. Yet there is older authority for the contrary opinion,

“ *Nulla placere diu, neque vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*”

BOURNE. Here is a work in some respects of a similar character to the last we looked at, and which contains a vast variety of entertaining matter : there were at least two editions of it, and this is the second, which is the fullest and completest. The title is this, “ *Essayes and Characters, ironical and instructive, &c. : with a new Satyr in defence of Common Law and Lawyers,*” &c. By John Stephens the younger, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. London 1615. It contains a good deal of matter about poetry and plays, and among others the following sentence in favour of the productions for the stage : “ And never was in any nation (it may be boldly spoken) that elegance and nature obserued in Play-composures, which is inherent generally in our En-

glish Writers at this day. So that we may inuert the words of *Plautus*,

———*nunc novæ quæ prodeunt fabulæ
multo sunt meliores quā nummi nostri:*

And in Nature most equall to these writings Poetick history approaches neerest: consisting in the same degree of fancy and an inuention better furnished." I did not take Stephens from the shelf, however, for this opinion, which I did not recollect till I had opened the book, but for two *characters*, as they are called, or descriptions of persons representing a class.

MORTON. This was a favourite style of writing at that time—Bishop Hall's "Characterismes" were, I believe, the first specimens.

BOURNE. With this difference, that Bishop Hall's are characters of vices and virtues, and these of individuals, but the one, unquestionably, grew out of the other. You will see what I mean very clearly presently. I will pass what Stephens says of "a base, mercenary poet," and read a very curious and shrewd description given by him of "A common Player," observing first, that he draws a clear distinction between such a personage and the more respectable members of that stigmatised profession. He says: "A common Player is a slow Payer, seldom a purchaser, neuer a Puritan. The statute hath done wisely to acknowledge him a Rogue errant, for his chiefe essence is a *daily Counterfeit*. He hath beene

familiar so long with out-sides that he professes himselfe (being vnknowne) to be an apparant Gentleman. But his thinne Felt, & his silke stockings, or his foule Linnen and faire Doublet do (in him) bodily reueale the Broker: So being not sutable he proues a Motley: his mind, obseruing the same fashion of his body, doth consist of parcell and remnants, but his minde hath commonly the newer fashion and the newer stuffe; he would not else hearken so passionately after new Tunes, new-Tricks, new Deuises. Hee doth coniecture somewhat strongly, but dares not commend a playes goodnes till he hath either spoken or heard the *Epilogue*; neither dares he entitle good things good, vnlesse he be heartened on by the multitude: till then he saith faintly what he thinks, with a willing purpose to recant or persist. . . . The cautions of his iudging humor (if he dares vndertake it) be a certaine number of sawcie rude iests against the common lawyer; handsome conceits against fine Courtiers; delicate quirkes against the rich Cuckold, a Citizen; shadowed glaunce for good innocent Ladies & Gentlewomen, with a nipping skoffe for some honest Justice who hath imprisoned him, or some thriftie Trades-man who hath allowed him no credit; always remembered his object is *A new play* or *A play newly reuiued*. . . . To be a player is to have a *mithridate* against the pestilence; for players cannot tarry where the plague raignes & therefore they be seldome

infected. . . . In the prosperous fortune of a play frequented, he proues immoderate, and falles into a Drunkards paradise, till it be *last no longer*—Otherwise when aduersities come they come together, for Lent & Shrove tuesday be not far asunder; then he is deieted daily and weekly. . . . Reproofe is ill bestowed vpon him; it cannot alter his conditions: he hath been so accustomed to the scorne and laughter of his audience that he cannot be ashamed of himselfe.”

ELLIOT. It is a severe and a most illiberal attack: it shows the degraded condition of the theatre at the time, and that players had no redress against such assailants.

MORTON. Stephens writes as if he were under the feeling of personal enmity: had he any cause of that kind?

BOURNE. I dare say not, but it is his keen sententious way: a little further on he adds, “Hee is politick also to perceiue that the common-wealth doubts of his licence, and therefore in spite of Parliaments or Statutes he incorporates himselfe by the title of a brotherhood. Painting and fine cloths may not for the same reason be called abusive, that players may not be called rogues: *For they be chiefe ornaments of his Maiesties Reuells.* I need not multiplie his character, for boyes and euery one wil no sooner see men of this Faculty walke along but they will (vnasked) informe you what he is by the vulgar title.

ELLIOT. That puts one in mind of the anecdote of

Foote, after whom a chimney-sweeper, in derision, cried "Player-man, player-man!" "You see (said Foote to a friend), how we are esteemed."

BOURNE. Very good: Stephens, however, makes a distinction in his censure. "Yet (he adds) in the generall number of them many may deserue a wise mans commendation, and therefore did I prefix an Epithite of *common*, to distinguish the base and artless appendants of our citty companies, which oftentimes start away into rusticall wanderers and then (like Proteus) start backe again into the citty number."

MORTON. One of which "city number" we may recollect Heywood was, for he addresses the city actors as his "good friends and fellows."

BOURNE. Mr. G. Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology," speaking of the year 1625, states it as a curious fact, that at this epoch actors belonging to established companies of London often strolled into the country; but from Stephens it appears that, at least, particular members of the "brotherhood" made excursions of the kind much earlier. The whole character gives one a good deal of insight into the management of theatrical concerns, and the habits of players at that time, though not very impartially written. The same may be said of a dramatic production, obviously never acted, but printed by Th. Thorp, in 1610, under the title of "Histriomastix or the Player whipt;" but most of the particulars have been gleaned by Malone and his coadjutors.

MORTON. From this play, I suppose, Prynne took the title of his massive quarto.

BOURNE. Most likely. It is observable that the drama is divided into six acts, and the principal characters consist of Betch, Gutt, and others, common players, with the poet belonging to their company called Post-hast, who is represented as an extemporal versifier: these persons betray all kinds of vulgarity and resort to the lowest artifices to obtain a living; their actions are moralized upon by Chrisoganus, a worthy but neglected scholar, in A. III. in lines beginning thus:

“ Write on, crie on, yawle to the common sort
Of thickskind auditours! such rotten stuffs
More fit to fill the paunch of Esquiline,
Then feed the hearings of iudiciall eares.
Ye shades tryumpe while foggy Ignorance
Clouds bright Apollos beauty! Time will cleare
The misty dullness of Spectators Eeys;
Then wofull hisses to your fopperies!”

MORTON. And that time did arrive not very long afterwards. What is the result? How does the author finish his piece?

BOURNE. The object is to expose the national miseries and private vices arising out of theatrical performances; and a portion of “*Histrio-mastix*” partakes of the nature of an old morality, Peace and Plenty, with Virtue, &c. being, in the opening, exiled

from the land by Pride, Envy, War, &c. At the end, the players are shipped off for some distant country, and then the first and welcome occupants of the soil return. A long and fulsome compliment to Elizabeth as *Astræa* at the end, shows that the piece was written before her death.

ELLIOT. Does it not contain some allusions to the poets of the time? Has Post-hast, the poet, no particular reference?

BOURNE. I fancy not; at least I can trace none of the descriptions given of him to any writer of that day. In the early part of the production is the subsequent passage, which, I take it, refers to an expression of Marston:

“How you translating scholler? You can make
A stabbing *Satir* or an *Epigram*,
And thinke you carry iust *Ramnusias* whippe!”

MORTON. You mean in the *Proemium* to the first book of Marston's satires; two lines which I recollect you read;

“I beare the scourge of just *Rhamnusia*
Lashing the lewdness of Britannia.”

BOURNE. I do. I may not improperly introduce here a biographical fact, which I omitted when John Marston and his satires were particularly under our consideration.

ELLIOT. Is it any additional confirmation of the hypothesis, that late in life he went into the church, or became a preacher?

BOURNE. No: it is the existence of a production by him, among the royal MS. (18 A. XXXI.) not noticed by any bibliographers, under the following title, "The Argument of the Spectacle presented to the sacred Maiestys of Great Brittan and Denmark as they Passed through London." At the end it is subscribed in the hand-writing of the author.

MORTON. That is a curiosity of great interest, especially as it has hitherto remained unknown. I suppose it is a kind of pageant written for the city.

BOURNE. You are right: the following descriptive introduction is preceded by a short Latin address to the Recorder of London—"The Sceane or Pageant of triumph presented it selfe in this figure. In the middst of a vaste Sea, compassed with rocks, appeared the Iland of Great Brittaine, Supported on the one side by Neptune, wth the force of Shippes, on the other vulcan with power of Iorne, and the comoditys of Tinn, Lead, and other Mineralls—Ouer the Iland Concord, Supported by Piety and Pollecy, satt inthroand: the boddy of it thus shappt, the life of it thus spake; whilst the Tritons in the sea sounded musique, the Mermaids singing, then in a Cloud Concord discending and landing on the cragg of a rock spake thus."

ELLIOT. These city pageants, from the accounts we read of them in our historians, were tedious mythological exhibitions; worse than the feasts made up from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in the time of the

author of the World, where a gingerbread Polyphemus destroyed a frozen Acis with a sugar-plum rock.

MORTON. That was a display of the same pedantic taste without the same excuses of recently acquired knowledge and splendid exhibition. What does Concord say?—flattery of course.

BOURNE. Yes, but I am sorry to say that all the speeches are in Latin, and with some propriety when we recollect that the show was constructed mainly to gratify a foreign King, who did not understand a word of English. It has one merit not always belonging to these pageants, viz. that it is short, and it concludes exactly in the following manner:

*“ Sic o Sic siat læto exultate triumpho
Terra ferax, mare fluctisonum, resonabilis Eccho,
Viuant æternum, viuant pia numina fratres
Vivant Vivant.*

The vmblest servant
of yo^r sacred majesty
John Marston.”

MORTON. Being in Latin, it is not of the same value to us as if it had been in English; still it is a little surprising that all who of late years have been employed in investigating the lives and works of our old poets, should have omitted to mention it.

BOURNE. The fact is worth knowing, though its importance may not be very great. The King of

Denmark visited this country in 1606, and Sir John Harington gives some ludicrous details regarding his entertainment and conduct at the Court. We will now return to our subject. I shall not bring before you Sir W. Vaughan, author of the "Golden Grove," 1608, and of the "Golden Fleece," 1626, because he only refers to stage-plays *en passant*, and is one of the most moderate of their opponents, observing that the fault lies as much in the hearers as in the thing heard, and lamenting that the spectators at a comedy were not endued with discretion to discern gold from alchymy.

ELLIOT. In his *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* Moliere very well observes of nice-nosed fault-finders, *Il faut donc que pour les ordures vous ayez des lumières que les autres n'ont pas*: this was precisely the case with the Puritans, who, because they had peculiar organs that received only what was vicious, and rejected what was good, denounced plays altogether.

MORTON. The publisher of the old edition of Massinger's "City Madam," shrewdly says of plays, "in a word they are mirrors or glasses, which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into." This was probably another reason why these *curvæ animæ* objected to them.

BOURNE. Old Burton, *Democritus* junior, however rugged in his life, was not so austere in his notions as to object to them: on the contrary, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," first printed, I believe,

in 1621, he says, that “ opportunely and soberly vused, they may be iustly approued,” however “ heauily censured by some seuere Catoes.”

ELLIOT. Alluding probably to Martial's Epigram (L. II. E. 1.)

*Cur in Theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
An ideo tantum ut exires.*

BOURNE. We are now at length arrived at what has been deemed an epoch in the history of the stage; the publication of that work, which may be considered as the more immediate cause of the closing of the theatres. I allude to this thick, closely printed, and most tedious 4to. Prynne's *Histrion-mastix*. “The Players Scovrge or Actors Tragedie,” 1633.

ELLIOT. So that when writing against the stage and all its appurtenances, he is guilty of the absurdity of calling his own production a *Tragedy*.

MORTON. And what is more, he divides it into acts and scenes instead of into chapters and sections.

BOURNE. You will find it a task completely in vain to attempt to enter into the precise contents of such a voluminous production, embracing the resolutions, as the author says, of 55 Synods; the opinions of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers before A. D. 1200; 40 Heathen Philosophers, &c. besides English statutes, and the decisions of Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers, &c. &c.

ELLIOT. And all for the purpose, I see, of showing,

“ that popular Stage-plays are sinful, heathenish, lewde, vngodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions.” I wonder how many times Prynne went to the theatre, or how many plays he read to qualify him to judge of their wickedness or excellence.

MORTON. That is a question which he might find some difficulty in deciding himself—perhaps very few, perhaps none at all; for with a singular facility of conviction he takes all that had been said by earlier writers against the stage for granted, proceeding as if upon the mere notoriety of the abuse. It is said that the work was seven years in hand; three in writing, and four in printing: the author encountered many preliminary difficulties, besides the subsequent punishment of pillory, loss of ears, imprisonment, &c. which to this stanch Puritan in such a cause, were “ trifles light as air.”

BOURNE. Besides his main point, he touches upon a great number of others incidentally; such as the horrible crime of men disguising themselves as women to play parts upon the stage. The period when women first appeared upon the public boards is one of some curiosity. Thomas Jordan, once a player at the Red Bull Theatre, published about the date of the Restoration, or a little afterwards, a small book called “ A Rosary of Rarities planted in a garden of Poetry,” which contains a prologue to introduce the first woman that ever came to act on the stage, in the tragedy of the Moor of Venice. The epilogue is also to be found there, as well as an epilogue

spoken by a woman in the character of the *Tamer*, a play altered from Fletcher's "Womans Prize."

MORTON. Among Waller's poems is "a Prologue for the Lady Actors," spoken before Charles II.

BOURNE. I was going to add, that it is worth while to observe how rapidly this most important theatrical revolution was effected, because the epilogue spoken by the *Tamer* was delivered, as Jordan expressly says, on June 24, 1660, being within less than a month after Charles II. entered London.

ELLIOT. And this woman in the part of the *Tamer* was not the first who had appeared on the stage, because *the first* had previously come out in the Moor of Venice, I conclude in the part of Desdemona.

MORTON. The precise date of that representation is not given.—As a mere conjecture one may say, perhaps, that much of the coarseness and obscenity of our old plays may be attributed to the fact, that as there were no women on the stage, the authors and actors had only the audience to restrain them in their sallies.

BOURNE. I doubt whether there is any thing in that observation, since we all know that after the Restoration and after women became players, the coarseness of the plays of the old English school was exchanged for the most extravagant grossness and indelicacy.

ELLIOT. It has often struck me, as far as my knowledge enables me to judge, that there is a clear

distinction between the offensive parts of the one and the other : in the old school, the indelicacy was any thing but seductive ; it was intended merely as a joke, and with the joke its effect terminated ; in the French school of Charles II. on the contrary, the object of the indecency was to provoke and incite, and vice was rendered amiable by an odious ingenuity. It had indeed sometimes a thin semi-transparent covering, but it was like the silken robe of *Alcina*, the intervention of which between *Ruggiero* and the object of his desires, inflamed his passions and animated his efforts.

*Come Ruggiero abbraciò lei, gli cesse
Il manto, e resto il vel sottile e rado.
Che non copria dinanzi, ne di dietro
Piu che le rose, o i gigli un chiaro vetro.*

(C. VII.)

BOURNE. I am inclined to concur in your observation. But I must now hasten to a conclusion, as I have two pieces yet to show you, well meriting notice ; the first is this very large sheet like a posting-bill, or rather, a posting-bill itself, and signed by the author of the ponderous volume before you, William Prynne.

MORTON. He seems to have been anxious that it should be seen : what is it ?

BOURNE. It is a denial, on his part, that he had

recanted any of the opinions there stated: it is but short, and we shall best understand it by reading it.

“ THE VINDICATION

“ of William Prynne, Esquire, from some scandalous Papers and imputations newly printed and published to traduce and defame him in his reputation.

“ Whereas a scandalous Paper have been newly printed and published in my name by some of the imprisoned Stage-Players, or agents of the army, intituled, Mr. *William Prynne*, his *Defence of Stage-Playes*, or a retraction of a former booke of his, called HIS TRIOMASTIX, of purpose to traduce and defame me, I do hereby publicly declare to all the world the same to be a *meere Forgery* and *imposture*, and that my *judgement* and *opinion* concerning Stage-Playes, and the *Common Actors* of them, and their intollerable mischeivousnesse in every Christian State, is still the same as I have more amply manifested it to be in my *Histriomastix*,” &c. &c.

William Prynne.”

“ From the King’s Head in the Strand,

Jan. 10, 1648.”

MORTON. Have you ever seen that “mere forgery and imposture,” Prynne’s *Defence of Stage-plays*?

BOURNE. Never: it would be well worth reading, as it would no doubt contain much entertaining matter. The important fact communicated in this pub-

lic notice has not, that I am aware of, been noticed by any of the biographers of Prynne. I have a right, therefore, to presume, that the document is a rarity of some curiosity.

ELLIOT. Certainly; but the series would be complete, if, by any accident, you could meet with a copy of this spurious *Defence*.

BOURNE. It would; but I have met with a tract of no inconsiderable value on the question we are now examining, and which has never been in the hands of any of our theatrical historians.

MORTON. They have been so numerous and so industrious a body, that one would think it difficult to glean after them with any success.

BOURNE. We will not discuss their merits, as we have not much time to spare, and what I now present to you is longer than Prynne's Proclamation. Its date ought to have entitled it to a place before what we last read, but it would have been inconvenient to have introduced it there: it was published "Januar. 24, 1643" very soon after all the theatres were closed by the influence of the puritans. The title is this—"The Actors Remonstrance, or Complaint for the silencing of their profession and banishment from their severall Play-houses. In which is fully set downe their grievances for the restraint: especially since Stage-Playes only, of all publicke recreations, are prohibited; the exercise at the Beares Colledge, and the motions of Puppets, being still in

force and vigour. As it was presented in the names and behalves of all our London Comedians to the great God Phœbus Apollo, and the nine Heliconian Sisters on the top of Parnassus, by one of the Masters of Requests to the Muses, for this present month. And published by their command in print by the Typograph Royall of the Castalian Province, 1643. London, printed for Edw. Nickson."

MORTON. It seems a sort of serious joke—a good-natured endeavour to overcome the animosity of the enemies of theatrical amusements.

BOURNE. That is its character, though it complains of several grave evils and acute sufferings. The name of the author or authors is a matter out of the question. After setting forth various calamities, the petitioners thus address Apollo. "First, it is not unknowne to all the audience that have frequented the private houses of *Black-Friers*, the *Cock Pit*, and *Salisbury-Court*, without austerity, we have purged our stages from all obscene and scurrilous jests, such as might either be guilty of corrupting the manners, or defaming the persons of any men of note in the City or Kingdome; * * that wee have left off our own parts, and so have commanded our servants to forget that ancient custome, which formerly rendered men of our quality infamous, namely, the inveigling in young Gentlemen, Merchants, Factors, and Prentizes, to spend their patrimonies and Masters estates upon us and our Harlots in Tavernes; we have

cleane and quite given over the borrowing money at first sight of punie gallants, or praysing their swords, belts, and beavers, so to invite them to bestow them upon us."

ELLIOT. It admits, in fact, some of the principal charges against those connected with theatrical performances.

BOURNE. They were not to be denied. It afterwards complains of the "perpetuall, at least very long temporary silence" imposed upon Actors "to the impoverishment and utter undoing of themselves, wives, children, and dependants," while the "beastlinesse of the Beare-Garden," and senseless puppet-plays were continued, instancing a most attractive one of Bell and the Dragon, exhibited the preceding Christmas at Holborn Bridge. It will only be necessary to read one passage more from it, which speaks of the unhappy situation of play-poets, in consequence of the closing of the theatres; and this quotation will conclude our inquiries into this subject. "For some of our ablest ordinarie Poets, instead of their annual stipends and beneficial second-dayes, being for meere necessitie compelled to get a living by writing contemptible penny pamphlets, in which they have not so much as poetical licence to use any attribute of their profession, but that of *Qui libet audendi*, and faining miraculous stories and relations of unheard-of battels. Nay, it is to be feared, that shortly some of them (if they have not been

forced to do it already), will be incited to enter themselves into *Martin Parker's* Societie, and write ballads. And what a shame this is, great *Phœbus*, and you sacred Sisters, for your owne priests thus to be degraded of their ancient dignities. Be yourselves righteous Judges, when those who formerly have sung with such elegance the acts of Kings and Potentates, charming, like *Orpheus*, the dull and brutish multitude, scarce a degree above stones and forrests, into admiration, though not into understanding with their divine raptures, shall be by that tyrant Necessitie reduced to such abject exigents, wandring like grand-children of old *Erra Paters*, those learned Almanack-makers, without any Mœcenass to cherish their loftie conceptions, prostituted by the mis-fortune of our silence, to inexplicable miseries, having no heavenly Castalian Sack to actuate and inform their spirits almost confounded with stupiditie and coldness, by their frequent drinking, (and glad too they can get it) of fulsome Ale, and heretical Beere, as their usuall beverage."

MORTON. Martin Parker, mentioned in the quotation you just read, was a most notorious ballad scribbler—the Will Elderton of the reign of Charles I. and the Protectorate.—Having finished this inquiry, upon what do we enter to-morrow?

BOURNE. This examination of the tracts, for and against theatrical representations, will very fitly introduce the subject, of which we were speaking a

few days ago ; an investigation of the state of the stage before the date when Shakespeare began to write for it.

ELLIOT. A very interesting topic, upon which I confess myself almost wholly ignorant.

Thus terminated the first ten days' conversations between the three friends : the discussions were continued to the end of the fortnight, to which the visit of Morton and Elliot was originally intended to be limited, but when the period fixed for departure arrived, the weather continued so beautiful, the river and the country near it so delightful, and the occupation in the library so agreeable, that the guests were easily prevailed upon to prolong their stay, and to continue their inquiries.



these days upon the investigation of the state of the
 world before the time when Shakespeare began to
 write for it. It is a very interesting topic, upon which I
 cannot myself afford to be ignorant. I have
 written a few lines upon it, which I have
 sent you. I am sure you will find them
 interesting. I have also written a few lines
 upon the state of the world at the time of
 the invention of the printing press. I have
 also written a few lines upon the state of the
 world at the time of the invention of the
 steam engine. I have also written a few
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 telegraph. I have also written a few
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THE END.

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